

THE WESTERN HOME MONTHLY

March
1929

10¢



A Splendid New Serial Commences:

“The Gentleman King” By Russell Davenport

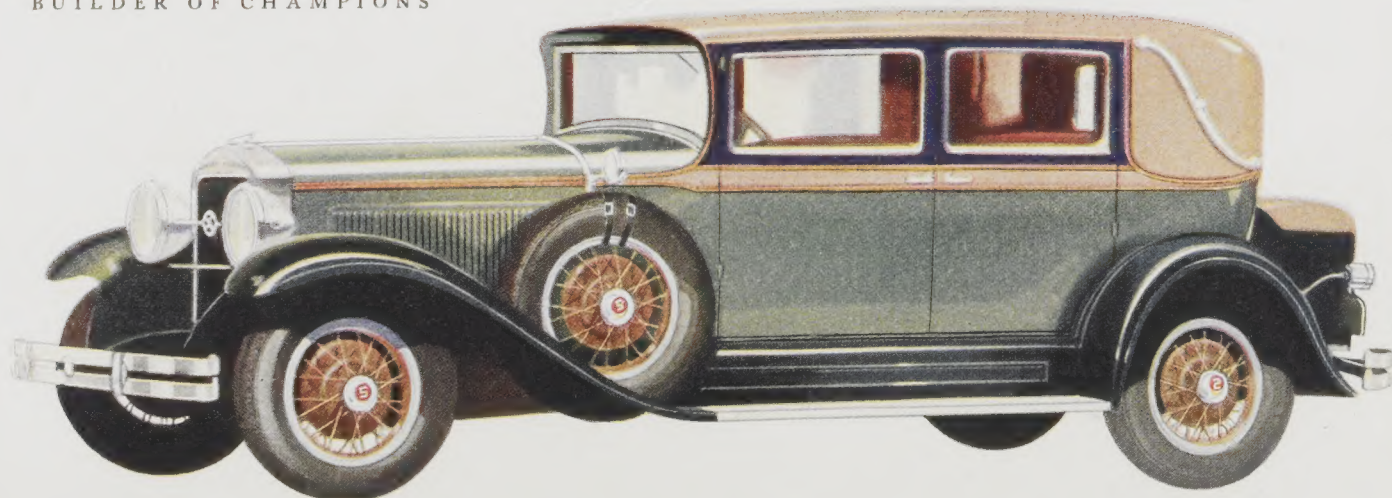
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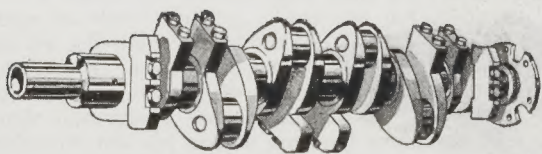
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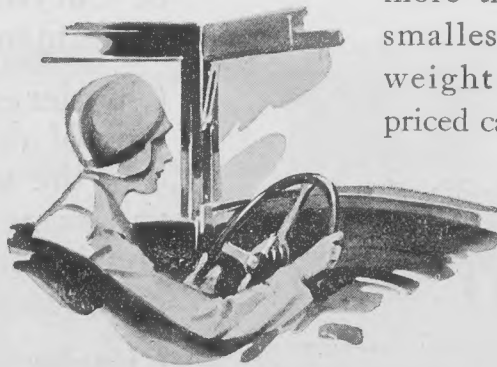


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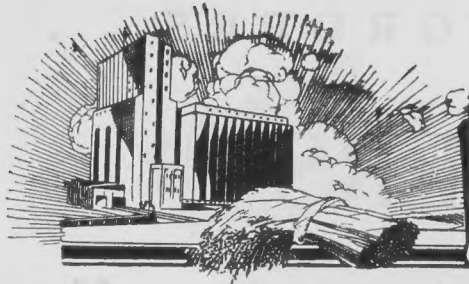
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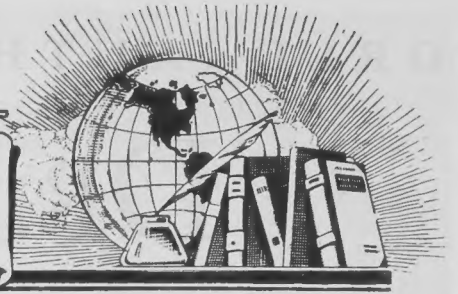
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EDITORIAL



VOLUME XXX

WINNIPEG, CANADA

NUMBER 3

The Prince's Visit

THE PRINCE has been to the coal-fields and has told what he saw. Naturally there is jubilation on the part of some, while vexation is expressed by others. Those living away from the scene can probably take a more unprejudiced view of the case than people who live in Wales and the other districts affected. There are thousands upon thousands of workers idle. Why? Because there is nothing for them to do. That is the outstanding fact, which overrules many exceptions. One reason why there is nothing to do is that the business no longer pays. The owners are becoming losers. Under such circumstances what should be done? It is for the Government to enquire if under other control the mines could be operated to give the workers a chance. The workers and the public should have first consideration. If things have reached such a pass that mining in the British Isles is no longer profitable to anybody then, of course, the sooner it is recognized the better. There must be found employment elsewhere. Things have reached such a pass that the rights of the owners have to be ignored. Profit and loss are nothing when people are starving. Nor will private gifts from the wealthy solve the problem. Temporary assistance—charity, we call it—is bad in two ways: it is insufficient, and it is demeaning to those who receive it.

We have a feeling that other work must be found for many miners, and here is the real difficulty. It is not the first time in the history of the world when change of occupation had to be found for millions. Invention has disrupted industry time and again. Even now it is driving workers away from the farms because the machine enables one man to take the place of ten. In other callings it is the same. It does seem as if there had to be a new re-alignment of forces, new conditions of labor.

The ideal is that every man, woman and child who is willing to work shall have an opportunity, and that in return for honest toil he shall be assured the reasonable comforts of life.

Making the Plunge

IF PEOPLE are to learn to swim and enjoy the exercise they must get into the water. One man plunges in boldly, going beneath the waves and then rising to the surface to enjoy himself in glad abandon; another approaches nervously, now dipping in a toe, now wetting his arms, now tiptoeing carefully and lifting himself as high as possible to escape the cold sweep of the waters. It is the second man who never learns to swim and who never gets full enjoyment in the exercise.

There are many, of course, who never go near the water. These represent the conservatives in every field. For them, as for the ancient world, the sea was to be feared, not conquered. There are, fortunately, some in every land who have an ambition to add new experiences to old. We have need for such in the great West.

First there are needed men who will make a plunge in their thinking. They are not going to hold by self-claimed authority. In politics, in religion, in art, in business method, in social affairs, the world is constantly changing. The younger people understand this and are ready to make a plunge. A few old people are bold enough to wet their ankles and then consider themselves as progressive, while the great mass of people find it easier to believe that all wisdom belongs to the ancient world. A neighbor across the way has got to the point of allowing a violin to be played in his house on Sunday. That was a heroic advance. Another man actually smokes in the presence of his wife and children, and they like him all the better for it. Does this mean that the world is going to the dogs?

Orthodoxy does not mean adhering to opinions that have been held. It is holding to the truth, and

the truth for any man is what to him at the time appears true. As new experiences come to him, new truth is revealed. The only person worth much is he who is constantly changing his opinions, with changing experience.

Similarly, there is need for a few plungers in the field of taste. Why hasn't somebody enough courage to break away from the domination of Parisian dressmakers and milliners? One of these days we shall follow our own ideas in costume and house decoration and fashion generally. It will be all to the good for us to assert our individuality. A girl doesn't have to wear a handkerchief or a sailor hat on her head because her mother did, nor does she have to use lip-stick and make herself grotesque just because others have set an example. Individuality is the very essence of personality. Why be a mere imitator?

In the industrial and commercial field there is equal need for adventurers. Canadians are exceedingly conservative and fearful. One could easily name a score of articles that would be manufactured here if some adventurous spirit led the way. The mail order business, the chain store, centralized heating, electrical transmission—all were held as impossible until they were tried. Even in the grain business, it was men like Saunders, and Wheeler and Larcombe, who tried new things, that really helped the farmers of the West.

Above all do we need a few plungers in the field of education. Ancient ideals have ruled us long enough. We want some souls as venturesome as Miss Pankhurst, Mr. Badley, Madame Montessori and Carleton Washburne. The schools and colleges must fit the life of today and prepare for life tomorrow. There are in the West many waders, why not one or two plungers?

The Law of Succession

I MET an old man, whose hair was white with the snows of many winters, but in whose heart the flowers of summer bloomed perpetually—a charming old man with goodness written on every feature. His face radiated happiness and good cheer. Old in years, but young in heart—"His strength was as the strength of ten because his heart was pure." Yet he was only a preacher—No! not that word. He was a minister. He went about doing good. There were few homes that were not brightened by his presence, few men, women and children whose lives were not uplifted because of his work and his words.

He had a son, this old man—a good son too, but he had not the inclination of the father, and never would have his gifts as a speaker. When the father died the son could not take up his work. The torch must pass to other hands. The youth must start afresh at the bottom of a new ladder and must climb unassisted. No other course remained. In theory that is the best thing that could happen to anybody, but in practice it is not always thought to be so desirable.

I met another old man, well-groomed, well-preserved, with a look of mastery in his eye and the self-importance of a potentate in his bearing. He was rich in this world's goods, and he had, moreover, friends in plenty, for he was by nature gracious, affable and kind. He, too, had a son—who would take up his father's business, and either increase or dissipate the fortune that had been acquired. He would begin his journey well up the ladder. Perhaps it was not a good thing, but most young men would accept the fortune and take chances.

The reason for giving these two pictures is to emphasize the fact that the business man, factory owner, storekeeper, farmer, can hand over the fortune and the succession to his son, but the professional man cannot do it. Occasionally a young physician drops into his father's practice, and a minister's son may attempt to enter the ministry, but there is no chance that he will occupy the same

pulpit. As for teachers, they cannot hand on their office to their sons or daughters. There is here no law of heredity. There is a certain glory in this life which knows no before or after, but in every man there is an urge which prompts him to consider the welfare of his children. He likes them to have a fighting chance to get along. The merchant can fit his own boy to take his place, and will give him a start in his own line of business. The farmer can leave the farm to a son trained to the work, but the professional man who has a limited income, must live from hand to mouth during his life and send his children into the world to fend for themselves.

These, of course, are only typical cases, but they are real. Either a man must get into a business that will yield profits, and that can be handed on as it stands to his children, who are trained in his arts, or he must make up his mind that there is no future for his family short of the long struggle in positions of inferiority.

The moral, of course, is this: Business is the thing. Let every man get into something where he can hand his work and profits and experience on to his children.

Now, in view of the opening paragraph, isn't that a most absurd and demeaning conclusion? Would it not be better to do away with all property rights and let every person start at the beginning—merit only to count? Isn't that a more absurd theory than the other?

So long as men are men they will wish to accumulate and transmit their gains to their offspring. They may be mistaken in this, and their desire may run away with their fairness to others, but they will not let the passion of hoarding and bequeathing die, no matter what happens. Even the man who cannot hope to leave money or business opportunity to his children will try to leave them something else—education, character, friendships and the like. His passion may be equally strong but its gratification may not be at the expense of others. And it may be that he who leaves to his children material wealth and nothing more, is not so wise as the man who is anxious that his children shall set out in life with good health and mental and moral equipment.

There are two or three things, then, that are essential: First, education—meaning opportunity for development—should be within the reach of all. There should be no limit. This is not saying that the education now provided in public institutions is the most suitable. Anyone who looks at the programme young people are expected to follow must have misgivings. In the second place, a limit must be set by law or otherwise to the accumulation of capital. It is not right that one per cent. of the people should have fifty-nine per cent. of the wealth, and that any man in a life-time should by super-organization or amalgamation become slave-owner in a land that is nominally free. The motto of some men even in Western Canada might be, "After me the Deluge."

Coming back to the two men mentioned in the opening paragraphs, it is not too much to urge that because of service rendered, the former should be doubly paid, so that his children might have some chance in the great rough-and-tumble struggle, and the second should have his wings clipped and his bumptiousness curbed so that for his own good and that of all concerned he might acquire the virtues of humility and unselfishness.

A Milestone

JUST as we go to press, word comes to us from our Circulation Department to the effect that we are very close indeed to the hundred thousand mark and that, any day now, we may expect to "go over the top." As we advance along, care has always been taken to adhere staunchly to high ideals. We have endeavored to hitch our editorial chariot to a star, and trust that a measure of success has attended our efforts.

WORLD AUTHORITY ON SKIN DISORDERS . . .

DR. EDVARD EHLERS

says . . . "I invariably prescribe yeast"

Municipal Hospital, Copenhagen, where Dr. Ehlers is chief physician of the dermatological department

"It is many years since my teacher and friend, Dr. L. Brocq of Paris, taught me to use fresh yeast for staphylococcic infections of the skin. Since then I have invariably prescribed yeast in all cases of furunculosis [skin eruptions] as well as in rebellious cases of acne. The effect of yeast upon furunculosis is surprising and incontestable. It is often slightly laxative."

Dr. Ehlers



DR. EDVARD EHLERS, of Copenhagen

THE most romantic figure in Danish medicine—Dr. Edvard Ehlers. Hazardous medical research in the tropics has brought him decorations from half the governments of Europe.

Hospitals for children born sick into the world, established by him throughout Denmark, have almost eliminated infant deaths from one especially dread disease.

Holder of degrees from the universities of Paris, Strassburg and Copenhagen—what Dr. Ehlers says of the health properties of yeast is drawn from years of experience as a skin specialist of world-wide reputation. Many doctors now agree that unsightly, embarrassing and unpleasant skin eruptions are associated with clogging of the intestinal tube.

Dr. Ehlers says, "The yeast treatment

should be continued for several months, until the elimination of harmful bacteria is complete."

In a recent survey, half the doctors reporting said they prescribed fresh yeast. Fleischmann's Yeast is fresh. Unlike dried or killed yeast it contains millions of living, active yeast plants. As these pass daily through your intestinal tract they combat harmful poisons, purify the whole system. Eat three cakes daily, before or between meals, plain or in water (hot or cold). To get full benefit you must eat it regularly and over a sufficient period of time. At all grocers and many leading cafeterias, lunch counters and soda fountains. Buy 2 or 3 days' supply at a time. It will keep in a cool, dry place. Start today. Write for latest booklet on Yeast in the diet—free. Health Research Dept. S-9, The Fleischmann Company, 1449 St. Alexander St., Montreal, Que.



*90 per cent of ills start here . . .
Here is where yeast works*

As this picture shows you, the alimentary tract is one continuous tube from throat to colon. Poisons caused by clogged intestines spread swiftly through your body. By eating Fleischmann's Yeast you can keep this entire tract clean, active and healthy. You can insure the flawless, healthy complexion which comes only from a clean, active colon.

FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST
for HEALTH





Peter caught the stirrup and was whirled down the street, his feet scarcely touching the ground

The Gentleman King

By Russell Davenport

Illustrated by J. Matanio

HIS face had never lost its eagerness, even though he was too old for the discovery of life. There was a fringe of white hair around his head, a religious absent-mindedness in his eyes, as he studied the large brown St. Augustine propped on his desk. Though he knew most of St. Augustine by heart he was nevertheless fond of reading it, just to make sure. It was part of his large responsibility as Curé of the hamlet of Ardente, in the province of Beri, in an age when men desired heaven and the glory of God.

A timid knock at the door of the study caused Father Gaspard to raise his eyes. He was used to visitors bringing their troubles to him. He said: "Come in, my child."

And while he prepared himself to meet his visitor with gentleness, the door was opened cautiously by a thin awkward boy, about fifteen, who took one step forward, looked quickly around the room, turned deliberately, closed the door. Two blue eyes scrutinized the Father from under a shock of uncombed brown hair. His expression, from the wide forehead to the firm, nervous chin and prominent jaws, was unreasonably defiant; his attitude was one of leaning forward from a hollow chest with arms hanging uselessly in sleeves that were too short. He was scratched and smudged. Father Gaspard, who had never seen him before, decided that he was a rascal. The Curé met the defiant eyes and asked: "Well, my child. What can be done for you?"

The young skeleton moved in its ragged clothes, shifted its weight from one tattered shoe to another.

"Come, come," the Father insisted, feeling sure that this must be a case of youthful confession. "You may open your heart in this room without fear."

"I am not afraid of you."

It was so like a challenge that the Curé smiled, for he had discovered that men and boys do not boast except when they are afraid, or at least worried. "There is something you wish to talk over?" he said at last, betraying infinite patience.

"Yes."

Another silence.

"I have a donkey." The apparition paused to let that fact sink in.

"Yes, a donkey?"

"You will love my donkey. He is the last thing my mother gave me when she died. Mother said to take him and ride away from Father on him and go where nobody would ever find me. So I did. You will love my donkey, Father Gaspard. He is so steady when he walks that you can read a book on him, and I know you read a lot because Marie at the inn said you do. Now you can take this donkey anywhere and he doesn't eat much, and he will be just what you want to carry you from one house to another, when you make your visits, and he will wait outside all day if you ask him to."

The sudden eloquence of it disturbed the Father's composure; and he wondered what strong forces were torturing this heart that it should speak so rapidly of a donkey. . . .

"And I will let you have him for nothing and I will be your servant and work for you for nothing, if you will teach me how to read."

"How to read?" One was at the mercy of such a vivid, energetic mind, presenting such an idea. Nobody in that sixteenth century knew how to read, except the churchmen and the nobility, and even the latter could be illiterate without disgrace. The idea of this waif—he could be nothing else—wanting to be uselessly literate astonished the Father.

"Yes, to read," the waif insisted. "I know you read and that you can teach me. Can't you?"

"Of course, of course. But for what? Do you wish to be a clerk, a priest? Would you enter the service of the Holy Church?"

"Oh, no!" He was vehement. "I just want to read."

"But where have you come from. What does your family say to such a desire?"

The eyes, which had been looking into the Father's became evasive.

"Do I understand that your mother has gone?" asked Father Gaspard.

"Mother died a year ago, sir. She was not really my mother. She told me so when she died. My father hated me, and I left him. I took Jacques. Mother told me to take Jacques. Jacques is all I own."

"Who is Jacques?"

"My donkey."

Was he lying? Father Gaspard decided that he was certainly not telling the whole truth.

"You did not steal Jacques?" This direct questioning, he had found, was the easiest way. The boy's eyes flashed:

"Steal him! Of course I didn't steal him! Do you suppose I'd come to you if I had?"

No, he hadn't stolen him. But there was a mystery in the face. "You have not told me all," said the Father.

"Well, just give me time." He paused. "Will you teach me to read in return for Jacques and my work?"

The request was almost a command. It was not only concise, it was relentless. The Father felt, unreasonably, that he could not very well deny it, though for the life of him he could not see why he should grant it. He sighed and sat backward and regarded the apparition with a trifle less of gentleness and a trifle more of clerical severity. There were complications . . . responsibilities . . .

"I cannot enter into such a contract, my son, without knowing something of who you are and why you are here and why you consider yourself entitled to steal your father's donkey and run away."

Since the blue eyes were evasive, the Curé continued: "What is your father's name?"

"I have no father."

"But you just said you ran away from him."

"Well, I didn't, because he isn't alive. A man named Gabriel Clos is alive and I call him my father; I used to call Mère Clos my mother. But Gabriel and Mère Clos didn't have any children, ever. That's what Mère Clos told me when she was dying. And she told me too, that Gabriel murdered my father at Vimy, in Picardy, and that my father was an Englishman, and that she and Gabriel took his money and me and left Picardy and that she loved me, and that Gabriel hated me because I was English, and he used to call me an English bastard and beat hell out of me. That's why I left. And if you don't believe it . . ."

He seemed on the point of tears; appalling contrast to the impudence of his face. Father Gaspard

suddenly decided that here was the need, if not the truth. With a kindly motion of his hand he arose and put his arm around the ragged shoulders. "I am not a great scholar, as you have heard, but a humble student; but nevertheless I know enough to teach you reading and writing." It was a strange fancy.

"And yet again, I cannot decide today—the donkey may not suit me, you know.

"Why don't you stay with me a week while I try out both of you? And at the end of that time we shall be more coherent, perhaps."

They went out to inspect Jacques. On the way Father Gaspard said: "Eh, you have not told me your name."

"They call me Peter."

"Ah, well now, Peter. That's a good name. And this seems like a very fine donkey, a very humble old soul."

The good Curé rubbed his hands and stood with legs apart contemplating the most disreputable beast for which he had ever bargained. Jacques, with his moth-eaten coat of hair, was standing on three legs, his head almost touching the ground. He was dozing quite unconscious of this important change in his destiny.

"I will show you the stable," said the Curé, beginning to bustle. "You will give Jacques a good meal, for he looks as if he had carried you very far."

They marched around the Curé's house in single file, reaching a small thatched structure with a doorway that had no door. Within it was a single stall and a pile of hay.

"I feel that it isn't going to take us very long to become acquainted, Peter," said the good Père.

No, Père."

They had reached the stable. "Put Jacques in there. When he is all comfortable come back to the house and I will show you how to cook our supper."

The Father returned across the garden of cabbages and string beans and entered his house by the kitchen. Peter heard the door slam gently. He led Jacques into the stall, tied him, tossed some hay into the manger. Peter's face was inscrutable. When he had made Jacques "all comfortable," he slapped him on the rump, cried "Good night, loafer," and walked from the stable and around it, and finally sat down against the back wall of the stable. On his right was the hamlet of Ardente clothed in the summer's dusk. Before him were fields, a few houses, a group of peasants leaning over their tools half a mile away, a line of French poplars like sentinels between mankind and the glory of the setting sun. It was a landscape of pure green, with violet shadows which seemed to ooze from the foliage and stream across quiet thatched roofs. Peace.

The boy sighed.

He could not become accustomed to the harshness of his life as an orphan; he was unable to consider himself nameless; he believed that somewhere, if only in the sunset which the poplars guarded, he had a name. He believed that to find that name would be to find peace. He longed the more for peace, because, though it was eight months since he had fled from Gabriel, the blacksmith, he could still feel the effects of the man's bullying temper. Peter's fingers clenched, at the remembrance of a last drunken fury when Gabriel had nearly killed him, thrown him head first into a barrel of water that always stood beside the forge. And the memory of this led him to inspect a scar on the palm of his hand, which was still raw—evidence of the only time he had dared to contradict Gabriel.

He remembered also eight months of near-starvation, he and his donkey, like nobodies, feeding on whatever proud people chose to give them.

Though he was not old enough to see life philosophically, Peter realized that he was fleeing from this harshness of circumstance, searching a refuge in himself—searching in his heart a place of green foliage, oozing violet shadows. This place, he felt, would be himself, if he could ever find it. Of course he could not express it so clearly as that, but there was at least the feeling that he had a place to find.

Peter watched the sun go down. Presently he opened his lips and without changing his expression uttered a sigh of repose. Then he reached into a pocket that was hidden in his coat just over his heart. He drew out a paper, which, although creased and grimy, was covered with a legible handwriting. There was a dark spot of blood on the margin. Peter unfolded it and spread it on the grass in front of him. He leaned over, one hand on either side of it, studied its mystery longingly until the characters became blurred through tears. He could not read.



The good Curé rubbed his hands and stood contemplating the most disreputable beast for which he had ever bargained.

It was in this unimposing and very peaceful hamlet that Peter Clos received what our sophisticated century would hesitate to call an education. Nor am I aware that the man himself, in his numerous philosophical fragments, ever dignified this period of his life with such terminology. Peter has given us no estimate of the cultural resources of Ardente, but I doubt if there were more than fifty volumes in the community, including the library of the Curé and that of the Seigneur. And yet, if you take the word in another way, to educate does not mean to inform so much as to draw out. In this sense, indeed, Peter was educated. Queer things began to happen to his nature, already queer. It was due to Father Gaspard, who devoted his life to "drawing out" of others that which his religion had taught him to see in them.

It was an interesting coincidence that Peter, who was so typical of his renaissance age, should have spent his early life near the seat of that Chateaubriand family which produced the great poet-philosopher of the First Empire; for Peter's childhood, as far back as he could remember, had been devoted to Gabriel and Mère Clos in the town of Chateaubourg, near Chateaubriand and Laval in the province of Maine. Sickened by Gabriel's cruelty,

Peter forsook his position as blacksmith's apprentice and fled eastward, with the vague idea of reaching Paris. At length he reached an inn near the hamlet of Ardente. Throughout his journals one is struck with his ability to travel far and eat little; at his marvellous physical endurance and reserve nervous energy; but, apparently, at this inn he was so starved and lonely and tired that he applied for a job as horse boy, which was granted him, and which he filled for several weeks. It was here that he heard of Father Gaspard from the kitchen maid, Marie. It was here that he drew up in his mind the anomalous proposition involving the servitude of Jacques and himself to Father Gaspard.

He worked faithfully for the Curé, spending most of his days in the garden. At night Father Gaspard taught him to read, and insisted upon writing as part of the curriculum. Jacques held together for a year until the good Father led him, once for all, to pasture; but in return for that year's service he insisted on buying Peter two suits of clothes, one for fete days, the other for work. Peter's own clothes were not fit for his new position.

In that century there was no way to reach the top unless you had been born there. The King was born there, and the nobility. Peter wasn't. Peter belonged to the lowest and poorest class, and was the lowest and poorest of his class. Even the peasant had his bit of land for dignity, but Peter had nothing beyond a distinguished forehead, a firm thin mouth, a deep-set eye. Yet he realized well enough that in becoming Father Gaspard's servant he had taken a step up in the world; he was considered by the townspeople to possess a modicum of grandeur. Peter did not complain of this. He walked through the town silently. He was a mystery, save when he had something very definite to say, in which case he would stand in front of you, fold his arms, and talk vigorously for several minutes.

ONLY one problem troubled him in those early days. He learned to read quite easily, as he learned everything that interested him; and yet, as he progressed, he found it impossible to read the paper that Mère Clos, she herself being illiterate, had given him. He could make out the letters of the handwriting, he knew what they were individually, but they refused to assemble themselves into comprehensible units. He reasoned that he had not advanced far enough and that these particular combinations would come later; but he soon saw the absurdity of such reasoning. His too-rational mind had supposed that to read one language was to read all! The discovery that this was not so stupefied him. He was a Colum-

bus touching a new and terrible continent. Another language to learn before reading this last letter of a father he had never seen! It took him several days to digest this thought, for it seemed entirely unfair, after having spent so much in effort to find so much still ahead. He could not even tell what language, of all the languages, what was written upon the sacred paper. English, probably. But how could one make sure?

There was, of course, Father Gaspard. Even though he could not read English—and Peter had ascertained this—Father Gaspard would have been able to help him. For the first time Peter realized that he had concealed the letter from Father Gaspard. He had concealed it instinctively. A kind of subconscious fear of sharing his secret with another had made him lie about it, yet without knowing that he was lying. Peter did not understand himself. He did things and his eyes said things beyond his own will. Later, he came to a full comprehension of this latent power, using his face as a mask for that which was happening within.

But why not tell the Curé about this letter? Why? Well, it was his secret, wasn't it? And supposing something was written there that would incriminate him, make it impossible for Father

Gaspard to keep him any longer—something for which to be arrested! Peter's sombre imagination exaggerated this, conjuring imprisonment, even torture. And then he would lose all that he had gained—this happiness, this chance to read, this prestige. He would become a nobody again. "No!" he said aloud, shaking his head solemnly in his favorite retreat behind the stable wall. "No one shall—ever."

For he *had* gained. That was the factor in Peter's life that caused him real satisfaction. Starting with a donkey, at the deathbed of Mère Clos, he had gained a position in the most respectable household in Ardente. With that position he had gained knowledge, a faint knowledge, of reading. That was the way he wanted to live, gaining. . . .

Yet all through the winter, when more time was given to his books, he wondered how he could discover the language of his letter. That, at least. Then he would know what language he had to study and where he had to go. But to discover this he would have to show the letter to Father Gaspard, and that thought caused him pain. He might copy a part of it. But the Curé would be sure to question him; and the Curé's eyes would penetrate him. No! Never, never, never! And, having concluded this, and so strenuously, he would turn again to his book to read word by word.

He learned to love fiction, and especially mediæval romances of Amadis, and Arthur; and the anachronistic tales of Troy. He liked them better than the ecclesiastical books, parts of which Father Gaspard made him memorize. He created knights and ladies. To be a knight and to wear a blue scarf on your arm, and to come home and kiss the lady's hand! But you could not be a knight unless you were nobly born. You could not rise to power on this earth unless your father and mother had been a lord and lady; a bitterness which made Peter love his books all the more.

Behold him now new-clad in doublet and hose, of sober browns and greens, as became a priest's serving man, doing his utmost to please, keeping an inscrutable countenance. And he is learning a great deal more than mere reading and writing, for Father Gaspard, sensing his hidden intellectuality, keeps him fascinated by old wives' tales, odd bits of philosophy, scholastic quibbles. The Curé talks sometimes by the hour, relieving his soul of what it has done in the past, and what it has learned of the greater world beyond Ardente. Peter is always about the Curé's person. And Peter's manners have improved so! He moves with an ease that would astonish himself, could he remark it. He is naturally graceful. He is "growing up to his hands," as Father Gaspard phrases it. The Curé's gentleness has a profound effect upon the naturally belligerent temperament.

The Siegneur of Ardente was a certain Count Duprès, who owned a chateau upon the hill overlooking the town. He was lord of several other domains in this vicinity, and had also, through his mother, a secondary claim to a small duchy of Savona in Italy. Besides these family possessions he was an officer of the court of Francis I. He was, therefore, an influential executive whose duties at Paris, Blois, Fontainebleau, and Amboise kept him away from Ardente most of the year. But in his absence he left at his chateau a son, Monsieur Philippe and a daughter, Mademoiselle Renée, in order to protect them from certain excesses of the new court of which the Count Duprès, knowing his world, did not approve. Since his wife's death it had been difficult to bring up these children. They would have enough of the court when they attained the proper age, he said; and the proper age, so far as the Count was concerned, was to be deferred as long as possible.

Monsieur Philippe was sixteen when Peter first came to Ardente, and Mademoiselle his sister was fourteen.

Leaning on his hoe, behind the garden fence, Peter used to watch the brother and sister ride by on high-stepping Spanish horses, followed by half a dozen attendants in rich blue livery—a blue which became indelible in his imagination. There was an air about this cavalcade that stimulated Peter's imagination, whether with jealousy or happiness he did not know. On the one hand he envied them, on the other he considered them beautiful. There was the thin, white face of Monsieur Philippe, for instance; too proud to look aside in either direction, but held high under his flapping felt hat and white feather. The forehead and nose were chisel-sharp; the chin was weak but pointed. Why was he so pale? The pallor, surrounded by proud lackeys, fascinated Peter.

But it was the beauty of the girl that made him lean upon his long hoe after the riders had passed—whose face was not so sharp as her brother's, and was flushed with health and laughter. Her hair was gold, paler than the sunlight. Her eyes, Peter decided, although he had never seen them, were blue—actually they approached violet. Even at fifteen her breast added an enticing fullness to her figure. And besides her physical radiance, there was her position in life, her possessions, her grandeur, and the great conquests of arms which she represented in Peter's mind. In the manner of his day he conceived of her as divine. He made a goddess of her. He found that he could understand his books of chivalry better with her image concretely before him.



Then came several more feints, each higher than the last

ONE afternoon in May, 1523, three years after Peter's arrival at Ardente, Father Gaspard was visiting a woman whose husband had died the night before. Peter was left to weed a bed of lettuce, squatting on his knees, his face imperturbable. Peter was puzzling over this business of weeds—why some things are weeds and some things aren't, and why weeds grew faster and thicker

than anything else. A very profound problem, a religious problem. He looked up. The riders from the chateau approached, their feathers waving, the horses' bits gleaming in the sunlight. He watched them from his knees, one hand breaking little lumps of earth into powder. What were they doing? He realized, he almost feared that the party had stopped in front of Father Gaspard's door, not a hundred feet away; that one of the servants had dismounted; that Monsieur Philippe was waving to him! Peter heard the servant knocking at the door. He ran directly across the garden, jumped the fence, and approached Monsieur Philippe without hesitation. A pale face, which had an air of weakness, looked down at him from the restless horse.

"Who are you?"

"They call me Peter, my lord."

"Well, what of it?"

Peter did not like this. He dropped his eyes and raised them again. "You wanted to know," he said steadily. He was conscious of the girl just to the right of him—the girl—

"I did not want your name. I wanted your position. Have you anything to do with Father Gaspard?"

"I am his servant, my lord." And then he added, slyly, "and yours."

The last words had some effect, he felt. He had never before done that—never been consciously tactful.

"Is your master in?"

"No, my lord. He has gone to console Mère Cusot, whose husband passed away last night."

"Um," said his lordship. He started to ride off, then drew rein again. "Eh, peasant," he said.

"Yes, my lord."

"Do you fence?"

"Fence? No, my lord."

"No, my lord. I don't think anyone does."

The thin lips curled. "Probably not." He was preparing to go, gathering his reins, leaning forward. And Peter's heart was beating like mad. To dare! The girl, at whom he had not looked, had something to do with his decision.

"My lord!"

The young baron turned his head. "Well?"

"Where does one learn to fence?"

"Why, at the fencing-school, I suppose."

"My lord, if you would tell me where there is a school, I would learn. Then you would have someone at your service in your town."

It was really most presumptuous, and Peter knew that it was. But he liked it. He liked to make daring requests—to read, to fence. But Monsieur Philippe, who had turned his horse in astonishment, only laughed. "Why, I have thousands to serve me, boy. I merely wished to have a bout this afternoon, to practice my fingers. I had not intended to confide in you."

Whereupon he turned his horse, pressed in his spurs, rode away; and Mademoiselle Renée followed him, galloping past Peter's nose without so much as looking down. Peter stepped backward. He was deeply hurt, to be insulted that way in front of her, and to have her ride past him. Probably she had not even seen his face. He felt alone. Nor did the knowledge that the nobility always spoke to peasants that way console him; nor the fact that he was just a peasant and would always be just a peasant. He

could take no comfort from that inescapable fact of his life. He remembered the weeds—those profound weeds. And that evening he could not read his books, they seemed so unreal and he had drawn such beautiful joy from them! And he could not answer Father Gaspard's anxious questioning to tell him what was the matter inside.

Continued on page 40



The beach of St. Jean-de-Luz—one of the fashionable Summer resorts of Europe

"Land of the Little People Who Jump"

By Francis Dickie

IT IS late when the train from Spain draws into the station of St. Jean-de-Luz, that famous old seaport in the heart of the Basque country. But although the hour is nearly midnight there is waiting at the station two short, plump little maidens. They are bare-headed, and their black locks, alas, are bobbed. For, even though the Basques cling tenaciously to ancient customs and their native tongue, women will be women, and keep up with the modern fashions. As I leave the platform one of the girls comes up to me. She is the maid of all work, and, after her day's work is done, acts as porter meeting the trains. Despite my gesture of protest she takes my grip, and, believe me, it is fairly heavy, and leads the way to the hotel. I had stopped here on my way to Spain overnight to catch a connecting train, and the girl had remembered me.

I rise early, for much travelling has not dulled my appetite for new sights in a different land; for, though this is French territory, it is a region distinct. I am in the land of the Basques, "The little people who jump," as Voltaire called them. I am in the land of a mysterious people, about whose origin wise men have argued greatly.

As I come out of the hotel a huge Rolls-Royce car goes by on soundless wheels, a dream of luxury, man's last word in motors. I pass on down the street. There is a wonderful freshness in the air. Beyond the river the land undulates away in long green folds to the first low reaches of the Pyrenees. I turn a corner. A score of little girls, their heads all covered with black mantillas, come sedately from another street, following in the wake of a short nun, and proceed on their way to early morning mass.

I walk on and turn another corner, and there before me is the extreme opposite in modes of transportation to the Rolls-Royce I have just a moment ago witnessed pass by. Two cream-colored oxen and a sharp-wheeled cart are standing in the roadway. They have an enormous yoke, but no traces; all the weight and strength of the beasts is drawn from neck and shoulders. But what is this! They too wear a neat mantilla. Not like the girls I have just witnessed pass me, but a mantilla nevertheless. It is made of sheepskin, and neatly fringed over their eyes, a square-cut bang, like flappers sometimes wear. Land of modest cows, where eyes peep out at you shyly from beneath a neatly fringed covering. The slow-moving animals, the clumsy cart are typical of the people who cling to ancient ways. In some of the back parts of the country, particularly over the Spanish border, a region

also inhabited by Basques, they still plow the ground with a wooden plough; and, even still more primitive, turn the soil over by hand with forks with very wide tines. It is an amazing operation. Five or six men or women stand in a line. At a given word they raise their forks in unison and drive them into the ground, then heaving simultaneously turn the soil, making a short furrow.

Yet, primitive though these people are in many ways, it is strange to remember that it was men of the Basques who in tiny fishing vessels sailed



Basque Peasant Woman

to Canada as long ago as the 15th century. Some men even claim they had touched the shores of Newfoundland before Columbus announced his discovery of the new world. These hardy sailormen gave to Cape Breton its name, and for centuries yearly sailed to the shores of Canada in search of codfish.

WHEN I think of the Basques and the mystery of their origin, I am reminded what amusing people are learned men in no matter what walk of science. The other day in Paris two of the world's greatest authorities on tuberculosis gave their findings, and both entirely disagreed. A short time previous to this some relics of a past age were found at Glozen. Some of the world's most learned authorities on archaeology hailed them as genuine.

Bearing all this in mind, I come to the origin of the Basques. Their origin is extremely simple to explain, for learned men have quarreled about the subject for several centuries.

It is a question of "you pays your money and you takes yer choice," except that in so far as the origin of the Basques is concerned, I make no charge for the information. It is merely up to the reader to take his choice.

The following selected list of explanations, each of which has stout adherents among learned men, will raise in the reader's mind once more a great respect amounting to veneration for the opinions of experts in the fields of human knowledge.

Here is, as I said before, a small and selected list of explanations by various authorities on the origin of the Basques:

1. That the Basques are descended from Tubal, or his nephew Tarsis.
2. That they are of Iberian stock. (Humboldt's opinion).
3. That they are a branch of a race of people from Africa.
4. That they were a branch of the Aryan race and their language is akin to Sanscrit.
5. That they belong to the Turanian race, and are related to the Finlanders.
6. That they are a branch of the Semitic race and came from Chaldea.
7. That they are related to certain tribes of North American Indians. How they got to Europe and in one certain spot is a problem. But certainly, the women look very much like Cree squaws.
8. That they are descended from the ancient Egyptians.
9. That they were an indigenous race who have always held their present territory.
10. That they belonged to the people of Lost Atlantis.

Now wide and various as are the explanations for these people, each theory is supported by men of undoubted standing in the world.

Whatever may be the correct answer to the riddle, the fact remains that the Basques have inhabited a small region of France and Spain for countless centuries. They fought the Goths and the Romans, the French and the Spaniards. And, living in a mountain country, and in valleys, the narrow passes leading to which easily defended by a few men against an army, they maintained

their independence through the ages. And they jealously guarded their language. It is a mother tongue, difficult to learn, even if the teacher were a willing one. In connection with the difficulty the language presents to a foreigner, the Basques have the following amusing story.

In order to punish Satan for tempting Eve, the Lord sent the Wicked One to the Basque country with orders to learn the language. After Satan had been through the torture of trying for seven years to learn, the Lord felt sorry and allowed him to leave the country.

The Basques themselves have a theory of their origin. Of course, they have no right to, being only simple people, in view of all the theories learned men have made for them. But the Basques are a simple direct people. They go to original sources. "We are descended from Adam," they will tell you proudly. Which, after all, is an indisputable statement.

AND the town of St. Jean-de-Luz, though English and Americans of wealth have made it a smart summering place, is still a typical bit of the Basque country. I know no other place that more deserves to be compared to the Labyrinth. The visitor wanders into a narrow street. He walks on following twists and winds. He turns into another street. He walks for a long time, and finally winds up just where he started. But if he has taken the time to look up a little of the history of the region, the walk will not be unprofitable. For in this old town was born the whaling industry which flourished for four hundred years; in this old town once lived hundreds of the corsairs who fought the Spaniards in the years 1535-1585. Then, as pirating progressed with the passing years, they extended their seas of operation. Vessels of the Dutch,

modern. The place has been newly painted a bright green. Still above the door carved in the stone is an anchor, and the date 1675. Here dwelt the whaler Sopite, to whom the Dutch were so grateful for his enterprise in that industry that they raised a monument to him at Rotterdam.

In addition to being a famous whaler, Sopite is unique in another way. While out upon his last whale hunt the rope of his harpoon caught around his wrist. The whale pulled him overboard. For three quarters of an hour Sopite was dragged through the water, now going down great depths, now pulled along the surface, while his companions vainly rowed in pursuit. He was finally rescued in a stupefied condition. And although he survived five years this terrible ordeal, he

game of horseshoes with the impossible and cumbrous Spanish silver coins. No situation led me into the wrong bedroom. In short, during my stay in St. Jean-de-Luz and Bayonne, Biarritz and the surrounding Basque country, I behaved myself perfectly, all of which is unfortunate



Basque Women Fish Merchants

from the readers standpoint. I was only in danger once. On the long sandy shore of St. Jean-de-Luz, which is covered from morning to night with little bathing tents during the months of June to September, one day while lying in the sun after coming from the sea, a stout lady engaged me in conversation. She was a widow from New York.

"Vy is it," she said, after we had passed the usual remarks upon the weather, "vy is it that all you young fellows always want to go around with young girls? Now I am so lonely. I am a widow, and my husband left me half a million dollars. Every year I come here for the summer. But never can I find a nice young man like you."

She beamed upon me hopefully. "I want to get married to a nice young man." She continued to beam upon me.

Oh, naughty, naughty ocean, and hot sunshine. What a lot of trouble you do make, stirring up longings for matrimony in middle-aged matrons from New York!

Presently I excused myself. Her ardent eyes and the ardent sun were too much for my courage.

St. Jean-de-Luz and Biarritz, in fact all the smart summering places are full of just such stout and hopeful ladies of means. And they do find young men to keep them company. Here and in Paris, I have seen many such strangely matched couples. I do not envy the young gentlemen their jobs. Personally, hard as is the life of the writer, and often stormy and uncertain his course upon the troubled sea of life, I imagine it (for I have no personal experience to go upon) a calm harbor and restful compared to the Bay of Biscay existence led by hundreds of young men (I nearly said gentlemen again) who are found in all the smart summer and wintering places of Europe. They are a class apart, and interesting as a study. Perhaps some day someone who has had more personal contact than I with them, and more time for study, will produce a novel about one of these men's lives. If done well, it will be a great psychological study, and exceedingly interesting.

Continued on page 54b



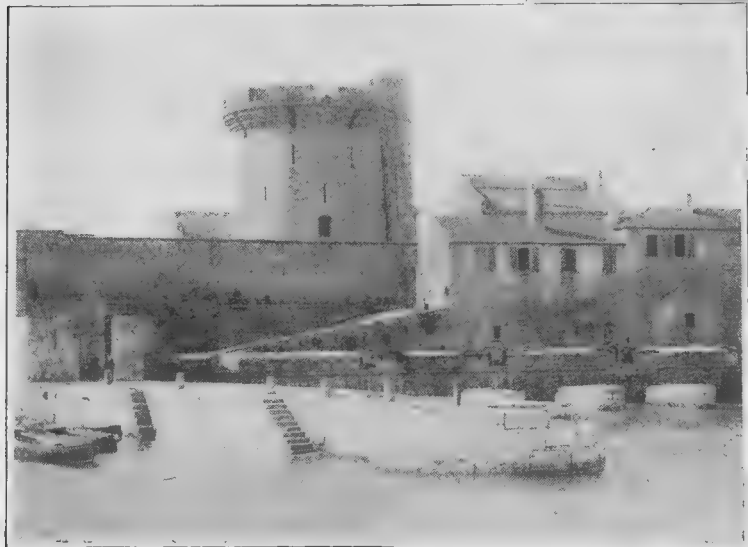
Beneath mantillas eyes peep out shyly in this land of modest cows

remained in the same stupefied condition. His is one of the most wonderful accounts of human endurance on record. He discovered a method for rendering down the whale fat at sea, which made the work of whaling much less difficult, as previous to this the ships had to have a base to work from. For this is he remembered in the annals of whaling, and for this his statue stands in Rotterdam.

IN telling of travel in foreign lands, any writer is faced with a problem. He must either relate the history of the region visited, or the personal happenings

to himself and his reactions, or give a mixture of both. This latter course is one I have endeavored to follow. But when one has less than a book length of space, the deciding whether a historical or a personal incident shall have the preference, is often difficult. And, too, something that may appear to the writer of tremendous interest, may not stir the reader. Altogether, the writer has a very difficult time.

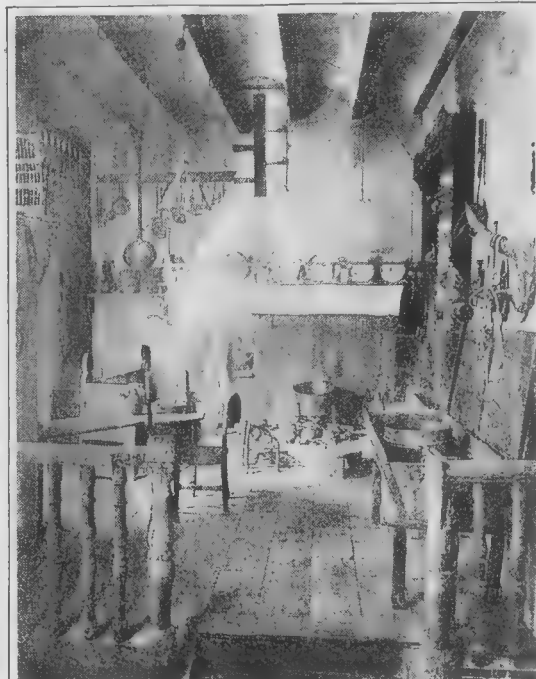
But in this article, the items of history will far outweigh my personal adventures, for here, unlike in Africa, were no Moorish maidens with hooded eyes to try and lead me astray, no Spanish policemen to arrest me for gambling when I was merely playing an imitation of the



An old fort in Basque Country taken by Wellington during the Peninsula War

the English, the Portuguese, fell to the daring sea-rovers of Basque origin. Some idea of their successes may be gathered from the following figures in the *Bibliotique Nationale*. In the year 1690 forty merchantmen were brought into this harbor of St. Jean-de-Luz. In 1692, the number was increased to 125. These were the glorious days of the sea-rovers, but though the number of captured vessels rapidly declined, now and then a ship was brought in till as late as the year 1800. Even American shipping paid toll to the Basque sea-rovers, such ships as the *Jersey* and the *Pretty Polly* being captured.

FISHING and fighting, with a day off now and then for love, that was your Basque sailorman in the brave days of old. It was a Basque by the name of Sanchez de Huelva who is supposed to have told Columbus of land he had discovered on a fishing voyage which led to Columbus setting forth for America. It was a Basque who, after the death of the commander Magellan, took command and so completed the first circumnavigation of the globe. One could go on and fill many pages with tales of the deeds of famous sailormen from this small port. As the visitor wanders through the tangle of narrow streets he will be halted presently in the Rue St. Sopite before the doorway of the Villa Elizondo. It is very old. But alas, the present owner is very



A model interior of a Basque home, St. Sebastian Museum



"Ah, Mr. Sinclair, you see I make a point always of calling on your lovely wife when you are away.

TO THE Dutch Controleur at Dobo, in the Aru Islands. From John Barnett Newbridge, Dealer in Pearls, of Hatton Garden, London.

August 7th, 1926.

SIR:

I was filled with horror and grief on Monday morning on discovering the enclosed announcement in the *London Times*.

"The body of Kenneth Sinclair, aged 37, wealthy English planter and owner of pearl-fishing vessels, has been found on the beach of Dobo, in the Aru Islands, Dutch East Indies, with his throat cut from ear to ear. He had booked passage to England on the K.P.M.S. 'Van Doorn,' and was about apparently to embark, the captain delaying the sailing of the vessel for two hours while a search was made. The body was not discovered until the following morning, when it was found by some native fishermen, lying among the black mangrove roots near the water's edge.

"The Dutch authorities at Dobo have been unable to obtain any clue which might point definitely either to murder or suicide and are completely baffled.

"The deceased had just disposed of all his business interests in the East, and it was known that he intended to return to England, settle down, and enjoy the considerable fortune which he had amassed in the Tropics. The suicide theory has been, therefore, dismissed. Murder is suspected because Sinclair was taking a valuable parcel of pearls with him to England. It is reasonable to suppose that he was killed by robbers who had hoped to find the gems upon his person. He had, as a matter of fact, deposited the sealed package containing the pearls with the purser of the 'Van Doorn.' On the other hand, the murder theory is scouted by many for the reason that no attempt was made by the culprits—if culprits there were—to cover up their crime. It would have been a simple matter to roll the body into the sea, there speedily to be eaten by the shoals of sharks and crocodiles that infest those cruel waters. The disappearance of Kenneth Sinclair would then have become just one more mystery of the ever-mysterious East."

You will never be able, my dear Controleur, to unravel this deplorable thing for yourself. And so I am writing this letter to tell you what it was that brought about poor Sinclair's ghastly end. In return for your many courtesies I shall be glad to spare you fruitless and unnecessary work and worry.

Found Dead

By Cosmo Hamilton

Illustrated by John F. Clymer

THIS report of Sinclair's death came from the paper's Singapore correspondent by letter. A short cable may have mentioned it several weeks ago, but if so, I didn't happen to see it. As soon as I had recovered from the shock of the news I dashed into a taxi and buzzed around to his wife's apartment to see what I could do. She had gone away. The doorman didn't know her new address. I slipped a quid into his hand and he told me the name of the tiny village in Devonshire to which he was forwarding her mail. Having been Sinclair's oldest and best friend in the East, I felt tolerably certain that it would brace her up to see me, even if I could be of no actual use to her.

I grabbed a time-table, and two hours later found me in a fast train bound for Devonshire. On the way down I had ample time to turn over in my mind all that the paper had said of Sinclair's tragic death. I didn't believe that a fellow who had been so much loved and respected by everybody—whites, Malays, Japs and Chinamen—could have been murdered in cold blood, nor could I bring myself even to suspect for a single moment that a man of his steady disposition, married to the most beautiful and adorable woman I have ever known, who had recently given him a child, could have cut his throat. Temporary insanity, the always useful stand-by of coroners in such cases, flashed through my mind and put into it an incredulous query as to whether he might have been involved with a woman of sorts. But there are no white women in Dobo, and I knew of his abhorrence, fanatical in its intensity, of affairs between white and colored people. I was compelled to give it up.

I had gone almost half-way through a story in one of the magazines when it dawned on me that I hadn't the vaguest notion of what it was about. My mind was preoccupied with a vision of the beach at Dobo, with the jungle growing almost down to the sea, the rays of the rising sun piercing the fever-laden night-mist, tiny wavelets running playfully up the sand and then receding, and Kenneth Sinclair, the best fellow I had ever known, with a ugly gash across his throat, lying dead, among the gnarled and twisted mangrove roots.

with no one to explain. I looked out of the window, at the passing landscape—the sweet, green, peaceful countryside. There is something secure and reassuring about England's fields and meadows—but perhaps they only strike an Englishman as such. And as I watched the lazily-munching sheep and cows my thoughts harked back to that day in 1910 when Sinclair first set foot on Aru Island soil. Vanderpoel was

Controleur then.

We liked the new arrival at once, though we didn't quite know what to make of him. Rather a shy bird he was, darned good-looking—tall, with clean-cut features, and as lean and hard as a race-horse. He had one of those fair skins that doesn't take on a real tan for years, very light hair, and blue eyes. We didn't find out until nearly a year later that he was an Oxford rowing blue, and then it wasn't from him. Guy Carruthers told us about him—poor old Carruthers, who was afterwards grabbed and eaten by those damned New Guinea cannibals.

What he did tell us was that he'd been working on a Dutchman's plantation over in Ceram for two years, and that he'd come to our little spot to grow coconuts for himself and have a go at pearl-fishing later on, if things went all right with him. He said he'd have to slog into work pretty heavily for a year or so to get along on what he had managed to save. Old Vandy, always kind, volunteered to put him up till he found a place for himself, and when Sinclair said it was frightfully decent of him, Vandy took me aside for an explanation of how the word "frightfully" could be applied to decent, and it took me an unconscionably long time to make him understand. Arriving at the bungalow, Sinclair had a gin pahit with us—just one—before dinner, and then went over to the table and began to go over his papers. Vandy, who knows his Dobo, looked at me and lowered one of his eyelids. "He'll grow out of that pretty soon," he murmured, and joined me in our usual liberal quota of pre-dinner drinks. But Sinclair never changed. One pahit before and one whisky-and-soda after with dinner was all he ever had. As you know very well, that's being almost a rabid teetotaller in a place where the other fellows lap up twenty to thirty every day of their lives. But he never tried to foist his temperate notions on the rest of us.

And the same thing happened to the prophecies that he'd eventually fall for one of those luscious little chocolate-colored damsels who were always beckoning to him invitingly with their long eyelashes. He gave them all a miss. The town would

have buzzed with the news if he ever had slipped—and we never heard so much as a syllable of gossip. Once he let himself go and confided to me that he felt very strongly on the subject of miscegenation. He said that it was a foul blot on our civilized copy-book for white men to live openly with colored women, as most of them do in the more remote parts of the East. And he was just as bitter against those who had women come to their bungalows for a party now and then. I tried to say something about the men being lonely and the women not caring, but he wouldn't stand for that as an excuse. He referred to these affairs as loathsome debaucheries, or words to that effect, and then went on to speak of the children whom they were so frequently responsible for bringing into the world. Poor, cursed, despised pariahs, he called them, without a chance in life. He said that their fathers were traitors for lowering the white standards, and ought to be treated like lepers. I couldn't make out whether he had a bit of a bee on the subject, or if it was just because he was so darned clean and wholesome himself that he couldn't stick that kind of thing. I suspected it was the latter. Anyhow, I saw it was no use trying to argue the case of the lonely white man and let the subject drop.

You were stationed at Banda, you remember, during Sinclair's first few years in the Aru Islands. I was right on the spot a great deal of the time, and it fairly knocked me off my pins to see the way in which he licked into his work and began to forge ahead. In a very few months he had transformed his tract of dense jungle into a perfectly good plantation. He worked like a galley slave along with his coolies. He could do as much with a scrub-hook or an axe or a cross-cut saw as any two of them put together. And how they adored him, which wasn't to be wondered at. He put up corking good quarters for them, fed 'em well, and gave every man, woman and child on his place the squarest deal.

The year after he arrived he borrowed some money from the Netherlands Bank and bought a couple of pearling luggers. We were sure he'd make a go of them, and he did. He worked those luggers just as thoroughly as he did his plantation. It wasn't long before he had a tight little fleet of ten boats. It was a joy to see them "up anchor" and put to sea. With their white hulls, sails all scrubbed snowy, and burnished brass work they might have been private yachts at Cowes.

By this time he was making money hand over fist. And one of the reasons why he was doing so well was because he always got the pick of the labor. The coolies regarded it as a mark of social distinction to be employed by K.S. Then he imported an assistant from home, another Oxford man. Hope-Culver was his name, with halt a dozen initials. The newcomer was a pretty sound egg and tackled his job with a will. But he certainly treated life as if it were a long-distance drinking contest. For a young 'un he could induct a most amazing amount of glad water. But Sinclair didn't mind. He was a good sportsman and didn't measure other men's thirsts by his own.

One day, about six months later, Hope-Culver trickled in from the plantation and announced that he was sailing on the next boat "I've been sacked," he said. Of course we asked for details, and he

told us that Sinclair had come back unexpectedly and caught him with a Malay girl in his room. We said we thought it was a bit harsh, but H-C. took his medicine like a man and admitted that it was entirely his own fault. He had been warned by letter before he left England that Sinclair would drop him like a hot brick if he ever messed about with native women. And he had also been talked to at length about it on his arrival at Dobo.

So there was Sinclair again. The most generous and tolerant creature in the world in most ways, but harder than flint when it came to the question of blacks and whites.

Just before you were transferred to Dobo, the war broke out, you remember and Sinclair put his affairs in the hands of Peter Schwaffen and legged it to England for service. And what a cracking good soldier he must have been if a string of ribbons and being mentioned in despatches half a dozen times goes for anything. I only saw him once in France—in 1917. It was in a front-line trench near Arras. He was still the same clean, indefatigable, considerate old Sinclair, almost worshipped, I gathered, by the men of the battalion that he was commanding then.

The next time I ran across him was after the Armistice had been signed. He was dining at

by her extraordinary good looks that for the life of me I don't know whether I said "How d'you do," asked the time, or imitated a penguin. But I soon forgot to be ashamed of my gawkiness when I noticed how many people turned to admire this strikingly handsome couple. They could have passed for a Nordic Prince and Princess.

The first thought—when I was able to think—that passed through my mind was: "Well, if this is what Sinclair has remained clean for, I don't blame him."

It didn't surprise me when he said that they were to be married in three weeks' time, but it did give me a shock when he added that she was coming out to Dobo with him. This gorgeous creature, of all people, to be going to Dobo, where there were no other white women! To a place where the climate and the rough life would be hell even to a peasant woman! I tried to remonstrate, but Sinclair signalled me to dry up. "I have been over all that about fifty times, my dear chap," he said, "and it isn't the least bit of use. Pamela has been driving an ambulance for a couple of years and insists that she knows a bit about roughing it. She'll cry off the engagement if I refuse to take her out, so what can I do?"

You know all about the stir that Pamela Sinclair

created on her arrival in Dobo. You yourself goggled at her like a large and very much surprised turbot. I can see her now as we clambered up the ship's gangway from your launch on that sizzling hot morning. She was cool and fresh-looking in a plain white frock and a white sun-helmet with a red and gold pugree around it. We found afterwards that she was one of those rare women who possess that amazing knack of always looking as spick and span as something—to use your own expression—that has just been taken out of tissue paper.

And what a magic change she made in Kenneth's bungalow. Almost immediately it became a home instead of a mere box in which a bachelor ate and worked and slept and dreamed of Piccadilly, Henley and Ascot, and the green fairways of golf courses, until he had gathered sufficient money together to enable him to retire and go back to them.

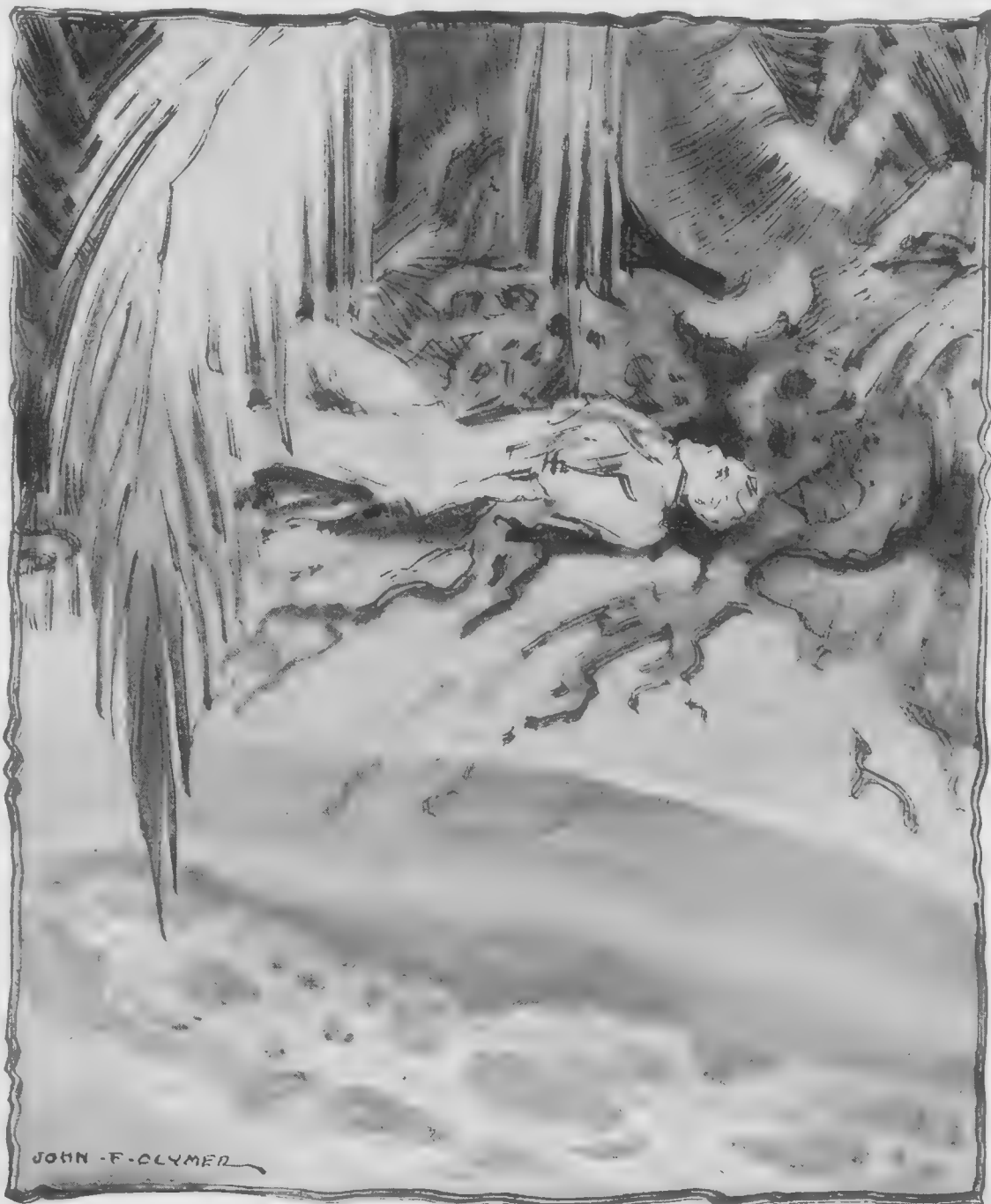
PAMELA, as you know, won the hearts of everyone—white and colored—just as quickly as Kenneth had done. I was picturing her moving about in that wretched hole of a town—as much out of place there as a rosebud on a rubbish-heap, when the train slowed down and stopped. The station master was calling something like "Yug—yug," which was precisely the noise that station masters had made at all other stopping points. I looked out of the window and a sign

told me that I had reached my destination.

There were no taxis to be had. But a weather-bitten man, who looked as if he might have stepped out of an old print, shambled down creakily from the seat of his one-horse cab and invited me to get into his ancient vehicle. His extremely dejected-looking horse turned its head and regarded me with an expression which seemed to say: "Don't do it, old boy." But I had no choice—it was the only conveyance in sight.

A powerful odor of cheap leather cushions and

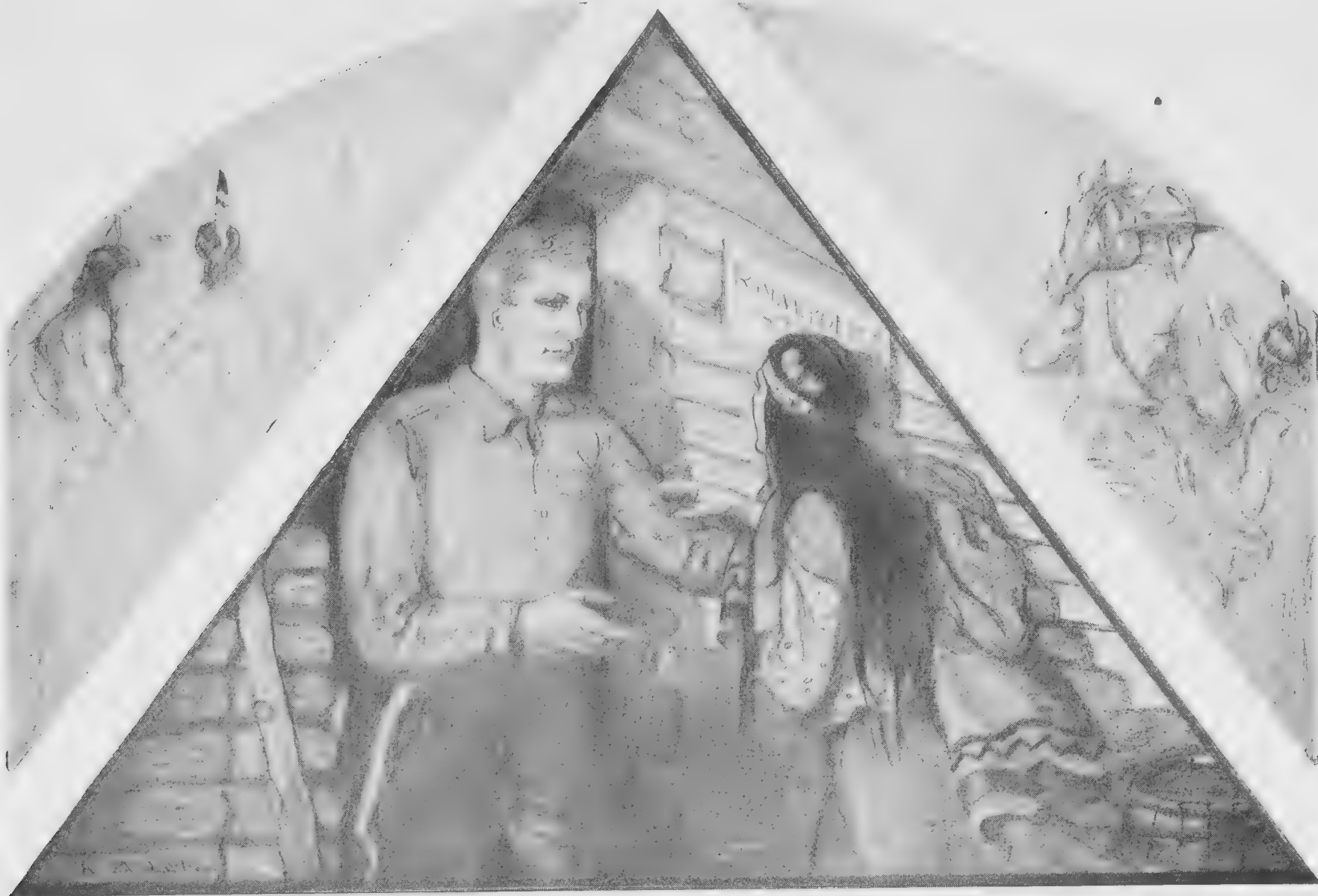
Continued on page 69



The Dutch authorities at Dobo have been unable to obtain any clue which might point definitely either to murder or suicide and are completely baffled

Claridge's with the most beautiful girl I had ever laid eyes on. I could hardly believe that anybody could be so glorious—hair like spun gold, steady grey eyes, delicate but firm mouth and chin, skin that might have belonged to a one-year-old child, and a general expression that reflected depth of character and courage.

I was standing some distance away and must have been gaping like a hayseed, because when Sinclair caught sight of me he burst out laughing. Beckoning me over, he introduced the girl as his fiancée, Pamela Hawley. And I was so bowled over



Reaching him, her eyes met his for a long moment—limpid eyes, burning now with latent fire

The Greater Woman

By Richard Francis

CONSTABLE BARKER closed the door for the tenth time. Crossing the room, he threw himself down on the bunk, again staring at the moss-chinked wall of the opposite side of the cabin.

"He ought 'o been here by now," he said after long contemplation. Of late Barker had come to voice his thoughts aloud, a habit gained from the patrolling of the dreary stretches of tundra waste about Fort Confidence, and the loneliness of this Mounted Police patrol.

Willybuck, half breed guide, passing the post early that morning with two big game hunters from the "outside" on their way to Conjurer's Bay to the Barren Lands beyond to hunt caribou, had imparted the welcome news that the yearly mail-runner would soon arrive, as the party had met him the previous day at Dog Pound Lake. Dog Pound Lake was only a matter of thirty-five miles from Fort Confidence, and between there was no place of call, so all day at intervals Barker had looked from his door down the long coulee to the south for signs of his approach. Now, the autumn day of the northern region—short, bleak, chill—was creeping to a close. Outside the wind began to rise; with it came rain in big, slow-falling drops.

Soon—sweeping from across monotonous miles of flat tundra—the wind, with all the gathered force of these unobstructed leagues, swooped down upon the Police Post, snuggling under the lee of the coulee side, till even the log building, solid, permanent, strong, feeling its power, creaked protestingly. The rain, under the fury of the blow, beat with noisy pattering on the one window facing it.

Almost imperceptibly dusk faded to dark. With its coming Barker arose and prepared supper. Finishing, he was intently reading over for the fourth time an article in a two-year old magazine when Moostokooch, the mail-runner, following his knock, entered on noiseless,

moccasin feet. Anxiously impatient, Barker covered the distance from the table to carrier in one bound, his eyes wide, eager.

Moostokooch grunted a greeting, his eyes for the space of a long moment shading with vague surprise; but Barker, following this first impulsive movement, regained his composure. Voicing a welcome he walked back to the table, stood waiting, forcibly calm. With careful slowness the Indian untied the scant parcel of mail, and selecting a brown envelope extended it.

Barker, hands quickened by year-long waiting, tore away the manilla wrapper to reveal a long officially typed envelope bearing the heading of Athabasca Division headquarters. For a long moment he held this, staring questioningly, unbelieving. The outer envelope discarded, had dropped to the floor. With a quick swoop he leaned down, picked it up, stared fiercely into it; but only brown interior, empty, met his gaze.

The mail-runner, having come far, had dropped on the bench beside the table; now he stared a little wonderingly at the antics of the man before him.

Again Barker let the outer envelope fall. Anxious-fingered he tore at the epistle, bringing forth its contents. He scanned it quickly. Then it in turn dropped from hands gone limp. His eyes sought the mail-carrier.

"There must be something more." Half imploringly, half savagely, Barker held out his hand to the stolid red man.

Moostokooch shook his head. "One piece for you; I give um."

The outstretched, reaching hands did not relax. "You don't know," Barker said fiercely. "All you know is so many pieces, so many numbers, each numbered piece a Post. You might have

made a mistake. Let me see the rest of the mail you're carrying. I know there is something else for me."

The mail package for beyond lay before him on the table where the Indian had set it down. Now Barker reached for it. With quick motion of denial, the Indian's fingers closed upon it, drawing it to him. The policeman's clutching hand, poised to descend, halted. The men's eyes met for the briefest space. Then Moostokooch, out of respect and trust in the other man's position, shoved the parcel back unto the centre of the table, releasing his hold.

Seating himself on the other end of the bench, Barker, with hands whose very eagerness made them fumbling, untied the cord. Piece by piece he went over the few remaining parcels, examining each as carefully as an expert might a suspected bank note. Reaching the last one he dropped it, emitting a queer little gasp. His elbows met the table with a soft thud; chin dropped into his cupped hands, he stared ahead blankly, unseeing; his eyes gone bleak and dead, his whole mien apathetic.

After a time, remembering the mail-runner had come a long way, and that it was late, Barker rose slowly and in silence set out supper. Wordless, he watched the Indian dispose of it; then, clearing away the dishes, he went to his bunk, leaving Moostokooch smoking before the fire.

In the early morning light next day Barker bade the runner goodbye.

"I'll be back in one week," Moostokooch said in parting. "Must make fast trip to Coppermine or no get back to Fort Rae before freeze-up. If not no get mail to "outside" by steamer."

Barker nodded. "Alright, Moostokooch, I'll have two letters for the "outside" when you come back."

With weary eyes the policeman watched the disappearing figure strike the north trail that

wound across the coulee bottom and up the other side passed the camp of the Yellowknives, a scant quarter mile away on the opposite brow of the ravine. From where he stood he could see the curling smoke of the teepees of the little tribe's summer camp. The casual visits of those happy, careless red men had come to mean much to him during the summer, had relieved in a way the loneliness of his position, till now he had come to value even their nearness. In another week they would be gone to their winter hunting grounds; only he would remain at this desolate spot.

LONG after the mail-carrier had disappeared, Barker stood gazing across the valley, watching the wispy streamers of smoke climb skyward in the still heavy air of a perfect Indian Summer day, a strange weather anomaly in this land soon to be ice-bound. Twice his mouth pursed to whistle, his hands went to his lips to sound a call, then dropped. Slowly he shook his head and went within; there was another thing to do first.

His yearly report to the officer commanding the Athabasca Division was still untouched, and, even here, this was a matter of considerable writing. So he set himself to his task.

It was early afternoon when he signed his name to the year's report, a matter of ten pages of official foolscap. Shoving this away, he drew a fresh sheet of paper to him, in his eyes the look of a man about to take up a great task. Then he wrote:

Fort Confidence,
Athabasca Territory,
September 12th, 1912

Dear lost one:—

Yesterday the Indian runner came with the yearly mail, and after he had gone, I watched him for a long time making his way down the bare coulee bottom—watched him till he passed out of sight below a farther rise. Twelve long months I had waited for your letter, and even now that he has come and gone, it hardly seems real that there was nothing from you. Twelve months—a whole year—three hundred and sixty five days—days—I have waited ticking off each day as it drifted into the vale of yesterdays, and always as I did so it meant only one thing—that the time when I should hear from you was that much nearer. And then yesterday there was—nothing. I think Moostokooch, the mail-runner, believed me mad, for, after he had insisted that the official letter from headquarters was all he had for me, I would not believe him. I made him turn over every bit of his mail for the remaining Posts to me, and with trembling hands went through it myself.

I know now that I have lost you, and realize that this wild whim of mine for adventure, this unnecessary exile a thousand miles from anywhere was a mistake. I had about decided to buy myself out, to come back to you. But now that is all changed. Of course, I realize that in the big world "outside" there are so many men ready to make happy one as beautiful as you, I could hardly expect you to remain true though it were but for the three years of my signing. But I did, and now the losing hurts with a stabbing pain, for you were all my world, my present, my future, my very soul.

As I sit here by night I can see from my little window the Northern Lights weirdly dancing, high and above the farther ridges, a quivering absinthe-colored sheen. The Indians hereabouts say the Lights are the ghosts of braves dancing up there. I think it's a poor story, little girl, far more likely they are the lost souls of some poor mortals unable to rest. And now, looking at them, I feel a strange kinship. Mournfully the wind howls here, and all around, seeming to crouch, is the wilderness—so vast, so desolately serene that sometimes in the past, but for the thought of you, I would have gone mad.

Lately, sitting in the dim firelight, when the

flickering flames cast vague shadows upon the white-washed log wall, it seemed as if you were here. I felt your dear arms creeping around my neck with a little soft caress. And for the moment you were so real that I reached out my arms to take you in one great embrace and—then suddenly the back-log would break with a great showering of sparks, and I'd sit up staring dazed and alone. The dream will not come back any more. Your not writing has killed all thoughts but bitter ones. Now an awful horror of all this lonesome land of silence grips me, filling me with unnameable fears and a dread of that bleak future which stretches out before me.

Goodbye.

Addressing an envelope, Barker placed the folded sheets within, his lips parting in a queer, sardonic smile as he did so. He sealed the letter and laid it beside the official report, then, rising, walked to the open doorway through which the setting sun was throwing long splashes of warm yellow light. Leaning against the door-jamb, he stood staring across the valley. In the smoky haze of the late afternoon the barren brownness of the coulee, the gaunt nakedness of the leafless trees, all were strangely softened, and the camp of the Yellowknives, snuggling on the brow of the ravine, showed through the dancing heat waves a picture of quiet repose.

A long time he contemplated the valley, the trees, the irregular rows of teepees, before one hand crept slowly to his lips. He whistled twice—long, shrill, calling notes that echoed and re-echoed in the distance. An interval of a long minute he waited, then called once again. His hand dropped to his side, he stood waiting.

with your whistle that is shrill and strong like the north wind, and I will come."

Nagos had given him the name of Opawakun, meaning "the one who dreams of someone", and through many of the long, lazy afternoons of the summer she had sat, her mind dwelling on this lonely white man, idly wondering, conjuring up pictures of that far away maiden, the thought of whom she had read so often in his eyes. Now, from across the valley—clear, summoning, twice repeated—the call came. With the lithe grace of a mountain lion the girl sprang to her feet. Her hands parted the teepee flap, and stepping out into the sunlight, she set off down the winding trail that led into the valley, and toward the post on the opposite side.

Panting a little, her copper brown face a little flushed from the exertion of the climb in the still heat of the afternoon, her long black hair tumbling about her face and streaming over her shoulders to her waist, Nagos reached the top of the path. To Barker, standing in the door of the Post she appeared a strangely beautiful creature—the curving, uncorseted lines of her figure standing out clear and fine against even the ill-made blue skirt of Hudson's Bay blanket cloth.

Reaching him, her eyes met his for a long moment—limpid eyes, burning now with latent fire. Only a moment did she meet his gaze, then, lids drooping, she came close to him.

With a fierce impulsive movement, his arms swept around her, drew her to him, enfolded her in a long, strong desiring embrace.

A little breathless sigh escaped the girl as, raising her face she gave him her lips after the strange fashion of the white man.

Madly, devouringly, he kissed her, long repressed passion upflaming. His clasp tightened with sudden frenzy; he drew her within; the door slammed, shutting out the fading sunlight.

CLARICE MARSDEN woke slowly, heavily, as one who has slept badly. For a time she lay staring dully at the high white ceiling. The room was heavy with shadowy light from close-drawn blinds. Presently turning, the girl glimpsed, beneath one shade raised a little higher than the rest, the soft-falling snow without. She moved her gaze to a tiny timepiece ticking on the little table beside the bed. It was nine o'clock.

"There ought to be a letter from him this morning," she said aloud petulantly. With her words there came a soft tap upon the door, and, without waiting command, a maid entered with coffee and the morning mail. She crossed the room, her eyes studying the face of the reclining woman. What she read spelled "silence"—she had not been in Clarice Marsden's service for two years for nothing; so, laying the letters upon the table beside the coffee, she went out as silently as she had come.

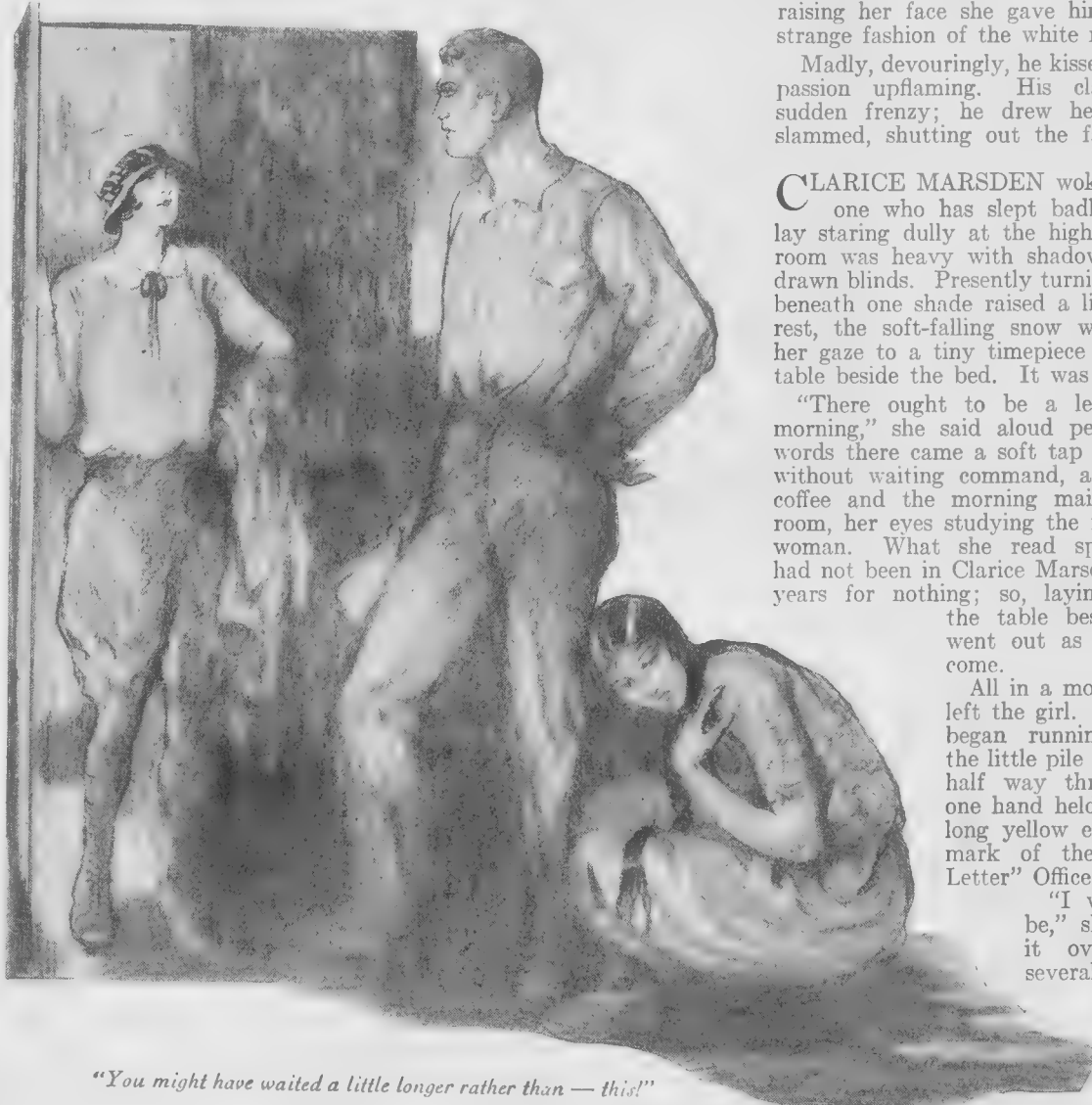
All in a moment the listlessness left the girl. She sat up quickly, began running rapidly through the little pile of letters. Suddenly half way through she stopped; one hand held up questioningly a long yellow envelope bearing the mark of the Canadian "Dead-Letter" Office.

"I wonder what it can be," she thought, turning it over and over for several moments without opening, after the odd fashion of some people when receiving a letter they cannot account for. Under

the spell of this unusual missive, she forgot momentarily that other hoped-for letter, and laid the pile of as yet unexamined mail on the bed beside her, the while staring reflectively at this puzzler.

At last she tore it open gingerly. A heavy white envelope, much post-marked and travel-worn, dropped upon the comforter. With a little cry of dismay she picked it up, held it before her, her eyes filling with dawning horror. She drew it closer, examining the address she had placed upon it long months before: H. G. Barker, R.N.W.M.P., Alberta, she read, and then, the stamped words of the postal authorities: "Returned for better direction".

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"You might have waited a little longer rather than — this!"

FROM her tent in the encampment of the Yellowknives Nagos heard the call. Her heart pounded strangely at the sound. For many months, ever since the tribe had pitched their camp within sight of Fort Confidence, she had tried to win the handsome officer. A dozen times she had offered herself and always, though he had smiled, and his kind eyes had lighted with a sort of fierce softness at the sight of her, he had shaken his head. Once, when she had tempted him sorely, he had seized her almost roughly; but: "No, I cannot!" he had said, and there was a far away, almost exalted look in his eyes. And Nagos, moved by some odd occult impulse, had said: "If you ever want me, Opawakun, call me

Scribble Sprite and the Mysterious Wasp

By William Thompson

THE KNIGHT, SIR SCRIBBLE, remembered that the Princess had said: "The stars must be very timid because they never show their bright faces until the Sun has gone to sleep."

"What a delightful subject for a poem," he thought. Raising his quaint little bearded face, he looked into the great sparkling sea of space in wonderment, for the heavens were always to him such a mystery.

Ever since the Princess had bestowed upon him the Order of Knighthood, the poetic Muse had tugged at his coat-tails, and they were tugging so hard now, that he took his quill and went over to a big ripe blackberry which he had ordered two brown beetles to bring to him. All night they had labored, rolling the big luscious berry to the foot of the Palace Oak. As a reward, Scribble patted them on the back, something he seldom did, and told them he would not fail to advise the Princess Tee Nee Wee Nee that they had faithfully helped him in a very important part of his literary work.

The Beetles were very much honored by this remark, and would have smiled if it had been possible; when they tried real hard, if you had been near them, you would have heard only a tiny cracking sound. Their efforts to smile, though not a success, pleased Scribble very much indeed.

Scribble could not collect his thoughts where there was so much buzzing and singing and chatter, so he went into the deep stillness of a company of violets and daisies, rich in sweet young blossoms, and away from the noise of the busy night-life, where the hum of wings and the chirp of the cricket and the katydid would not disturb his contemplations. Wild, soothing odors danced about him, and on the moss beds played raindrops which had fallen at the call of a thirsty little army of trembling buds and growing things.

"Come over here and sit on us," whispered a timid little group of moss-flowers, seeing Scribble was undecided where to go.

Accepting the invitation, over he went, and threw himself down on a pillowy clump of moss, and drawing up his knees to make a prop for his writing materials, he looked up at the stars so bright. "It is wonderful to be a poet," he said aloud, thinking there was no one about to hear.

But there was, for under the leaf, drenched and cold, clung a little brown wasp who had been blown from far away. He told Scribble Sprite that he had tried to return to his home, but the wind blew so hard it made navigation in that direction impossible.

After he had been blown about here and there until he became very tired, he decided it was useless to try, so hung himself under a leaf and waited for the day to come, now and again smiling at the moon which hung like a silver lantern over his head.

The Scribbler paid little attention to the Wasp's prattle, for his mind was on a word that would rhyme with "sleep." The Wasp, much hurt that Scribble did not show more interest in his conversation, made a faint cough, trying to attract his attention, but Scribble was too busy to hear.

"The following poem is respectfully inscribed to Princess Tee nee Wee Nee, Fair Goddess of the Silk Worm, and our Beloved Ruler of Fairyland," wrote the Scribbler with an air of delight:

*The Moon is a shepherd,
The stars are his sheep;
He leads them to pasture
When good fairies sleep.*

Wasp



Scribble floated away, going higher and higher until he looked like a small speck in the sky

Illustrated by Carl Michel Boog

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Leaning back and stretching out his legs, Scribbler held up the poem with an air of satisfaction. "That's fine!" he said. "It would be wonderful if I could do enough to make a book!" and straightway he began the following, which he thought would please all the mothers of Fairyland:

*Strange animals in Fairyland
Disturb our babies' rest,
And funny little creatures
Peep from their downy nest.
A "Tee Nee" feathered birdling
Tries to peck their little eyes,
And the precious things awaken
With startled, anxious cries.
To drive away the naughty things
That roam both day and night,
Just buy a book of jingles
By Poet Scribble Sprite.*

"It is wonderful to be so clever," thought the Knight as he continued:

*Kisses and pins, kisses and pins,
When baby is born, his trouble begins;
It will all fly away, as by sleight-of-hand,
If you read Scribble's poems about Fairyland.*

"That's great," breathed the Knight, straightening out his right hand which was cramped, and

then adjusting his quill to a writing position. "It will not take long to make a book at this rate. Now for another," dipping his quill deep into the berry to get lots of ink for a long poem:

*Butterflies are feeding
In the dewy bowers,
Wasps are soundly sleeping
In the fragrant flowers.*

*Little crickets singing,
Glad that they've been born,
Buzzing bees are flirting
With the ripening corn.*

*Honey buds and violets
Almost fit to pick,
Natural food for fairies,
Can't get ripe too quick.*

"My! It would be fine if I could write words which the Princess would use as a national anthem, and if I could, perhaps she would have old Professor Mocking Bird write the music."

"The following lines are written with a sincere hope that Her Royal Highness will be so delighted she will command Professor Mocking Bird to set them to music to be used, for all time, as the National Air of Fairyland:

*A convention of Fairies
Took place one day;
And when they were tired
Of gossip and play,
The Chairlady said,
With a sweep of her hand,
Hip, Hip, for the Princess
Of our Fairyland!*

"Thrilling," he said, then he read over the lines, satisfied that he had done his best.

"Now for a jolly one for the last," as he observed the stars were marching away one by one, and the smile of dawn was spreading over the east:

*A polliwog squirmed in his mother's arms,
Disturbed by naughty dreams and colic,*

*But now he's a frog in Fairyland,
And dreams of fairies, fun and frolic.*

He burst into a laugh, which shook the leaves and woke up the little winged things about him, who never knew what had disturbed them. The dawn was upon him. Tucking his priceless poems into his little pocket, he got up, stretched himself and fairly burned with pride at the possibility of reading his poems to the Princess and her people, started for the Palace of the Oak.

Turning toward the lane, he saw the trembling Wasp still clinging to the leaf. Taking pity on the shivering thing, he reached out to take it in his arms, and—Zip!—the Wasp turned into a charming little gentleman.

"Gracious, how sudden!" exclaimed Scribble, drawing back.

"You are a poet," remarked the fine-looking little fellow, putting out his hand in friendly salutation.

"I am," replied Scribble, throwing out his wee chest and running his tiny hand through his tangled hair, "You must be a 'fairy'?"

"I am the ruler of all Fairies. They are servants of mine, to serve and do my bidding, as you must serve me."

"I serve only my Princess," haughtily retorted Scribble.

"We shall see!" replied the gentleman, unmoved by his boldness.

"We shall see," replied Scribble, stamping his

Continued from page 72

Illustrated by
A. Eldraw



"Mr. Dobson wants to see the red-haired young man who's hanging on to the railings".

Mr. Rodder's New Job

By A. C. Casey

WHY go to the Wild West or the high seas in search of romance when it it jostles you right in London streets? The gentleman who apologizes so gracefully for treading on your toe may have just returned from blackmailing a millionaire. The sweet-faced old lady carrying a bunch of flowers may be secretly conveying a bomb to blow up a Cabinet Minister, and the anxious-looking man with the flower in his buttonhole is, maybe, hurrying to commit bigamy and afraid he'll be late at the church. The famous Caliph could have found nothing more romantic in Bagdad than we see in London every day. So let us hasten to the romantic story of Mr. Rodder.

If the Newmarket correspondent of the *Sporting Herald* had starred Buck for the 1.15 race instead of Laughing Beauty, which stopped to laugh and admire itself somewhere down the course and finished twenty-third, the trouble would never have begun. But Mr. Rodder, having watched the Newmarket correspondent's special extra star tip for a week, had plunged on it just at the wrong time. This caused what they call on the City page a tightness of money. However, it had one good effect. It gave Mr. Rodder courage to interview his employer with a view to an increase in salary. Now, Mr. Carrick, the head of the firm, had just one extra cup of coffee after lunch. Coffee has sometimes a demoralizing effect on the liver. So Mr. Carrick listened to Mr. Rodder's statement of his idea of the value of his services, and then grunted: "What are you getting?" "Two pounds ten, sir." "H'm! Tell the cashier to come here, and come back with him."

Mr. Rodder executed a quiet step-dance in the passage outside the private office. He called in to tell the other clerks that he had spoofed the old buffer. Then, leaving the staff writhing with envy he told the cashier that he was wanted in the private office, and accompanied him thither with a smiling face. Mr. Carrick looked up from the letters. "Mr. Smith, pay that fool what is owing to

him and two pounds ten instead of a week's notice, and clear him out at once."

Mr. Rodder was so overcome by this sudden onslaught that he retired without making the slightest protest. There are occasions when speech is impossible, and one can only express one's feelings by instant homicide.

"Don't tell the other fellows yet," he gasped to the cashier when they were outside the private office.

The cashier was moderately humane.

"All right," he said, "but mind, they'll have to know when I arrange for your work in the morning."

Mr. Rodder, fearing lest the news of his dismissal might cause his acquaintances to demand the return of certain small loans, went into the general office and explained that the boss insisted on his going out at once on personal business. Jealousy of Mr. Rodder rose to fever heat. Half a dozen

gentlemen spent the entire afternoon telling one another that hard work, intelligence and devotion went for nothing compared with laziness and swank.

For a week Mr. Rodder devoted himself to seeking employment. It was awkward when, to conceal from his landlady the fact that he was out of work, he had to leave his lodgings at eight in the morning and stay out all day. Mr. Rodder wrote scores of letters in the free libraries describing himself as any age from twenty-one to forty, according to the requirements of the advertisers, adding accomplishments day by day to his list of attainments, till at the end of the week he was nothing but a commercial Admirable Crichton, and thoughtfully setting himself down as either married or single to meet particular advertisers' demands. His letters were useless. Perchance the employers objected to Mr. Rodder's spelling. Perhaps they thought they couldn't afford to pay a salary such as a so remarkably qualified applicant deserved.

From the advertiser who required "Expert

manager for chemical factory; university training and continental experience essential," all ignored Mr. Rodder's urgent letters.

Ten-and-ninepence had gone in stamps without a single answer. Mr. Rodder came down in the morning in desperation to find that there were no letters. He saw from his landlady's eye that his demand for letters had made her suspicious, and protected himself by asking her to take care of any letter that arrived for him in a lady's handwriting. Then, leaving behind him the impression that he was a sufferer from unrequited love, he left ostensibly for business.

IT WAS a wet day, and Mr. Rodder shuddered as he thought of spending it in the Free Library in company with the *Machinery World*, the *Textile Manufacturer*, and a strong odor of damp umbrellas. He bought a halfpenny paper from a man at the street corner, and wondered whether he should put his entire cash resources on an outsider for the day's big race. And then he saw the advertisement: "Wanted young man of high principles—Apply personally, 131 Penryn Square, W."

"I'm on that!" thought Mr. Rodder. "I'm not much at shorthand and book-keeping, but my principles are as high as anybody's. I'll lay a dollar."

It was nine o'clock when he reached Penryn Square.

Already more than a score of high-principled young men of all ages, from fifteen to fifty, had assembled outside the door, and every minute more were arriving. One even drove up in a taxi amid groans. Mr. Rodder joined the waiting crowd, and felt that he had never seen such a low-principled lot in the



Mr. Rodder stepped forward and took the stranger gently by the beard.

course of his existence. Already the posts of vantage on the steps were filled. Mr. Rodder clung to the railings in front of the house for fear he should be ousted by newcomers. All at once a stout spectacled old gentleman appeared at the

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Let There Be Light

By Elizabeth Davis

Illustrated by John Clymer



He could hear the laughter of those two. Of course they were sneering at him; sneers deadly as tropical snakes.

MARK SULLIVAN sent a glance, fleet and frightened, down, down, down, at the black machines below him, and clung the tighter to the ladder, with hands made strong by fear. His face was white; beads of perspiration stood out upon it. So great was his dizziness, the whole world seemed to be spinning in slow circles. The giant hum, hum of the machinery rose from the floor of the power plant—a colossal humming which tore savagely at his tortured nerves. He made a mighty effort to steady himself—thought of Cedric Winton, sitting at the operator's desk, far below, sneering. The mental vision of the loose mouth, sneering, and the watery blue eyes, sneering, sent him climbing down to the crane girder. Once there, his heart did not beat so fast; though high up, it seemed infinitely safer than the ladder, which he placed in position on the girder, in order to reach the fan for the purpose of oiling it.

My God! This plant! He hated it! *Hated it!* Hated the electrical energy to which it gave birth, in the travail of water twisting through turbines. Electricity—a live, evil thing, ready to reach forth fingers, twitching with the desire to burn, kill. Always was he conscious of the malignancy of the mighty force around him in the plant. You'd be hurled out of life, if you touched some of those switches. Occasionally, he thought he would—and end it all.

The noise! The continual, unceasing roar of the whirling generators. If only he had not been shell-shocked during the war! And since infancy, heights had affected him strangely. That Cedric Winton, the operator, under whom he, Mark Sullivan, must work as floorman, realized by a diabolical intuition, his physical and mental fear of the plant and falls. And he was a mean "boss." Mark had written indelibly in his mind, a thousand and one little meannesses, over which he brooded. And then—there was—Ced Winton, and Leena. Leena, his wife.

Eleven o'clock. Blessed relief. His shift at the plant finished. He stepped out under a blanket of stars. And was there silence? No! The clamoring of the falls, spilling over the dam. Especially those Rainbow Falls: water belching forth under lifted floodgates, to tear sheer white across a sable crouch-

ing boulder, and drop tumultuously into the river. It was only when the foam, catching the sun, became pale gold mist, or else mirrored a rainbow, diaphanous and fragile, that Mark saw anything of beauty, in this rushing mass of water. The night wind was crooning. His ear did not heed it. That grumbling of machinery, that howl of falls, followed him wherever he went, be it even to the quiet tangle of trees—his "little forest," he called it—which clothed the slope rising from the valley where the power house he lived in, squatted.

Apprehensively, he glanced over his shoulder at the line of miniature mountains some distance across the river; rather were they great towering precipitous cliffs, outlined in blotchy charcoal smudges against the sky. They seemed to be waiting to fall upon him, and crush him. His heart went out in a great longing for the flat meadows of his beloved England. It was not London that he loved, with its nerve-racking roar of traffic, but the green fields, and the slow-moving placidity of rivers, and the fragrance of rose-breathing hedges. His England. Here, these jagged mountains, like the bony skeleton backbones of prodigious primordial monsters; here, the quick-rushing turbulence of rivers; here, in this Canada, great wide and vast spaces.

He sighed with the heaviness of the burden on his soul. Life was askew; grotesque in its distortion.

Came his slow walking through the crowding trees. Finally—patches of orange light—the windows of home. Home! Huh! He was a mere provider for those the roof sheltered. No love anywhere. He paused, hand upon the knob of the back door. It was then that the figure passed, shouldering through the gloom. Fred Burke, the storekeeper, on one of his lonely visits to the falls. Although this man was his best friend, Mark cried no "Hello"! His intuition told him that Burke was sunk in such a murky mood, he desired no fellowship. Mark made a slow entry. He hated, yes, *hated*, to come into the presence of his wife and child. Not child, but step-child. Such a boy! with that shock of bristling auburn hair, with that five-year-old lower lip ever ready to thrust itself forward into impudence. Reprimanding him was of no use. The ready answer would be flung at him: "You ain't my father! You is jist Mark!" "Jist Mark"! That was all. Such a boy! Always bang-

ing, yelling, shouting. Noise! Wherever he went—noise!

Leena didn't seem to mind the uproar. She took the path of least resistance. The lad could run wild, as long as *she* had time to herself. A careless, slatternly woman, generally with stockings in wrinkles about her ankles, and dress sagging open at the throat, revealing the soft curve of her breast. The very first impression she ever had given him was one of general deshabbille. That black, slippery London night, when the streets were shining like the sleek sides of a seal. The rain streaking her face, making wet and dun-colored the auburn hair which escaped from the shabby hat-brim. He scarcely had noticed the child clinging to her skirts until, in the warm restaurant, with the tantalizing odor of food rising to hungry nostrils, he had seen the gold band on her left hand. "Married"? She nodded. Briefly—"War widow." And never had volunteered further information. Yes! He had married her, and not long after that shivering night when he had stopped suddenly short with pity, at sight of the weariness of her figure. Food! She had been ravenous for food.

WAR widow? Why poke fingers into a woman's past? Unpleasant rats might gnaw your fingers. Such a thought heretofore he had not allowed himself to entertain, until Ced Winton started hanging around. Ah! That fellow was slimy, lascivious, too much about Leena. Now, in the kitchen, he heard their voices in the front room. That fellow was glib-tongued, ever ready with an excuse. Always dropping in "for a rest," after or before his shifts, simply because he lived a distance from the plant. On their three days off, which came after the monotonous cycle of day, evening, and night shifts—well, Mark remained little at home, but he heard the whispers: "Winton's hangin' around

Leena Sullivan, every chance he gets"! Mark mentally shrugged his shoulders over it all, in order that hot rage should not overwhelm him. At first, he had argued and stormed, but she was a vixen when aroused; and would stand, arms akimbo: "I kin 'ave any visitors I likes. Winton's gotta long way to go, an' he kin come heer an' rest if he likes. You spend all yer time poundin' the old piano behind Burke's store, an' me alone with my brat. I'll do as I please! Do you 'ear"? Voice rising to a shriek.

So, as far as he could, he left her alone, preserving towards her a taciturn indifference, which annoyed her, for at times she would nag, nag, nag, until the situation became intolerable. Sometimes she, in her turn, would be hard, metallic, and indifferent; then change—shrewish, ill-tempered, ungracious. Often, neither spoke, one to the other, for long periods; or else snapped, harshly, one at the other.

Casting a glance of distaste at the sink, with its pile of soiled dishes, and strainer filled with peelings and refuse, he forced himself to enter the front room. There they were, seated at the table—frothily iced cake in the centre, and the aromatic odor of tea rising. Leena, garbed in fresh green gingham, the neck rolled low; her hair smooth, and stockings unwrinkled. Cedric, his indolent long length spread out in the deep comfort of the one arm-chair, and his sleepy, evasive eyes, always appearing half-closed, regarding him slantily. Mark hesitated, feeling like an interloper, an outsider. From Winton, "Beat you again"! And Leena and he exchanged laughing glances. Mark walked across to the piano stool. Little waves of anger were lapping his body, eating his body. Those two were banded together against him, to laugh, and sneer at him. He knew he was sitting there, a small, dark figure, with face red, and hands nerveless, and haunted eyes.

Ced Winton speaking: "Better not play. You'll be making false notes. Narves on edge. He was jist fair tremblin' after he came down from oilin' the fan."

Scarlet spilt over Mark's collar, and crept up to the roots of his hair. How this man, who knew his secret, gnawing fear, loved to turn and twist the knife of ridicule in his wound. Leena was snapping: "You be careful, now, or you'll be losin' yer job." Fear, the fear of a woman who has known and fought poverty for many, many a day, lurked in her words. "Narves on hedge! Don't be forgettin' them seven months we spent lookin' for a job when we came houtta Hengland! Don't be sich a bloomin' coward!"

Mark felt too choked to retort. It was the truth. He was a "bloomin' coward." Afraid of life, with its noise, and heights, and dizziness. Abruptly, he rose from the stool. Ced was drawing his laugh, as he reached for food. Faugh! They thought only of their senses, their bellies, those two. Ced had said: "Better not play"! Poking fun at his music, again. This piano. It was his only solace, yet Leena desired to sell it, and buy a screeching machine with a handle to turn.

He spent long hours with it. Difficult hours, for his knowledge of music was scant; but the clumsy notes were to him clothed in beauty, the more so for being born difficultly. From the battered instrument, he drew white moonlight, and the essence of sunshine which had given light to the world in days a thousand years ago; and the iridescent vapors of radiance from sundowns and sunrises long fled into abysmal oblivion; he drew forth the gay garish noontide brightness that had blazed down on the rich exotic brilliance of old oriental bazaars, from some forgotten era of Arabian Nights. This piano. Yet Leena desired him to sell it, more because she was jealous of everything he valued; jealous of his friendship with Fred

Burke, even. Fred had been only once at the house. Leena had been rude. Winton had been present. Fred had said very little, but his eyes always saw much.

Oh, well! Leena had known his admiration for her length of hair, yet had consented to the cutting of the shimmering mass. Winton had acted as barber, laughing over it all, and sensing his chagrin, Mark was convinced. Once, Mark had seen that coil of hair in a drawer, but had turned away, almost sickened. The coil, to him, was a dead thing. He did not wish even to touch it. Yet, he still loved it, for was it not a reminder of that old life, when Leena and he had been happy? Happy! Had he ever been happy and contented?

Presently, he seated himself in a corner, opposite to that man, and Leena. The light was poor, but he pretended to read the thumbled papers his brother sent from England. He could hear the laughter of these two, and the low hum of conversation. Of course, they were sneering at him; sneers deadly as tropical snakes. He did not attempt to catch their remarks. The most of them would be trivial, though perhaps clothed with inner meanings. Leena did not ask him to partake of food. That was her way—to ignore him. Sometimes, she would simulate an affection, for the mutual amusement of herself and Cedric. "Hubby, darlin', do you like them papers? You've been workin' so 'ard, why not read them in the nice warm kitchen"? Often, she would sharply order him about: "Go and close the window above the boy." He, hating himself for it, would obey. But he never stayed long from the front room; he would not give them the satisfaction of being alone.

Finally, Leena, a very long time at the kitchen door, bidding good-bye to Winton. Then, re-entering the room with high lights in her cheeks and eyes, and humming lightly to herself. There would be a tight and difficult little silence, as he looked up from his paper. With a defiant, slanting glance

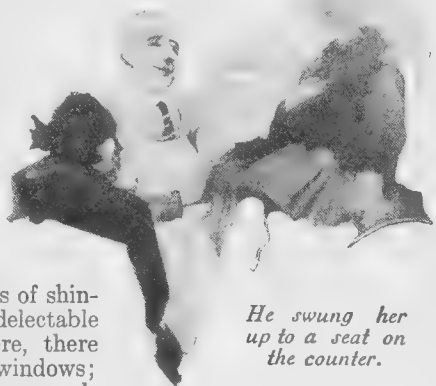


Fred! Was it Fred who had been around the cabin?

which did not meet his steady gaze, she would flaunt off to the bedroom, leaving tea in cups, cake out to flies. On the morrow, cake stale. No matter. Thrown to the dogs. Another baked—for Ced. The way she managed the house, no wonder bills were sky-high.

Nine times out of ten, he would lie down on the couch in the front room. Sick of life. Buzz; buzz; buzz; how close and stuffy it was. He was sick of it all. Hate; hate; hate; he hated it all. All...

Oh, well! He liked Fred Burke, the storekeeper; with his sloping shoulders, and slow, careful voice—very exact in his choice of words, was Fred Burke—and eyes which rather worried Mark, because they were as dark wells, with poison dropped within them. Those eyes. Eyes with a hurt. At the very beginning of their friendship, Burke had offered to give the other lessons on the piano. Mark marvelled at his proficiency. Always melancholy music—which tore the very heart out of one, and drew lines of pain in the face of Fred, and deepened the poison in the eyes of him. Mark was reminded of white moonlight on starkly cold mountain peaks, or the desolate grandeur of waves, trembling in infinite wastes of ocean water. Once, and only once, on a sunny day, he heard the man play lightly, as if thinking of zephyrs through apple blossoms.



He swung her up to a seat on the counter.

HE LOVED the store itself, did Mark. Loved its multi-colored rows of canned goods, and labelled bottles, its grape-like bunches of bananas, the heaps of shining oranges and lemons, the delectable candy, and chocolate bars. Here, there was peace. Sunshine flooded the windows; no noise, except the wind outside, serenading snow-clad pines, or the cawing of crows and chattering of birds 'midst summer leaves. Fred once said to him: "You would suit a store." Not adding: "You hate the plant," but Mark knew his friend was aware of that fact. Although he rarely visited the plant, his eyes saw much.

Here, in the store, there was a pleasant sociability. The mothers would come, with babes in arms, and little tots toddling beside them. As is the way of women, there would be a wrangling over prices, and an arguing over the quality of goods. Burke met all with a joke and a laugh. He was well-liked. Mark envied him the quickness of his wit, and the pleasant courtesy of his manner. The women talked to him; the children adored him; the men gave him their gruff, abrupt friendship—with the exception of Ced Winton. The latter had a domineering manner; he would bluster and command about the store; with Burke indifferently contemptuous, and no change of countenance, except for a smoldering something in his eyes.

The storekeeper's favorite was sunny-haired Olive. "What do you want today? Soap? Give us your palm, Olive!" Then, as her artful dimple played with her wee smile, he swung her up to a seat on the counter. And Mark almost exclaimed aloud, at the hurt, angry, frustrated expression which swept over his friend's face. He turned away, as if he were intruding upon a holy of holies. The shimmering autumn sun lit up the narrow room with a blaze of white light, lending a halo of gold to the child. The man's hands—strange that such slender-fingered, musician's hands, came from arms iron-muscled, like those of a peasant worker's—were placed about the plump little shoulders, and his poisoned gaze fed hungrily upon her honey curls. "Don't, Uncle Fred! Quit hurtin' me!" Sighing profoundly, he released his hold.

The women talked to Fred Burke. Mark, being so often with him, could not help but notice how cleverly and adroitly, he swung the conversation to that cabin of whitewashed logs, down by the river bank. It possessed a rather sinister history, that cabin. He drew the woman out on the subject—in the store, in their kitchens, when he dropped in with mail and groceries, or during a social evening. It was not difficult to do so, for the village was still shuddering over what had happened.

Ced Winton; he'd lived there. How many years? Not long, hardly two. The woman who had lived with him—she had a gold band on her finger, and he called her "my wife," yet there was something funny about the whole business—the woman never has stirred into the village, never into the store.

"She went into the store once, Missees Craige." "No, Missees Hunt, she never did." "Yes, I seen her with my own eyes. She had short, awful short, curly light gold hair, jist like Olive's. The sun on

it made it shine somethin' beautiful." "Well, Missees Hunt, you might have seen her in the store, but I spoke to her oncet. There's nary a woman in the town kin say that, 'cept me. When we'd go to pay her a visit, she'd not answer her door, an' she never came to see us. An' Winton, if you asked him an' his wife out, he'd say, awful surly, 'She's too busy. She don't like parties an' cards an' sich.' He'd go off to other towns, drinkin' an' havin' a good time, an' she like she was! Oncet I seen him go off in a car with a bunch of young bucks. I feels kinda sorry for her, an' goes an' knocks at her door. There ain't no answer, so I jist walks in. It was so dead still, of course I thought she mighta fainted or somethin'. But there she was, sewin' ba— little clothes. Her eyes were red as red. I sez: 'How do! Jist thought I'd walk in, seein' as you didn't hear me knock.' She sez, 'I don't feel like no company!' An' walks into the bedroom, slammin' the door. After that, I never went near the place. Nobody else did, neither."

Then, the Terrible thing happened. After the baby was born dead, Mrs. Winton had thrown herself, one windy night, one night of windy moon and sounding spray, into the Rainbow Falls. "She musta crept outa the Gate House, onto the dam, and thrown herself over. She left a note sayin' somethin' 'bout falls, and tired of life. The whole village was down on Winton for awhile, but it's kinda blown over now. He drank like a fish for awhile, an' got awful surly." But now, he was going his blustering, indifferent way, and seemingly had forgotten the whole affair. "Runnin' after other men's wives!"

No one had visited that boarded-up cabin of Winton's, down by the green and lipping crocodile river. It was deserted; leering—with blank eyes. The people had shunned what had been the abode of the woman who had become tired of life. Once, Mark, on an aimless, wandering stroll, had chanced to pass near the place, and, controlling a strong feeling of distaste and repulsion, had walked directly over to it. Rank grass curled like ghostly fingers about his ankles and calves; weeds, purple-flowered, as if in the second stage of mourning, were growing everywhere, in a dense mauve cloud. Ruled, he realized, by a rather morbid curiosity, he jerked at the boards which covered the window. Surprised to find them loose, he was able to draw one so far back, that he could peer into the musty room, dusty and dim. It was then he noticed the imprint of a man's boots in the mud at his feet. And he hurried away, feeling as if a spirit had flitted by him, brushing his hands; and depressed, as if lately returned from a funeral; and a little guilty, as if he had just stolen a piece of a man's heart.

Fred. Was it Fred who had been around the cabin? For, carelessly lifting an envelope from the ground, he had glimpsed the name, "Burke."

He entered the store from the back; Fred was sitting at the piano, head sunk in his hands. Abruptly, he looked up. "Walkin'?" Mark nodded; stood gazing out upon the land. Autumn had flowed completely over it—glitteringly and luridly yellow. False glamor—presaging only winter. This autumn was like a dazzling red-haired woman, bestowing a false golden smile upon her lover. A surge of distaste swept over him. "Fred, I'm fed up with this country. These gloomy mountains seem to hem me in, and choke me. I want the sea. Though I was born in Canada, I lived so long in England, that I'm longing for her quiet meadows. I can't get used to the land of your birth."

"You'll grow to love Canada. I was born in B.C., but when very young was sent to England. After living several years there, I returned to spend some time on a fruit farm in my native province. Then, when I went back for a time to England, I felt cramped, and longed for Canada's wide spaces."

Mark could not keep the surprise from his voice. "So you've lived in England?"

The other nodded, saying nothing; he softly struck a few chords, poignantly melancholy. Mark saw he had done so unconsciously; was deep in thought. And then, in a low, measured tone, and in stark cold sentences which breathed tragedy, he confided the story of his life-hurt to Mark.

"I once loved a woman. I still love her. She had long, long hair—pale gold, like Olive's.

Like the spray of Rainbow Falls, when caught by the shimmering sun. She was—Ida." He hesitated before he spoke that name, as if it were sacred. "We were married. By the way, my real name is Burton, not Burke. Well, we had a store in a tiny village in England. We were very happy. We had no children. She was so fragile. It seemed she would snap if a wind tore across her. We sometimes talked of a little girl, with hair like hers (and she said, eyes like mine) who would run and play in the garden."

That monotonous voice! Too monotonous, like a funeral procession. If only it were husky, or breaking, Mark thought. He refrained from looking at his friend.

"Then—for her—pneumonia. A long illness. I rented my store to a family by name of Sherwin, and took her to Canada. Bought with my meagre savings, a lonely fruit farm tucked away in British Columbia. To understand, you must know it was very remote. I obtained mail and so on from a farm, the Jorgessons, some miles from us. They, in turn, obtained mail and necessities from the nearest town—it was a considerable distance from us, but not so far from them. We loved our place, and cared for no company. An aunt of Ida's took care of her. She was old, but capable. There is no nursing like the nursing of love. Ida grew strong—danced through the orchard as happy as the delicate apple blossoms. And then—a chill; another long illness, and during it, I found it necessary to go to England. I had to sell my store, as the expenses of my girl's illness, and of the farm, were heavy. I wanted to attend to the matter personally, as I had become suspicious of the business honesty of the Sherwins. Ida was not strong enough to accompany me. I was anxious to take her into a town, a city, but no! She was in the convalescent stage, and desired to remain on the farm, where she had won health before. I left her with her aunt, and a very competent man, who, with his wife, was going to manage the farm."

"The next—is like a nightmare. On arrival in Liverpool, I sent a cable and letter to Ida, and took the train to the village where my store was located. Then—a terrific crash, a hurling into space, red lights about me, a hell of pain. Finally, oblivion. When the slow awakening to life came, I learnt the terrible facts in the hospital wherein I found myself. In the train wreck all traces of my identity had been destroyed; I had received serious injuries; not only that, but I had suffered a blow on the head, which had caused me temporarily to lose my memory. For eight long months I had been lost to the world."

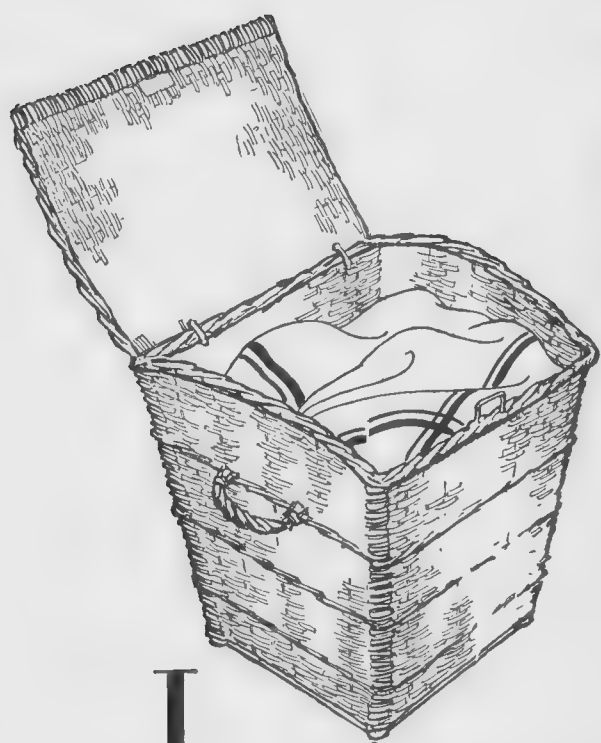
"I was frantic. I cabled to Ida, and left a lawyer in charge of my affairs. The Sherwins had made no enquiries concerning my silence, as they were so careless in business, my store was in bad shape, and they were afraid to face me. They had been more or less crooked in their dealings with me, and had ceased to send rent altogether, when no word came from me. But I spent little time with them; took the first boat to Canada. Found—Ida gone. The farm—abandoned. Only a letter, dust-covered, propped up on the desk which used to be my wife's, and mine. I know the words by heart: 'I hate you. I have gone away with another, whom I have learnt to love. I have not sold the farm. What is yours, cannot be mine.' Terrible words! In her little pointed handwriting!"

"I nearly went mad. For days I wandered about the place, hardly knowing what I was doing. That dead, silent farm, shrieking with memories of her. Then I went to the town, and made enquiries. All I learnt was—that the Jorgessons, just before I came back, had gone to some obscure corner of Europe. It would be almost useless to attempt to find them. Ida's aunt had died of heart-failure, and had been buried in the town cemetery two months before my return. The man I had procured as manager had been called away almost immediately after my departure for England, and my wife had employed someone else. A relation or friend of the Jorgesson family, it was thought."

"I could obtain absolutely no information concerning my wife and this man. She must have gone away—with him; and he had covered their tracks well. Kept away from the town, done all business through the Jorgessons, welcomed no visitors. Well, I'm looking for that man. If I can't find him, I'll go to Europe, and attempt to trace those Jorgessons, and make them tell me all they know."

A long, still silence. The glittering sunshine was stealthily crawling from the land; there was a shudder over all—a shuddering of wind, a shuddering of chill. It was as if a grey pall was being

Continued on page 54f



found
between clothes-hamper
and clothesline —
Extra Help
that makes washing easier



IT'S LIKE finding a new and willing assistant to help you with your washing, when you use Fels-Naptha Soap! For Fels-Naptha brings you *extra* help that does the hard rubbing. Your clothes are clean, white, fresh through and through, with less work and effort on your part.

What is Fels-Naptha's secret? No secret at all! It's just the plain, common sense truth that having two helpers instead of one is bound to make your washing easier. Soap is one helper, of course. You wouldn't think of washing without soap to help you. But Fels-Naptha Soap brings you the *extra* help of good golden soap combined with plenty of naptha—two willing helpers instead of one!

(Naptha, you know, is the safe, gentle dirt-loosener that "dry cleaners" use. And there's plenty of naptha in Fels-Naptha. You can smell it!)

Each golden bar brings you naptha, the dirt-loosener, and soap, the dirt-remover, working hand-in-hand. Two brisk, busy cleaners, searching through every fibre of your clothes, getting out even ground-in grime without hard rubbing. That is the *extra* help Fels-Naptha gives you! And it gives this *extra* help no matter how you use it; in washing machine or tub—in hot, cool, or lukewarm water, or when your clothes are boiled.

So look forward to finding something next washday. Get Fels-Naptha at your grocer's today—the ten-bar carton is particularly convenient. When you've discovered what this *extra* help means to you, not only for washing but for everyday household cleaning, you'll agree with the millions of women who say, "Nothing can take the place of Fels-Naptha."

FELS & CO., PHILADELPHIA

FELS-NAPTHA
THE GOLDEN BAR WITH THE CLEAN NAPTHA ODOR



The Lure of the Road Camp

By W. E. Round

"FOR how many consecutive years have you worked on the Park road gangs?" I questioned the man beside me.

"This is the seventh," he replied.

"Will you come again next year?"

"You bet, if I'm alive."

"What do you do in the winter months?"

"Any odd job I can get in the city."

"Married?"

"Yes—got one child." Then, in a burst of pride: "Own my own home, too."

"Could you not do better with a steady all-the-year round city job?"

"Would I come out to the road camp if I could?" was the counter-question.

For a few moments I allowed the conversation to lag; my curiosity to cease.

During the summer months I make one motor trip a week to Lake Louise and Field in the interests of the various papers for which I act as correspondent. Saturday is usually the day I reserve for this work for not only does it allow me to get my "stuff" in for the early papers of the next week, but also I am sure of company on the return drive. Invariably I pick up from one to as many as my car will carry of the members of the various road maintenance gangs en route; always some wish to visit Banff over the week-end.

The conversation I have related took place between a member of one of the road gangs and myself; I had found him standing by the roadside waiting for a passing car to give him a lift to town.

"I know one chap, our cook, who has worked each summer with the road gang for more years than I have," my companion remarked, unexpectedly.

"I must meet him," I answered. "I would like to know why he comes each year just as I want to know why you do. It cannot be the wages; you get 45 cents an hour—\$4.50 for a ten-hour day—wet days, no work, no pay—and you are charged 35 cents a meal, or \$1.05 per day. If you get in a full month's work you receive about \$85 after your meal bill has been deducted. Your total earnings would probably be about \$120; surely you could make that much in the city and make it for twelve months in the year instead of eight."

As I finished speaking we reached a second road camp and a loud "Hi-hi!" caused me to throw the brakes on quickly.

Two more of my road-gang friends wanted a lift to town and had been watching for me. While I was pleased to accommodate them I must admit that at the moment I somewhat resented their appearance, inasmuch as it prevented me pursuing my enquiries further.

Two weeks later, however, I decided to substitute a visit to the road-camp, where my first passenger worked, for my weekly Lake Louise-Field trip. From the highway a recently graded trail led through a thicket of second-growth pines and poplars to a natural clearing. As I entered this, on my left were the horse shelters, opposite them the truck parking-place and oil and gasoline storage, then a little farther on, where the clearing widened into a semi-circle, stood the cook and sleeping-tents.

I stepped from the car and for a moment stood in silent enjoyment of the sheer beauty of the scene.

The spot was but a few yards from the motor highway and but a short distance above the railway tracks, yet the work-a-day world of hustle and bustle seemed so far—oh, so far away.

On either side the lofty snow-clad peaks seemed to hold this sylvan spot in protecting embrace. Behind me rose the rugged towers of Castle Mountain; ahead, the massive glacier-crowned Temple Mountain and further on, peak after peak in awesome array, stood other monarch of the Rockies. In front of

me, and directly behind the tents, rose a gentle tree-crowned slope.

On each side and behind me were young trees that had grown since the fire of bygone years had

cook-dining-tent. "Sit in" was the hearty invitation that greeted me. I sat.

Delicious soup, roast beef, two kinds of vegetables, apple pie that would have done credit to any famed hostelry, and rice-raisin pudding were set in front of me, with the further invitation to "jump in."

I "jumped," and when I quit "jumping" it was only because I could not "jump" further, not that I did not desire to continue.

Only the best of supplies are purchased for the road camps, and only the best of cooks engaged. I'll swear that the cook at that camp was no less than the best of the best.

HERE I had finished my meal the other diners had left the tent, after placing their dishes on the washing-table.

Some had stood at the tent-flap and, arms behind their heads had drawn in great breaths of the exhilarating mountain air, turning slowly and gazing dreamily at the mountain peaks. Leisurely they had strolled to the mossy tree-shaded knoll, there to lie contentedly smoking until time for resuming work was called.

The actions of these men stamped them as nature-lovers and proclaimed loudly to all that the pay was not the greatest factor in bringing them to the road camp.

The others—and here let it be said that they were a small minority—hurried to their tents, probably to discuss such matters as men who are not nature lovers do discuss. All that mattered to these men was the stake they were after; once they had that they would move elsewhere.

With pipe puffing satisfactorily, I studied the cook through the smoke-clouds. A deliberate moving man, this cook, but every move showed efficiency, and one sensed beneath his reserve a hidden power, a bigness that made him part of the very mountains.

As I watched him a twinkle came in his eyes and I followed his gaze to the source of his amusement. Between us stood a large brown bowl containing canned berries; on the slippery juice-splashed rim a wasp was attempting to travel the circumference of the bowl.

The cook noticed my interest in the wasp's travels. "Bet you a nickel he makes it," he challenged.

"Done!" I answered.

At that moment the wasp disappeared in the bowl—I won—also I won in another way, for the little incident established a bond between us and started a conversation.

I remarked on the number of wasps in the tent and asked him if he ever was stung by one.

"Never," was the reply. "I have had them light on me and fly away when ready to do so, but not one has ever stung me. I don't like to hurt anything, and if you don't hurt a wasp he won't hurt you."

"No, sir, it isn't right to hurt anything at all," he continued after a pause. "One year when we were camped in this spot an old bear with three cubs used to hang around the camp. I have often seen bears with two cubs each, but that was the only one I have ever seen with three. For a long time she was satisfied to dig in the garbage pit for food, but later on she became a nuisance and started breaking into the tent each night. We had to send for a game guardian to shoot her; I was never so sorry for anything in my life. She was shot as she stood on the edge of the pit—she fell in and all they had to do was cover her with dirt and big rocks. All night and for two or three days after, the cubs stayed around crying like babies. They had never been afraid of me before their mother was shot, but afterwards they would not let me come near them to give them

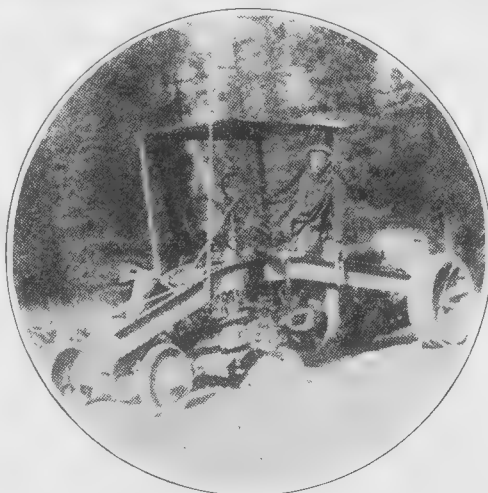
Continued on page 65



Three "Kings in their Kingdom", Summer evenings and Sundays through July, August and September these boys' enjoy this.

devastated the land. The trees on the slope, however, were aged forest giants that, through some miracle, or some freakish mood of the fire, had escaped unscathed.

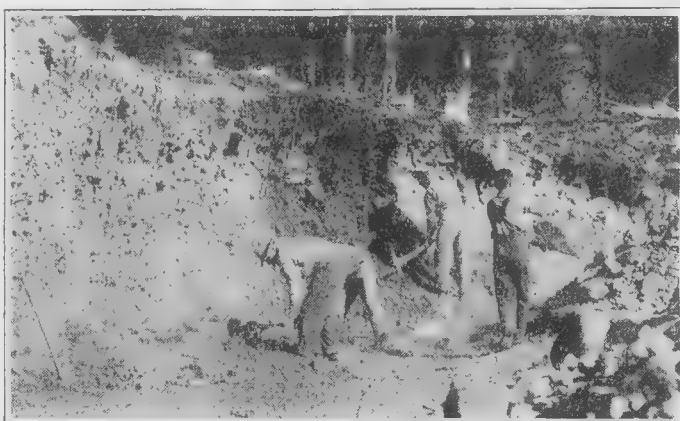
Like very old, bearded, bewhiskered patriarchs they stood, the light playful breeze seeming to set them petulantly, querulously whispering to each



One of the latest gasoline graders

other—asking why they, the aged, should thus be left standing amongst the young—why their centuries-old solitude should thus be invaded by man and his inventions.

Shaking my reverie from me, I approached the



At work in the gravel pit. On the right are the large stones shovelled out of the gravel.

Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt Jr.

*is Young.....Entrancing.....Beautiful...
as the world expects her to be*

ENTRANCINGLY BEAUTIFUL as this romantic world would wish her to be is Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr. Slim as a forest nymph, with glorious Titian hair and a skin as fresh and fair as hawthorn blossoms, this young bride on whom all eyes are turned is winning all hearts with her charm.

She has a flair for chic, her taste in dress is unflinching. In smart, close-fitting black for town, in beige-brown country tweeds, in the pale peach and ivory chiffons she wears for evening, her beauty presents a series of lovely pictures ever varied, ever fascinating.

Modern to the tips of her slim white fingers, Mrs. Vanderbilt is ever on the wing. In a Maine camp . . . in Provincetown with artists and writers . . . flitting through New York shops . . . then en route for the Far West in the big custom-built car which has crossed the continent 28 times . . . At last to "Sagebrush," the Vanderbilt ranch in Nevada, where much of her husband's writing is done.

Always she shares his work, his constant comrade and chum. The carefree life of the Western desert country delights them both. All day long they motor or ride horseback over the rolling hills. Mrs. Vanderbilt is a crack shot with rifle, shotgun or revolver, and she can rope a steer as cleverly as any cowboy.

Despite her outdoor life, her constant travel, she has found a simple practical way to guard the flower-like freshness of her complexion.

(BELOW) Beautiful women everywhere use Pond's four preparations because they are so exquisitely fine and pure. In these special green glass jars, made by Pond's for her dressing table, Mrs. Vanderbilt keeps the Two Creams and Freshener. Several of the dainty velvety new Cleansing Tissues lie ready for her use.



Mrs. CORNELIUS VANDERBILT, JR., was Miss Mary Weir of Davenport, Iowa. She is entrancingly lovely, with wistful blue-grey eyes, glorious Titian hair and skin as fair as hawthorn bloom. This chic ensemble is of a flame-colored velvet cape over a peach chiffon frock.

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WHEREVER you go, this simple daily treatment will preserve the perfect fitness of your skin:—

First, keep your skin immaculately clean by pore-deep cleansing, after exposure and every night before retiring. Spread Pond's Cold Cream lavishly, with upward, outward motion over face and neck, letting the fine oils sink deep below the skin.

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Next, pat Pond's Skin Freshener over your face and neck—until the skin glows and your cheeks are lovely as a rose. This wonderful new tonic and mild astringent closes the pores, tones, refreshes and invigorates.

Last, to complete your daytime toilette, and before you dress for evening, just a thistle-down touch of Pond's Vanishing Cream for protection and as a powder base.

Try this delightful Method! Send the coupon below for trial packages of Pond's four preparations, enough to last a week.

(BELOW) Here in their familiar everyday containers are "the four enchanting things Pond's makes" as Mrs. Vanderbilt says. Pond's Cold and Vanishing Creams, Cleansing Tissues and Skin Freshener compose Pond's Method—so efficacious, so quick to use. You can use them yourself wherever you go, and keep lovely!



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Iceland the Kingdom of the Nordics

By Thorstina Jackson

AT PRESENT, the Icelandic Government is preparing invitations to representative bodies throughout the world, inviting them to send delegates to the Millennial Jubilee of

the Icelandic Parliament, which is to take place in 1930. This Parliament is unique not only because it is the first purely representative assembly on earth, but also on account of having met continuously for a thousand years.

The average Canadian has a somewhat hazy idea of the northerly isle of Iceland, whose area is about the same as that of Scotland, known to the scholar as "Sagaland," owing to its literature. It is reported that not long ago a solitary Iclander was strolling on Broadway one wintry day, when he was accosted by a man who surprised him by asking: "Where is Iceland?" Somewhat taken aback, but, greatly pleased, the Iclander replied that Iceland was a wonderful country in North Europe and forthwith proceeded to enumerate its various attractions, when abruptly interrupted by the questioner, who remarked: "I don't know what you are talking about, but I am looking for the Iceland Skating Rink."

The connotation of the name Iceland causes the world in general to forget that the country is surrounded by the friendly Gulf Stream almost entirely, and that the northernmost point is not colder than Montreal at its coldest. In fact, the coldest month of the year the temperature of the capital, Reykjavik, is not more than two degrees below freezing. It is a land full of contrasts and surprises for the tourist; there are to be found free shower baths at all seasons from the numerous geysers including the Great Geyser who spouts as high as two hundred feet up in the air. Sometimes it is necessary to meet the Great Geyser half way and stir him into action by feeding him with quantities of soap, as when the King of Denmark visited Iceland in 1907; then the King of Geysers had the blues and refused to perform until he had been fed hundreds of pounds of soap. The Great Geyser is surrounded by several of his smaller brethren, who mimic his antics, but have not, as yet, reached the stage where they can afford to be temperamental. When Mount Hekla is in the mood, she can treat the world to fireworks equal to any of her rivals, such as Mount Vesuvius. Its high peaks, mighty crater and grim surrounding lava fields have a fascination all their own.

If one visits Iceland in June, July or August, every day seems double. The sun, so niggardly with its rays in winter, smiles during the summer months the whole of the twenty-four hours. At midnight it rests like a ball of fire off the north coast and bathes everything in a flood of crimson light. In winter the dance of the Northern Lights relieves the gloom, when they shoot like giant meteors across the sky, reminding one of warriors locked in a deathly conflict or, as the ancient Icelanders used to believe, Odin's Valkyries riding in fiery chariots through the heavens carrying those slain in battle to the glory of Valhalla. The clear and rarefied atmosphere is another attraction of the country. Iceland, the "Fair Lady of the Mountains," mirrors itself in its rivers, lakes and surrounding ocean, leading one to believe that though Icelandic nature may be classed as austere, still it is not above admiring its own reflection, is, without a question, proud of its waterfalls, glaciers, grassy slopes and birchen groves. The frequent mirages lend a magic touch, enlarging objects out of all proportion; thus distant scenes appear as if they were rushing forward to meet the oncoming mortal.



Icelandic Girl Scouts

WHO are the Icelanders? The writer has frequently been informed that they are Eskimos, whereas, in reality, they are Nordics of the Nordics, a product of a mixture in the ninth century of Viking blood from Norway and Celtic strain from the British Isles, particularly Ireland and the neighboring island. Anxious to escape the fetters



The National Festival Costume

of autocracy that were fast limiting liberty in their homelands, many Norwegians, with an admixture of Irish and Scotch, colonized Iceland in the latter half of the ninth century and early decades of the

tenth, and established the first Republic of North Europe, as well as the first of the World's Parliaments. This republic endured for nearly four centuries, then civil war made

Iceland a dependency of Norway and later that of Denmark, and the country did not gain its autonomy again until 1918. Now it is an independent kingdom, the only connection with Denmark being a fraternal union through the person of the Danish King, who is also King of Iceland.

Modern inventions such as the telegraph, telephone, automobile and aeroplane have established themselves in Iceland, but there still remain marked touches of the time when mankind was young, had time to dream and imagine, characteristics which are particularly noticeable as one travels through the country districts. Reykjavik and the principal towns along the coast are surrounded by automobile roads and regular air service both passengers and mail is now in operation to all the different parts of the country. However, anyone looking for a change and a rest, should discard the modern inno-

ventions and take a cross-country tour on the sturdy Icelandic ponies. They will carry the traveller safely over the mountains and moors of the land, climb the steep slopes and precipices, where the eider duck builds her downy nest and incidentally lines all the beds in the land; also across the desolate lava and sand deserts and invariably bring the weary, but satisfied stranger, to a hospitable farm home for the night.

The majority of Icelandic horses, as well as the people, trace their ancestry to Norway. When taking a horseback tour of Iceland, it is very essential to choose a good horse and, strange to relate, the choice cannot always be made according to appearance; rather by actually riding the animal. In general, Icelandic horses are small and long-haired, with a gentle, sympathetic look. They have none of the vicious characteristics of the Western pony, seldom try to throw their rider, but frequently show signs of stubbornness when leaving home, endeavoring for the first half-hour to persuade the rider to turn back, particularly if he is not a skilled horseman, something that they soon discover. The Icelandic ponies have several steps at their command; in addition to the walk, trot, gallop and pacing there is a pace expressed by the untranslatable word "tolt," a combination of short and quick steps, syncopating with the fore and hind leg. As one traveller in Iceland recently put it, the motion picture camera in slow-motion would show the horse with three feet in the air at once. The "tolt" is a very comfortable gait for the rider and horses skilled in that particular form of advancing are always the most expensive.

One particularly valuable characteristic of the Icelandic horses is their sureness on their feet, something that is most important considering the narrow and perilous paths that they have to tread at times. They can also be entirely trusted to follow the road after dark or through the pitch-black fog so common in the country. The Icelanders are exceptionally good to their horses; a frequent sight is a portly Iclander leading his horse up a steep incline. During their leisure hours the horses roam at large, both in town and country, and hardly ever see the inside of a stable. Their sole food is grass, which is of a specially rich and nourishing quality in Iceland. So far, these horses have not become linguists; that is, they refuse to understand anything but Icelandic, and there they are experts, judging by the long monologues commonly addressed to them by their masters, to say nothing of the

Continued on page 79

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NEW DODGE BROTHERS SIX

NEW BODY! The new and exclusive Dodge Brothers mono-piece body is notably roomy. Built inflexibly onto the wide chassis, it is rigid and steady riding. An exclusive development positively eliminates squeaks and rattles.

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The proverbial dependability of Dodge Brothers cars attains new heights in this new Dodge Brothers Six. It is new in value that not only outranks every previous Dodge Brothers achievement, but which positively sets a new standard in the field of low-priced cars of quality. Just see it.

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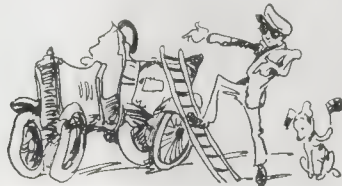
2-Passenger Business Coupe	\$1210	4-Passenger Victoria	. . . \$1315
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The Wheels of Time

By D. B. Ferguson

THE greatest and most fundamental change that has been brought about in the history of man in the last ten thousand years, in fact since men became men, has to do with transportation. We do not know how bright or how clever along certain lines man may have been in the days now so long past that we have no facts about them and have to depend on myths and traditions and fables that appear to have emerged from men's imagination, and are to be regarded as expressing the desire of what man hoped to do rather than things which he really accomplished. Man, in centuries long past, may have been able to do things which the moderns cannot do. He may have been able to turn copper into gold and to temper a piece of steel with such fineness that all you had to do was to point at a man's head, and lo! the head dropped off. Ancient man may have been able to maintain seven hundred wives under one roof but other persons today besides the historian seeking the real facts of history will find it difficult to agree with the ancient chronicle of the skill of the men of other days.



THERE is something new on the earth and the thing that is new is man's ability to be in one place at this hour and two hundred miles away two hours later. Up until the twentieth century it could not be done, never was done, and if anyone at this point comes forth with the remark that there is nothing new under the sun we are within our rights in calling him a liar. To the Greeks two thousand years ago it seemed remarkable that the gentleman of Marathon should have been able to cover his twenty-five miles in two hours and a half. This might not have been bad travelling in those days, but today if a gentleman left the battlefield with a hurry-up message and four hours later telegraphed or telephoned to headquarters that he had only covered twenty-six miles he would get a blast over the wire that would burn up his ears. In four hours he should have been three hundred miles on his way and if he had not made the distance he would have to explain how it was that he started out with a leaky carburetor or what he meant by running out of gas thirty miles from home after passing a number of high class filling stations where a uniformed attendant would give him a fill-up of gas and oil while he was hunched at the lunch counter having a piece of apple pie and a cup of coffee.



IT can be put down as a fact that in his ability to move rapidly from place to place and in his ability to convey news quickly from one point to another, the human being of today is able to do something that never was possible in the world until the invention of the steam engine, the gasoline engine, and telegraph, the telephone and radio. Greek mythology contains records of men flying from the earth to the sun and to the stars, and of gods flitting about through the air but one has no hesitation in stating that this is purely mythology and not aviation. We do not believe any ancient Greek or god ever flew. He may have had the idea that it would be a nice thing to pick himself up and fly as the birds flew but the record of facts is overwhelming that he never did it. The best he could do in the way of speed was about forty miles a day and then he was able to do it only when he had somebody right on his tracks with a nicely tempered spear-point or a well tuned battle-axe. In this age when a man gets in only forty miles a day, his

friends roast him unmercifully and suggest that he ought to have something done about his tonsils or his spark plugs. Thus the world moves.



THE railway train, with the steam locomotive, was something new in the history of mankind one hundred years ago. Our great-grandfathers predicted that it would not do at all; that man was just going to ruin his nerves and his appetite by travelling at the dizzy pace of thirty miles an hour. The motor car, with its gasoline engine, was something new in the history of mankind less than forty years ago. When a man went for a ride in a motor car thirty years ago he first made his will, reconciled himself to a parting from his dear ones, took a trunkful of food along, said his prayers, and climbed into something that looked like a cross between a one-horse buggy and a baby carriage, and hoped for the best.

When he came back from a fifteen mile journey his friends gave him a banquet and the newspapers put his picture on the front page. The airplane was new to the world twenty years ago. Man had been hankering to fly long before that date but as far as he got was to fix wings on himself like the wings of a bird and climb to the top of some tall building and jump off. When he hit the ground, if he knew anything, he knew that he had not learned how to fly. It was the gasoline engine that made the motor car possible that also made the flying machine possible. Of course, there were balloons before there were airplanes but the man who went up in a balloon had no more idea where his balloon was going once he got up than a man does today when he consents to be a candidate and asks the people to vote for him. He has to rely pretty much on wind to get him anywhere.

The airplane is the fastest thing in the world today, the motor car is the fastest thing that moves on the ground; we suppose the passenger train comes in second place for wheeled vehicles.

The modern world moves on wheels and moves by gasoline. It moves quickly. Everybody moves. A man comes out in the morning and steps in his motor car and when the sun sets he is being bitten by strange mosquitoes three hundred miles away from his own domicile. On some of the main highways in the United States a car travelling thirty-five miles an hour is likely to draw the hostile fire of drivers who may not be sure where they are going but are in a terrible hurry to get there. The driver is likely to be asked if he is training for the snails' annual derby or if it is his intention to take up a homestead. The modern motor car is one of the marvels of history. Man has produced a bit of machinery not as large as his own body and he can hook it up to four wheels and proceed to drive it at sixty miles an hour for a dozen hours at a stretch. He can sprinkle some oil on it, place a fresh supply of gasoline behind it and proceed to do the same thing over again day after day. It is a wonderful piece of mechanism, so strong, so reliable, so efficient, so fool-proof that a fool can drive it. And frequently does.



A MAN can go through a windshield today in less time than it took his grandfather to help himself to a drink. A modern motor car factory can put together a motor car almost as fast as a driver can take it apart at a railway crossing. Some of the new models of motor cars can travel as fast as 120 miles an hour. The new

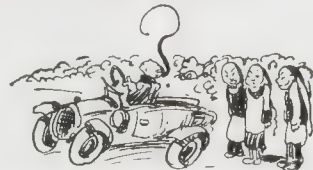
engines run so smoothly that the driver is easily able to hear the voices coming from the rear seat. The bodies, the springs, the upholstery, are so efficient in the production

of comfort that compared to the modern motor car passenger, the princes of the Orient riding on their diamond-studded elephants and camels might as well have been out taking a herd of saw-horses for some galloping exercise.

In all the world the greatest use of the motor car is made in Canada and the United States. Other countries make fine cars and ride in them but for the number of cars produced and for the number of people owning them and riding in them, Canada and the United States lead the globe. It has been said that the whole population of the United States could today be loaded on that country's motor cars at present in use and taken for a ride. There would be thousands of trucks still available to come along behind and carry the baggage. In the United States there is a motor car for every seven persons: in Canada there is a motor car for every twelve head of population. About the best the European countries can show is one car to every thirty head of population. In China there is one car to every 5,000 head of people.



THE fact that so many people have stopped using their feet for walking and have developed instead a thrust towards a starter, accelerator and once in a while a brake, has brought changes all round. A few years ago, if anyone were asked what the biggest industry in the world was, the answer would come glibly that it was iron and steel. That is changed. The automobile industry is now the biggest in the world. Thirty years ago Detroit was a jerkwater town on a muddy river down east. Today it ranks among the five greatest in the United States, and it has a traffic problem of its own that has the mayor and council baffled. Across the river in Canada, the Border Cities have sprung up from country hamlets into the fastest growing cities in Canada. Farther away, Oshawa has come into its own, while late last year, the brick buildings and giant smokestacks of the General Motors' plant at Regina has proved that industry won't stay put in the East. Too many farmers want quick service on their cars, and the result has been the initial expenditure of a million dollars in a city which ten years ago thought of nothing but wheat grades and oats.



Almost 250,000 cars were produced in Canada last year, and there is no doubt that this year will see that record figure shattered. That means that the Canadian car-makers are turning out every year an automobile for every 40 persons in the Dominion. The value of those cars was placed conservatively at \$200,000,000 and of that amount, easily \$150,000,000 was made up directly or indirectly of wages,—no mean addition to Canada's payroll.

But the end of it all is not nearly here. When it is considered that there is only one car in Canada for every twelve of the population, that the United States has a car for every seven persons, and that California has a car for every four persons, it is evidence that the "saturation point" of the industry is not nearly here. The saturation point means that many thousands more Canadians are going to be soaked to buy cars for their families in the next few years. Good roads and prosperity will triple the number of automobiles in Canada in five years time, by which time California will have one car for each two persons in the State, and the Canadian

Continued on page 50

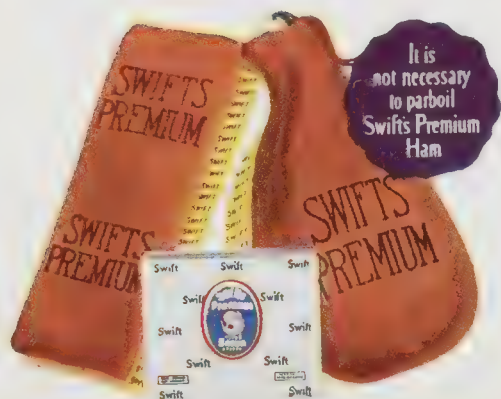
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The appetising flavor—tenderness and unvarying goodness of these famous Hams and Bacon have established for them a very decided preference in tens of thousands of Canadian homes.

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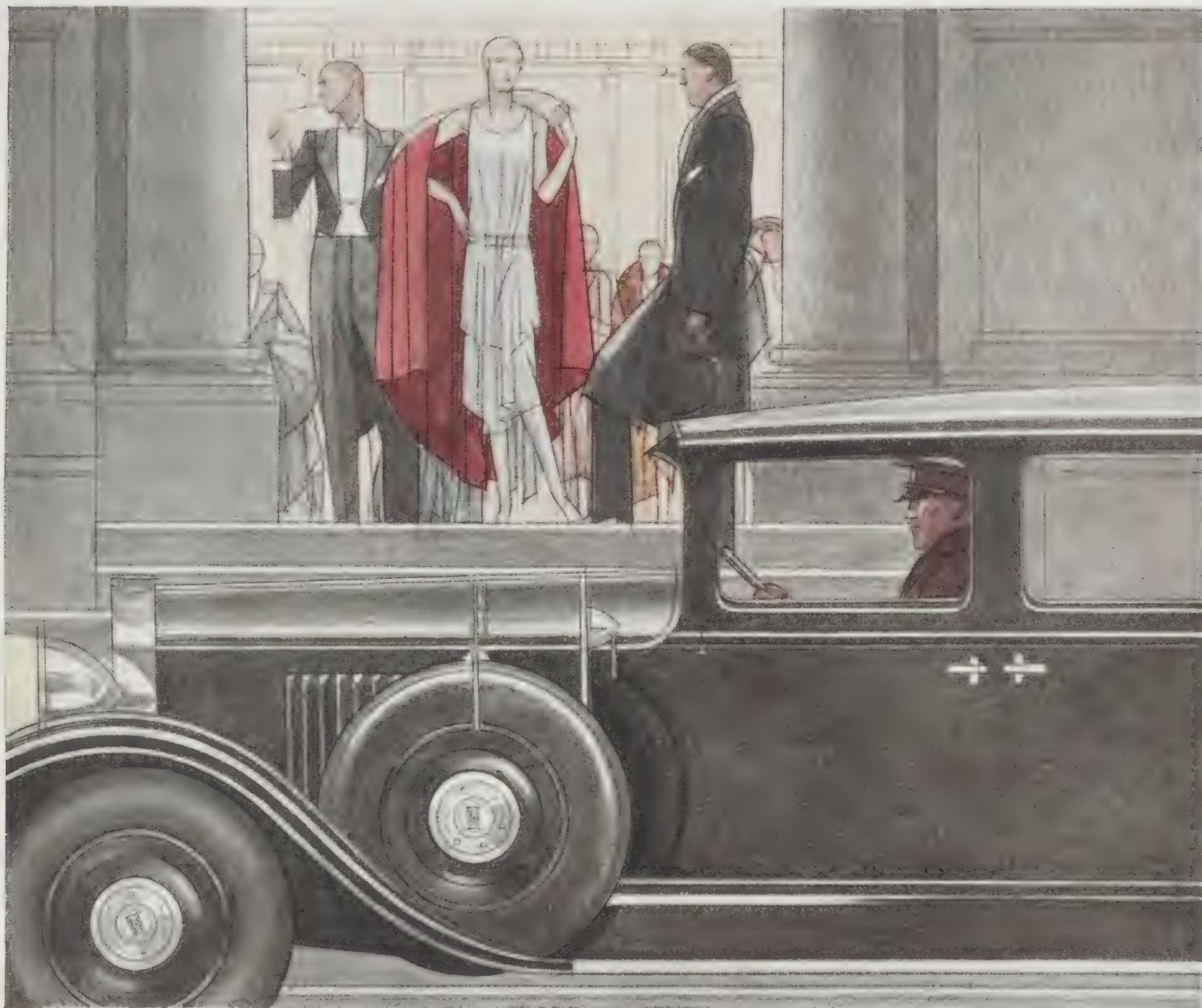
Brookfield Eggs are packed in easily recognizable cartons. Brookfield Eggs are large eggs carefully graded to measure up to Brookfield Standards.



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Once it was solely a man's car. Tough as a truck, but with the speed and the power of an airplane. But today, it is HER car, too. For in the New Century cars, the Hupmobile of deed has become, as well, the Hupmobile of dash, as brilliant in its modern smartness of line and fitments as it is in its performance . . . So he and she are agreed, both won to this car by its mettle and its mode.

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You should see the newest Century cars, dated today, with added modernity, new elegance. In both Sixes and Eights there are 49 new body and equipment combinations, standard and custom. The New Century Six \$1800 to \$2195 . . . The New Century Eight \$2470 to \$3590. Prices F. O. B. Windsor. Equipment, other than standard, extra.



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By V. W. Horwood

Registered Architect

Written for *The Western Home Monthly*

IT HAS become an accepted fact in building that no effort should be spared to ensure that all work in whatever material it is executed should be carried out in a way which experience shows to be best adapted to the material itself, and that artistic effect is given by the proper use and combination of materials and by an appreciation of their natural color and texture. For these two necessary principles—the recognition of the workman and the recognition of the value and proper use of materials, both of which have an immense effect upon home building, we must thank not only the architect but the manufacturers.

In looking at a modern and well designed home, whether in town or country, it is interesting to note how the study of the directness and simplicity has combined in making the success. The considerations which determine the form and plan of a town house are not necessarily the same as those which suggest the form of a country house. A town laid out on lines of a definite artistic character would at once give a guide to the type of house which should be built in any portion of it. Towns of this class are unfortunately few, but happy for us a house of good design may be built on a street of small artistic plan. Splendid palaces in Florence, in Genoa and in Rome frequently stand in streets which are little more than survivals of the mediæval lanes. The positions and customs of every town impose a certain character upon its architecture. Though stone is stone and brick is brick all the world over, yet results of a distinct character are produced partly by differences of atmosphere and partly by variations which exist in the color and texture of materials in different places. A house in a certain material in Winnipeg will often vary from a house in the same material in Vancouver if the local influences governing the different cities are observed. It is remarkable to notice in the recent home building the immense improvement which has taken place in plan and design in the West. We place a more just value today on the saving and proper utilization of every foot of space, and take every precaution to place the rooms in their proper positions as regard to sunlight.

With a great number of materials available for building it is impossible to lay down hard and fast rules for their employment. It will, however, be generally conceded that the materials which will suggest the ideal of the design should be of a

permanent character. Brick, stone, concrete, wood, are all materials that are most permanent when cared for.

THE problem which confronts the home builder is that of obtaining the most artistic design with the most practical and complete arrangement for the minimum expenditure of money. The home you build will unconsciously reflect your personality.

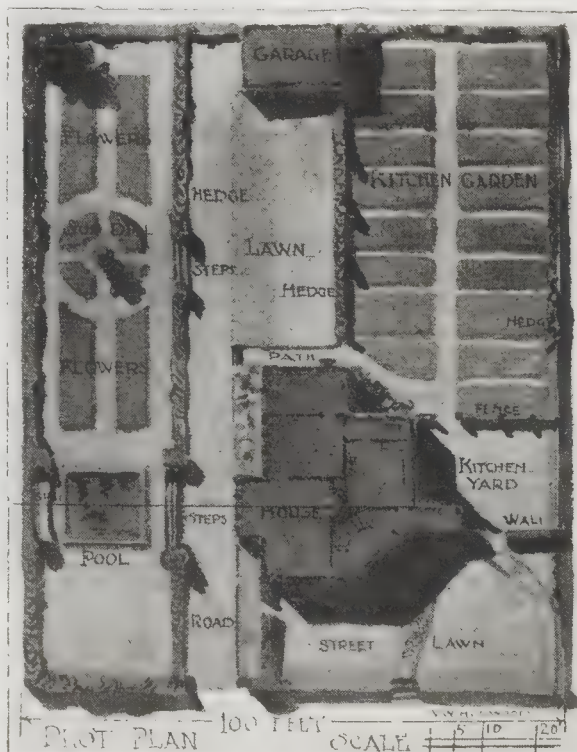
This design is rather unique. It is really a square house with a corner entrance, and would look well on

a corner lot. The plot plan shows its position in respect to the planning of the grounds and how it would be placed on the ordinary 100-foot property. As it is a picturesque house it would require this space. It is certainly a stupid economy to build an expensive house on a small lot, and assuredly your home

deserves a good lot. In locating the house it is a good plan to establish the finished grade of the house above what you intend to be finished grade of the lot. This will give an opportunity to slightly but very slightly pitch the land from the house to the street. The black loam which comes from the excavation should be carefully kept in piles so that it can be used as a top filling. In digging the cellar there are many things to be considered. It is not just digging a hole in the ground, as is so glibly stated. If your soil is sandy the ground should be sloped back to prevent caving, and in this country under no circumstances should the earth be filled against the wall until the wall is perfectly dry; and note, that if the soil is clay, it is a good practice to fill in the open spaces with sand as wet clay has a nasty habit of expanding and bursting in the wall. I would always advise plastering the outside of the wall below the grade, if of stone, with a good strong cement mortar, and then cover this with a heavy covering of tar mopped on while hot. On the footings many city by-laws call for 4-inch unsocketed tile with close-jointed glazed tile leading to the catch-basin inside the cellar. Over the joints of the tile outside the wall is placed six inches of coarse gravel. With these precautions the cellar should be damp-proof. Concrete walls if of heavy cement content become automatically waterproof from the interstices closing in time with the particles in the water. The brickwork above the stone is nine inches thick, and I have designed a brick partition wall in the basement. The wall is laid up with four rows of stretchers and one row of headers, making a well-bonded wall.

The roof in this design gives an element of charm, yet is simply constructed. The main lines are two gables intersecting, with the dormer on the front covering the join and with the curve over the entrance giving a very charming effect. The one chimney carries all the flues and its foundations should be of concrete at least fourteen inches thick and extending beyond the chimney walls twelve inches.

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A streak of brown shot across the track, Lady Dorne shied, and then with a burst of speed sprang forward from fifth position to pass all opponents and cross the wire a winner by half a length

Curry Comb and Collar

Illustrated by
P. Surrey

By Robert B. Powell

KEEP your eyes on Chute No. 3—Bryce Barton coming out on Roughneck! the loud speakers blared to the crowd which perspired and jostled in the grandstand and around the track rail.

At the place indicated a wild horse boxed into a narrow chute, snorted his hatred of mankind in general, biding his time when that door would swing outward and he would send the impudent human perched upon his back seeking a handhold in the sky.

"Let 'im go," Bryce called to the men at the gate as he prepared for the jolts which would inevitably follow.

Roughneck shied cautiously out of the pen, viewed the roaring crowds with a look of disgust, dropped the tips of his ears upon the back of his neck, stiffened and proceeded to turn wrong-side-out. The preliminary attempt rid him of his would-be rider, and, contented, the horse searched for a stray blade of grass as he ambled in the general direction of the corrals.

Bryce Barton arose from the ground, and fanning the dust from his clothes, sneaked out of sight to the accompaniment of boo-hoos in recompense for his part of the entertainment that afternoon at the Calgary Stampede.

With a limp and ruined hopes, the contestant elbowed his way through the noisy mob around the midway booths to double back to the race-stables, comparatively quiet in comparison with other sections of the grounds.

"Any luck, Barton?" Twit of the Morton stables inquired as Bryce entered a long shed, one of a number which housed the race horses for the events.

"Lots of it—the wrong kind," Bryce smirked, rubbing a tender hip.

"What did you 'spect with that bum leg o' yours?" Twit reproached. "A man's gotta have a pair-a sound pegs under him to balance with his head up on them side-steppers. I suppose yuh'll be sellin' that dawg o' yours to the old man now?"

"Don't know, Twit. I hope not," and Bryce sidled away to the two box stalls which contained all of the worldly goods which he possessed—a horse, a dog, saddle and a few odds and ends such as clothing and curry-combs.

King, Bryce's Collie friend, gazed steadfastly at his master as the door of the stall opened. His brown eyes asked a question which the young man found hard to answer. Lady Dorne stepped gingerly across the stall and nosed Bryce's hat from his head, but King, outraged at the familiarity, growled a warning which sent the thoroughbred back, disconsolate.

"Here, King," Bryce admonished. "You're always picking on Lady, which is not right form for a gentleman of your standing. Now go and apologize for your rudeness."

With ears laid flat on neck and his tail drooping,

King slinked across the stall and licked Lady Dorne's hoof.

"That's good. Now come here, both of you," Bryce requested as he squatted in the corner, his back against the wall.

The dog nestled up against his master and cast fond glances upon a face he had worshipped since the day Bryce had rescued him when a pup from a drunken sheep herder out on the prairies. Lady stood over the pair, content with her master rubbing her nose as he talked over their present position.

TO THE man these animals displayed human-like intelligence. They were his only close companions. With them his world had been complete for two years. On a ranch as a hired man or at the stampede as a broncho-buster, Bryce was inseparable from King and Lady Dorne. The traits of honesty that he failed to find in any man he had discovered in these two companions, as he lavished upon them the love which a woman somewhere had not thought worth the having.

This season things had started out poorly. Bryce had fractured his thigh while riding for a cattle outfit in the winter, which fracture had never properly healed, throwing him out of shape for broncho riding. Lack of funds and a debt incurred at the Stampede for feed and entry fees had occasioned his attempted ride of roughneck. Lady Dorne had come in as an also-ran the day before, and the future looked gloomy to the young man.

Only two avenues seemed open, one a miracle and the other unbearable in thought, let alone reality. The miracle would be that of Lady taking first money in the seven furlongs on the morrow; the other the selling of King to Morton, who had taken a fancy to the dog, worth two hundred dollars.

With one hand stroking a sleek head and the other combing through long hair, Bryce poured out his story to patient auditors. The animals, sensing his dejected mood, showed their gravity in drooping ears and tail.

"So Lady, old girl, it's up to you," the young man declared. "Get first place to-morrow and we'll be sitting on top of the world. But an also-ran, and we lose our chum."

King appeared to grasp the situation. He first sympathized with Bryce by wagging his tail, then intimidated Lady with bared teeth and drove her into a corner, growling menacingly.

"Here now, none of that!" Bryce scolded as he

arose from his cramped position. The Collie sulked to the far side of the stall and laid down, very much hurt by his master's sharp tone.

"Come now, you're getting on your high horse too often these days," Bryce smiled as he took a halter from a peg and placed it on Lady. "Time to water and feed up, King."

The dog sprang to his feet eagerly, and taking the end of the halter rope in his teeth, led Lady Dorne out of the stall to the water-trough, while Bryce placed some fresh hay and two quarts of oats in the mare's manger.

"That's some dog you got there, Barton," Bryce wheeled as the words broke in upon his train of thought. Mr. Morton, the horseman, stood by the side of the stall door watching King and Lady.

"Yes, sir," Bryce agreed, coming out into the passageway. He looked fondly towards his animal friends.

The trough was empty, and King was remedying this by standing on his hind legs and turning the tap with his teeth. In silence the two men watched the dog shut off the water after Lady had appeased her thirst, thereupon leading her back to the stall.

"My estimation of that dog is worth another fifty dollars, Barton," Mr. Morton ventured. "Better let me write you a cheque for two-fifty and get it over with now. That's a big price for a dog, you know, and likely you'll never get another bid within a hundred of my figure."

Bryce wagged his head in the negative as King trotted out of the stall and looked with pleading eyes into his master's face.

"It isn't the price, Mr. Morton," he declared as he stooped and fondly patted the anxious dog. "It's because King's one of my best friends—Lady's the other. You may think me a nut, but I'm here to

tell you those two animals are more to me than all the money in the world. Some men have a wife and children to love. I have Lady and King. But—" he hesitated as an unpleasant thought clouded his visage. He recalled the debt which must be paid.

Morton, shrewd in his ability to read situations, understood the meaning of the hesitation. To him a dog was a dog and he failed to realize why a

man should let sentiment for an animal interfere with the prompt closing of a business deal. He had offered the extra fifty dollars prompted by a knowledge of the young man's financial condition and a desire to obtain the dog for his oldest boy, a lad of thirteen.

Continued on page 63



"King"



"I'll let you know tomorrow after Lady's race" declared Bryce.

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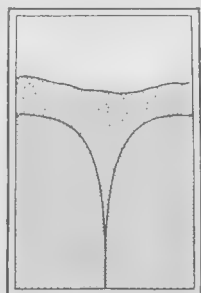
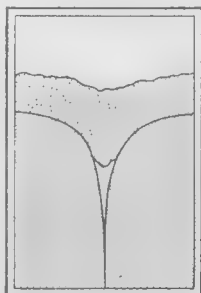
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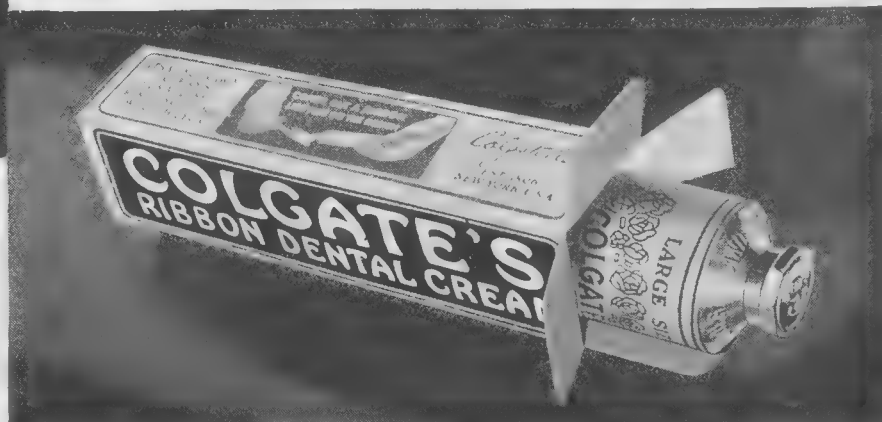
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Down the whole bunch went in a grand melee and from the throats of all the small boys a shout of joy went up

A Diverting Hour on an Open-air Rink

With an Englishman's Impressions of the Great Canadian Sport

By E. G. Bayne

Illustrated By Samuel Diamond

A VERY deft and agile young man in a toque and plaid reefer, by long odds the most skilful skater on the ice, slid up to the barrier with a slow swoop and with his inpointed toes acting as brakes came to a gentle stop beside us. He gave vent to a fairly audible "Whew!" indicative of relief, and since we had just watched him escort his late partner to the rest-bench we understood. A 250-pounder she was—very ineffective as to feet and given to clutching him spasmodically and screaming whenever they had negotiated the corners.

"That's that!" he said with a sheepish grin, and pulling a large polka-dotted hanky from his pocket he mopped his perspiring face, then proceeded to kick the accumulation of snow from his runners.

"This," I said to my friend the Englishman, "is your instructor."

"Oh, indeed?" murmured the prospective pupil, teetering on his steel-shod feet and regarding the other with unbounded admiration not to say awe.

"Yeh, I teach 'em to swim in summer and I show 'em how to skate in winter", the young man explained between pants. He looked like a refined lumberjack and I observed that the corners of his wide mouth turned up, attesting to an inherent good humor. "Now that one"—with thumb over shoulder he indicated the fat lady—"she says she's reducing. I'll say she's reducing me all right! At that, though, you gotta hand it to her—she's game and she's persistent. Oh yeah, I'm an instructor. At least it's what they call me, though sometimes I feel that that don't tell the half of it. There are times I wonder if I ain't a kind of cross between a Swedish massager and one o' these here jiu-jitsu birds."

"Extraordinary," remarked the Englishman.

"Worse than that," returned the instructor. "They learn here and then just when I get 'em so's they can stand up without skidding they go to one o' the big classy rinks where the bands play and your Uncle Dud doesn't get a scintilla of credit, get me? All he gets is another bunch of amateurs to train. But lissen, brother. That one yonder ain't a marker on one I had last week. Hot puppy! She was the world's champion bone-crusher. A lemon with two left feet. She fell on me nine times. Neat little trick she was too; musta weighed close on three-hundred I'd say. The last time I dropped I nearly took the count and they started to bring the stretcher for me. I never knew before what they meant when they said 'the bigger they are the harder they fall'. . . Well, guess I'll be waltzing along. Take you out after I get through with that little kid in the red coat."



Both arms outspread and his monocle flying wild from the end of its black tape.

We watched him as he put his next pupil, a small girl with spindly legs, through her initial paces. The lesson was punctuated at frequent intervals by shrill calls from the child's mother, a nervous-looking woman in a ring-side seat who kept crying: "Eloise! Do be careful dear. Remember your weak ankles. . . . Eloise, I think your skate-strap is loose. . . . Teacher! Oh, teacher! Make her use her own legs more—she's sliding!"

There were cries of "Teacher! Teacher!" from the opposite side of the rink as well, where, we perceived, the fat lady was now stranded, leaning on a broom for moral support. The instructor turned a deaf ear however, to all these importunities and came over for my friend, the Englishman. My friend, the Englishman, is by way of being a scientist of some note, a dabbler in

astronomy but with an orderly mind and a persevering disposition that nothing can daunt, and I could see that not only was he bent on learning how to skate but he was determined to do the thing up brown and to master all the fine points from going backward to cutting figure-eights. He wanted to get the business down to a science, as it were, and was prepared to spare no pains—figuratively or literally—to gain that end. He started in by taking mincing little slides and runs, always, however, clinging to his instructor's arm, and by the time they had circled the rink once he was able to strike out alone with his right foot and to navigate fairly well in this fashion, dragging his left foot after him.

This didn't suit the teacher, needless to say, and one of the lady pupils was brought up and introduced for the purpose of assisting. Oddly enough she too was English. Moreover, she was a skater not yet sufficiently advanced to be in a position to put on airs. In short, she was pretty much of a raw recruit herself. Together she and the Englishman started around the rink, clicking doggedly along and

clinging to one another like a pair of cinema lovers going into a fade-out clinch. My friend had an air of concentration admirable to see—but it was centered on his pedals. The ice, they

agreed every few moments, was very slippery today. His partner invariably added that the best ice *should* be slippery. She looked like a college professor out on a mild spree. The severity of her bespectacled face was lightened now and then by quick little ecstatic smiles whenever she achieved a particularly smooth and sustained run. On these occasions my friend—I could hear him from afar—encouraged her with: "I say! that was top-hole!"



Meanwhile the fat lady, animated by a do-or-die determination, was navigating like a rudderless ship in a heavy gale.

They became separated finally, and my friend essayed a stunt or two, tearing recklessly off at a tangent with both arms outspread and his monocle flying wild from the end of its black tape. He banged into the barrier and then wheeling began to tack off again in a diagonal course across the rink, his stalwart form bent nearly double. Quick disaster now overtook him for disregarding the one-way rule and as he shot across the glittering expanse in search of his late companion—who at the moment was standing helplessly just where he had left her—he barged into a string of urchins who were "cracking the whip" and sent them scattering to the four points of the compass. He himself sat hurriedly down with a sound like a rifle-shot.

"Hey! Go easy on the ice, Algernon. There's a thaw coming and this may be all we'll get." It was the voice of the teacher, who hastened along to assist him to his feet. "Say, where's your lady friend?"

They found her and then the Englishman, ambitious chap, suggested that he and she try going backwards. The lady agreed readily, but warned him not to push or she wouldn't be able to get any confidence in herself.

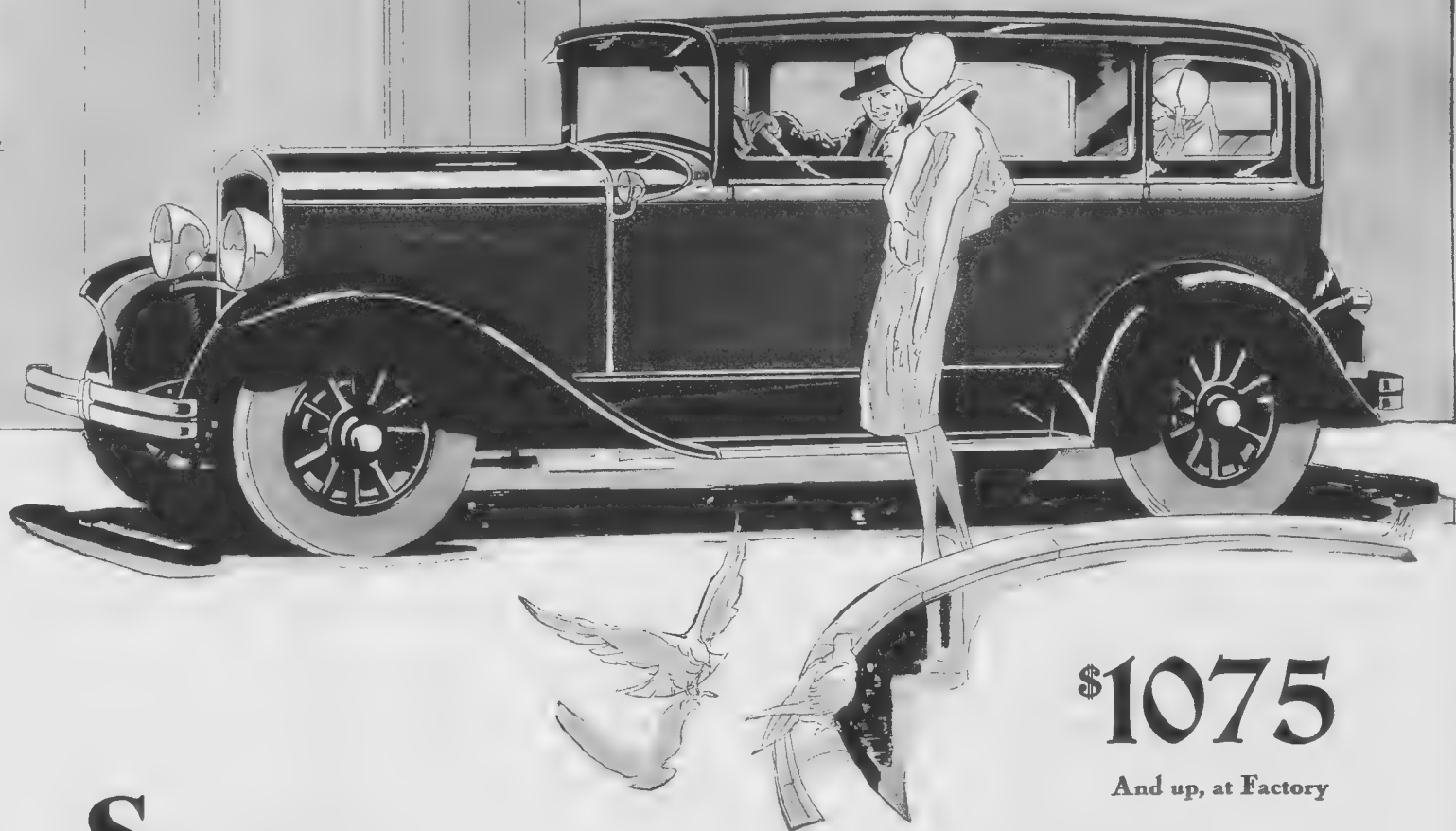
"Righto. But you mustn't pull," he said.

It was at this instant that the fat dame elected to set out on an independent rampage with her trusty broom. From the rear she bore relentlessly

Continued on page 73

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Come Let Us Read A While

By Sheila Rand

I HAVE been most unfortunate lately. Three books were recommended to me. I borrowed them all and I was bitterly disappointed. "Deluge," by Fowler Wright bewildered me, exasperated me and puzzled me. How could any man imagine such a series of impossible incidents and then expect the public to swallow them? What a movie this book will make. I can just see it all. I wish Mr. Fowler Wright would let me write the scenario—a hurricane, a windstorm, a flood, houses shattered. People flung about, trying in vain to save themselves. Then the dawn breaks and behold! one man is saved. This should have been the end of the story, because one man would have been no use to anybody, but unfortunately, in another chapter we see a woman being saved, and no sooner does she realize that her husband must have been drowned but she plunged into the torrent and swims and swims and swims, in the hope of finding her soul-mate—survival of the fittest! Then there were huge monsters, men of brute force and hideous of feature, who suddenly arise out of the nowhere and hit people on the head and drag them through tunnels. No, I cannot go on describing this nightmare. Try it for yourself.

"Vasco," by Mark Chadourne, was of a very different type. At least it was artistic and real and might easily have happened. But oh, such a depressing book and such a loathsome description of lepers that I could not sleep that night.

And the third recommendation, Alec Waugh's latest, "Nor Many Waters." My recollection of Alec Waugh's "Kept," is that it was a very nasty book—ugly. Well, "Nor Many Waters" is just as deadly dull. The entire story is about a divorce suit that never comes to court. I found myself skipping pages. That which might be called the prologue was the dullest part of all. Indeed, I have been unfortunate lately.

Salute to Fanny Hurst

IS ANYTHING more delightful than that feeling of excitement that accompanies the knowledge that one of your best-loved authors has written a new book. Even the waiting until the library doles out your copy is pleasure fraught with high anticipation and then there is the delicious first touch of the book, the rubbing of one's thumb on the outside cover, as if that might give away the secrets enclosed therein, the opening it and letting the pages fly past one's fingers without any attempt to read any particular passage, and then closing it for a second and opening it with greater ceremony at the title-page. By this time the pleasurable excitement is tinged with a little fear lest one is to be disappointed. But I knew from the very first line of "A President is Born," by Fanny Hurst, that I was again to be her beneficiary. For me, this is Fanny Hurst's greatest book, and that is saying something. Fanny Hurst seems to me to be the only novelist living today who combines genius for the pictorial with a corresponding power for the realistic. So many novels—and first-rate novels, too—go into one or other of two categories. Either the author is concerned with Nature, with the changing moods of Nature, with the personality of places, their local traditions and customs and superstitions, or the author is absorbed with the psychology of the people that move across the pages of the story. Fanny Hurst has such a breadth of vision and brilliance of mentality that she gives at one and the same time the conflict of man with himself, with other men, as well as descriptive passages of rare beauty. Not only are her descriptive passages beautiful, but they are so accurate that one feels that Nature and man are inseparable. For instance, one could not imagine the Schulyer family living anywhere except in the locality where Fanny Hurst first discovered them, in the year 1903, at a Thanksgiving afternoon dinner.

"A President is Born"! There is something magnificent, majestic, gigantic, in the title of this book, particularly inspiring as it is, I think, to anybody living in the United States. It fires the imagination to think that each day's birth statistics in any little town or great burg in the United States of America may include the name of a future President. "A King is Born" can only mean one thing,

but "A President is Born" arouses pictures of every conceivable social status in the huge United States of America. One may visualize palatial residences in the most exclusive quarter of New York, or a tenement house in a Chicago slum. Fanny Hurst's President was born in Centralia in the last house on Sycamore Street.

A short while ago, Hugh Walpole had an article in one of the leading British papers on modern novels and he put forth the theory that the modern young novelists were afraid to let themselves go. They had not the courage, nor the industry to write in the grand manner. He did not, he said, wish them to ape Dickens, but he did applaud the novelist who could write long stories crowded with people and incidents and not a novel of 200 pages



Mr. and Mrs. Ghost

By William Thompson

*You all have heard of Mr. Ghost,
Perhaps you've heard of Mrs.;
They wear a garb of snow flakes white,
Made out of fairy kisses.*

*They don their garb in winter time
But change their clothes in spring,
When Mr. Lark and Mr. Wren
Make wood and meadow ring.*

*When Nature waves her magic wand
Then comes a Fairy Queen,
To change their winter overcoats
To springtime clothes of green.*

about one single complex in one single, stupid little individual. Well, I think he must be tremendously pleased with Fanny Hurst's latest, for surely it is a courageous novel. Dozens of people, all of them interesting, moving across large country, and the character portraits! I do not think I shall ever forget "The Old Gentleman," the future President's father, nor Henry, the future President's brother, nor little David himself.

It will endure, for she has written a book that has an atmosphere. She has lighted candles that cast their rays into every corner of possibility. The story is so skilfully told that its reading becomes a comfortable and artistic pleasure. It is an inspiration that stresses the good old gospel of the poet Burns:

*The rank is but the guinea stamp,
The man's the goud for a' that.*

This is a disjointed review, but whatever I said could not possibly indicate the grandeur of this story and the art with which it is written. So long as it inspires some of you to read "A President is Born," it has fulfilled its purpose.

When Reason Rocks

WHAT a rattling good story-teller Sir Philip Gibbs is. He has the ability of amusing as well as making one think and he is a genius for seeing both sides of every question and presenting them with complete impartiality. One noticed this particularly in his novel, "Young Anarchy," and now in his latest, "The Age of Reason," this power of his is once more in evidence. The author introduces us at the very beginning to a most unusual and intriguing situation. A famous scientist of middle age falls in love with an Oxford undergraduate who is particularly unintelligent in intellectual matters, but beautiful to look upon and as good as gold, if one may use this old-fashioned phrase in connection with a story concerned with modernity. Not so extraordinary, perhaps, that the learned professor should have married this girl young enough to be his daughter, for even biologists have their human moments and therefore their moments of weakness, but he had also two children and they were nearly as old as his wife and he took them together with his young wife on their honeymoon!

Now, if you can swallow the story so far, you will be perfectly contented to go on reading and you will not be contented until you have come to the end. I found this situation difficult to accept, but I satisfied myself with a "Well, one never knows these days what people will do," and began to enjoy the book. Very cleverly has Sir Philip Gibbs assembled all the paraphernalia of cheap modernity. It is as if he went to Woolworth's and collected a goodly collection of little tin pots and pans, gadgets and tools that we use now, each with its convincing or inspiring label—behaviorism, the libido, rejuvenation, rationalism, pituitary glands, self-expression, etc., etc. Hesketh Jerningham has brought up his orphan son and daughter from their infancy to speak whatever is in their minds, do whatever pops into their heads and walk naked in their garden without shame. Rather a trial for a young girl of about twenty-three to be suddenly presented with a step-daughter of eighteen and a step-son of her own age, who think nothing of walking in and out of the parental bedroom dressed sometimes in a pyjama suit but more often in their skins. The modern Viola and Cyril discuss their father's marriage frankly and in biological terms. They talk of the nervous system and physical reaction to stimulus, the beautiful Margaret, the Oxford undergraduate, being the stimulus, and Margaret, who has lived her life in a rectory under the benign eye of a Canon of the Church of England, cannot but be shocked. Nevertheless, she has a sense of humor and she is amused. What a family these Jerninghams are. They live at Wimbledon and the new wife, Margaret, is taken to the house, no alterations having been made for her comfort or pleasure. Her husband, the Professor, has his laboratory; the Professor's father, Granddad, has his laboratory; her stepson, Cyril, has a third, while her stepdaughter, Viola, divides her time between feeding beastly little monkeys in the garden and leading Margaret's beloved brother, Guy, astray.

This may sound a little flippant. The story is far from flippant. It is very tragic. The Age of Reason is the Professor's pet theme, but the book might well be called "When Reason Rocks." Freedom has become license and rationalism replaces religion to such an extent that poor Margaret, expecting the birth of her first child, bewails the fact that she could not bear to think of having a baby without a soul. It is very clever of Sir Philip Gibbs to have left us guessing as to what is to become of all this modernity, but although he has been so impartial, nevertheless, one can almost hear him say "Whither are we going? Is there to be a swinging back of the pendulum?" One thing is quite certain, that Sir Philip Gibbs, viewing the world today with wide open eyes and clear brain, is wise enough to realize that there are young people who are going to turn upon their parents as did Cyril upon his father, Professor Jerningham, and upbraid them bitterly for bringing them up without sowing any seeds of spirituality, so that in times of real distress they have naught to give them guidance or bring them comfort. A thoughtful, cleverly written book that the parents and children of today may well ponder over.



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FIRESTONE TIRE & RUBBER COMPANY OF CANADA LIMITED
HAMILTON - ONTARIO

FIRESTONE BUILDS THE ONLY GUM-DIPPED TIRES

The Young Man and His Problem

Iron and Steel

ARTICLE No. 5—The fifth pocket manual of the common commodities and industries series, published by Sir Isaac Pitman and Sons, Ltd., 70 Bond St., Toronto, describes in detail the proportion of important elements in great Canadian industries—iron and steel.

Colored and plain illustrations, and diagrams are freely scattered throughout the pages which include also a complete index and considerable statistical matter. The manual is written by Christopher Hood, a member of a well known manufacturing company.

According to the author, it has been estimated that iron forms five per cent. of the total substance of the earth, but it is very unevenly distributed. It occurs from a minute trace up to seventy per cent. of the whole rock, but it is only with rock containing more than about twenty-five per cent. of iron that the ironmaster is concerned.

A recent investigation shows that the iron ore resources of the world are practically inexhaustible. In some countries, such as Russia and China, there are immense fields which have never been thoroughly investigated. The mineral resources of China in particular are known to be very large. It is said that a mining engineer who was sent to Manchuria to report on a coal field there returned in despair because he found a seam of coal eighty feet thick which he could not imagine how to work. It is more than probable that China with her great natural wealth of coal and iron ore, her cheap labor, and the intelligence of her people, will become one of the great industrial nations competing successfully with America and Europe in the world's markets.

What to Study

NO. 8—Why study biology? Biology, according to Sandwick's *What to Study and How*, is the study of living things. It is usually pursued as two separate subjects: botany, which is the study of plant life, and zoology, which is the study of animal life. Man himself is an animal and subject to the same laws of life that govern other animals.

In recent years the study of botany and zoology has made very rich returns to the health, wealth, and happiness of mankind. It has been found that many diseases are caused by the development within the system of minute forms of parasitic life. A knowledge of these has already gone far toward wiping out yellow fever, hookworm, malaria, and other human diseases.

The practical use of vaccination by Jenner is regarded by some as the greatest contribution to the welfare of the race that any man has ever made. During the eighteenth century, fifty million Europeans died of smallpox. Vaccination has put a stop to this scourge. Plagues that frequently attack livestock and destroy millions of dollars worth of farm animals have in late years been checked by the biologists.

The Higher Life

RECENT books from the press of Pickering and Inglis, 229 Bothwell Street, Glasgow, Scotland, include *Phillippian Studies* and the *Epistle to the Romans*. Both are suitable for class leaders and are by Dr. Handley C. G. Moule.

The *Commentary on the Epistle to the Romans*, the chapters of which are especially valuable for group study, includes not only exhaustive comments on all the passages, but also many interesting reflective passages by the author who, by the way, is a strong champion for more general Bible study.

"It is Christianity," says Dr. Moule, "which has taught men calmly to die, in face of a persecuting Empire, or of whatever other giant human force, rather than do wrong at its bidding.

"It is Christianity which has lifted innumerable souls to stand upright in solitary protest for truth against falsehood, when every form of governmental authority has been against them.

"It was the student of St. Paul who, alone before the great Diet, uttering no denunciation, temperate and respectful in his whole bearing, was yet found immovable by Pope and Emperor: 'I cannot do otherwise; so help me God.'

By H. J. Russell, F.C.I.

"We may be sure that if the world shuts the Bible it will only the sooner revert, under whatever type of government, to essential despotism, whether it be the despotism of the master, or that of the man. And what shall then call itself, however loudly, 'Liberty, Fraternity, Equality,' will be found at last, where the Bible is unknown, to be the remorseless despot of the personality, and of the home."

Occupations in Canada

ARTICLE No. 17—Parliamentary Reporter.

Duties: To make verbatim shorthand reports in English of the debates and proceedings of the Senate and of evidence taken before committees of the Senate; to transcribe the same quickly and accurately by dictation; in the case of the debates of the Senate, correcting errors of grammar or of diction, verifying names, dates, quotations, and figures and generally giving to the report proper literary form without changing the speaker's style or meaning, and to perform other related work as required.

Qualifications: A thorough general education, equivalent at least to high school and preferably university graduation in Arts or Languages; a wide general knowledge, especially of public affairs; familiarity with constitutional and political history of Canada; a knowledge of Parliamentary procedure; the highest degree of stenographic skill and considerable practical experience in court and parliamentary reporting; quickness of apprehension and such knowledge of the various subjects discussed as to be able to interpret accurately the speaker's meaning, even when obscurely or imperfectly expressed; good judgment; carefulness; good physical condition and power of endurance; thorough command of English.

Nature of Examination: Subjects and weights as follows: Questions on parliamentary procedure, weight 2; English language and literature, weight 1; History, constitution and government of Canada, weight 1; Tests in verbatim shorthand writing in English and accurate and rapid transcription of the same, weight 6; the test in verbatim shorthand will be given at Ottawa to those who qualify in the first part of the examination. The examination will be held in the English language only. An oral examination may be given if considered necessary.

Investments

THE young man, as a rule, is not able to set aside much money for investments. This is partly because in early life his earnings are comparatively low. His expenses, however, are or ought to be somewhat lower than those incurred in later life, and if he has a definite plan of saving, he will from time to time find himself in possession of varying amounts of cash capital. This capital could be invested in one, two or three ways. It might be placed with a bank or trust company at interest; it might be invested in government or good industrial bonds, or part of it might and should be invested in some form of life insurance.

Just now there is more than ordinary interest in common stocks and many rumors are current about speculators who have made large profits almost overnight. A Winnipeg business man, recently returned from a visit to the United States, tells of a wave of speculation which is carrying with it many classes of the population, including even college students. Now as heretofore, however, it is true that for every fortune made there are many losses. Speculation in common stocks means for many people concentrated attention on market conditions, to the neglect of ordinary business affairs. The young man who is not well posted on the implications of common stock transactions might be well advised to go slowly. Financial observers suggest, out of a fund of experience, that a man's earlier investments should be mainly in quality bonds. When a reasonable financial reserve has been built up, there may be some justification for setting apart a sum for common stock purchases, but the bonds, for most investors, should come first.

The Study of Economics

ROY EMERSON CURTIS, Ph.D., a professor of economics in the University of Missouri, has written for the A. W. Shaw Company, publishers, Cass, Huron and Erie Streets, Chicago, an interesting and useful volume in economic principles and interpretation.

A glance at some of the chapter headings shows that modern economic study includes many topics that are of interest and importance to the young man who has his way to make in business, industrial or professional life. For instance, market supply, the monetary system, transportation, commerce, insurance, wages, profits, the occupations, management and labor, and proposed radical reforms are all discussed in clear and attractive style. Difficult points are made clearer by the use of charts and diagrams.

The author's definition of economics is, briefly stated, that it attempts to formulate the principles which relate to the satisfaction of wants. "It must not be supposed," continues Professor Curtis, "that the study is limited in scope to the methods by which the desires for material things are met. The production and utilization of food, clothing, and shelter, are obviously of the very greatest importance in the maintenance of life; but they by no means include all there is of economic activity. Economics is concerned with many phases of life. It is concerned with the desire for recreation and amusement. It deals with the demand for intellectual pleasures and personal development.

A very great part of economic activity arises out of the need of man for social intercourse. We are to consider also, as we proceed, the methods by which people make provision for religious activities and satisfy the impulse to helpfulness.

The incentives of affection, pride, and vanity, the craving for approval and the esteem of others, the lust for power, and every whim and caprice of man may bring into play the economic machinery and may be controlled and limited by economic necessity.

In so far as satisfactions of any sort cannot be obtained without planning or effort, they require, and become the objects of, economic activity."

This thoroughly modern work contains, in all, forty chapters. In Western Canada, forty weeks represent the average school term. The young man who has left school might yet go to school with this book as a companion and by reading a chapter a week for forty weeks provide himself with a sound outlook upon community and business affairs that will stand him in good stead throughout his life. A letter to the publishers would no doubt bring a descriptive circular.

On the interesting subject of occupations the author contributes a chapter in which the activities of workers are classified in seven groups.

Group one includes those workers who are engaged in the administration of enterprises, e.g., the president of a manufacturing corporation.

Group two includes the professional occupations.

Group three considers the supervisors: e.g., managers, inspectors and foremen.

Group four embraces all those that involve a fiduciary service, such as that of the custody of money or valuable goods in transit and storage.

Those in the fifth group render a mercantile or commercial service in production. Salesmen are included in this group.

The clerical occupations comprise the sixth group, which includes secretaries and clerks.

Group seven embraces all those occupations concerned with the handling and treatment of goods and physical equipment. This last group has three rather important subdivisions: (a) Those vocations which demand of the laborer a mastery of the methods of a technical or mechanical art, such as tailoring, masonry or watch repairing. (b) Skilled laborers employed where dexterity in the operation of machinery is essential to satisfactory performance. (c) Unskilled laborers, who are listed with the brief comment that they are those who are useful by reason of their physical power.



TWO FORD CARS

—Economy and Convenience

THE low initial cost and running expense of the Ford car, together with its smart appearance and enduring performance, has set a new fashion—two-Ford-car ownership. The Coupe is at the disposal of the business man all day, while the Fordor Sedan belongs to the rest of the family. People everywhere are being won over to the advantages of two-Ford-car ownership, both for its economy and unlimited convenience.



FORD MOTOR COMPANY OF CANADA, LIMITED, FORD, ONTARIO

Appointing the Modern Dinner Table

WHAT a thing of joyous color, sparkle and charm the modern table has become! And how far, how very far, it has left behind all thought of sameness, of repeating always the same effect. There need be no limits, today, to the variety of the successive tables you set, other than those imposed by your pocketbook and the size of your china closets.

Now, of course, it is only the favored few who actually possess many sets of china, glassware and so on. But the point for most people, in the fact that such wide variety is obtainable, lies in the knowledge that one may at least choose appointments which will make one's own dinner table quite different from that of one's neighbor. Not so long ago, you might dine in the homes of half a dozen of your friends and observe half a dozen tables that looked very much alike. Today, if you want to achieve individuality, you have only to lay your plans very carefully; you need not, necessarily, increase your expenditure.

Last month, we discussed the current mode in table linens and the more fragile substitutes for linen which have come into such general use. This month, we turn to consideration of the china, crystal, silver and accessories which, if chosen cleverly and always with an eye to their effect when used in various combinations, will assure their owner of a distinctive and lovely table.

Here, as everywhere, color is in command. Many of you will recall that very correct dinner table which seemed almost inseparable, for a time, from the house in which conservative taste and dignity abode; the china was white with a gold band—exquisite china, perhaps, its acid-gold decoration very lovely in detail and as expensive as one cared to have it; glasses, either heavily cut or delicately etched, the best of them being a clear, flawless crystal but with little variety in their shapes and styles.

In the home of wealth, the flat silver was sterling and handsome as desire would have it—but it was unusual to see plated forks and spoons that were anything but very plain and unassuming or crudely ornate.

What a change!

Consider our silver. The most exacting hostess today does not hesitate to choose a superior plate for her beautifully appointed table. She knows, in the first place, that she can count upon its durability. As for design—nothing is spared by the modern manufacturer of note that will bring added beauty and graciousness to this modern silverware; in line and in decoration, there are very lovely patterns indeed.

AND another very important point is that every possible requirement can be filled. The homemaker (be she the bride of this season or the matron of many years, who is delighted with the modern opportunity to have things she has always longed for) begins with a clever nucleus of the pieces she will use most—for instance, soup spoons, the dinner-size knives and forks which will answer as well for breakfast and for supper parties, and for a dessert fork along with the dessert spoons;

By Katherine M. Caldwell

with tea and coffee spoons, possibly a couple of serving spoons, the small butter spreaders, if she likes them; salad forks and whatever special serving pieces she requires, she can set a very correct

entirely for special services, using fish-knives and forks and little fruit knives and forks with either the ivory or pearl handle. Perhaps the most discriminating choice is ivory for the fish service and pearl for the fruit knives and forks. Or one might choose the fascinating little fruit service with bright-colored handles, a sort of enamelled finish, which may exactly match the predominant color in the dessert china.

Speaking of colored handles brings to mind the fact that amongst the newest of the silver dinner knives, are those with a hollow handle in blue, red or green. These handles are not like the clear, straight colors used in the English dessert services, but retain a metallic effect, the color being very soft, perhaps resembling shot silk more than anything else, in the red and green, and the blue making one think rather of a transparent pearl overlay on a blue ground. This is the latest spot in which color has been added to the table service.

WE ARE becoming accustomed to colored glassware. I remember that the first of the modern colored glass made its appearance in my city in a very exclusive china house that has always been noted for its beautiful importations. Only the stems, or perhaps stem and foot, were colored—gorgeous sapphire

blue, ruby or amber being shown. Now, however, we can have our colored glass in a whole series of shades in every desirable color—and with just as wide a variety in their cost. Take the lovely crystal pieces illustrated; they happen to be of a mauve-blue glass, most delicately etched and with an air of fragility that is enhanced by their delicate shapes. Blues range from light tones to one that is almost a true royal blue; red pales out, if it please you, to a delicate rosy hue that may have almost a mauve cast or suggest, as some garden roses do, that there is a little yellow mixed with the pink. Amber and green are always favorites.

As to design—we have everything from reproductions of some of the famous old glass, to patterns which are frankly modernistic; this means not only variety in line but in weight, for it introduces heavier styles familiar to us in old Waterford goblets and handsome old Bohemian glass, to the most exquisitely frail stemware.

But the new glass is by no means confined to the goblets, wine glasses and sherbet glasses (the last complemented perhaps by a matching plate) which until a short time ago comprised most of our table crystal. Today, the entire luncheon service may be of glass—it does not seem to express the greater delicacy and light charm which we feel would characterize the luncheon table. Bouillon cups, plates of all sizes and serving dishes in the loveliest shapes and designs, are available to match the stemware. Those who do not care to introduce an entire service of glass, are adopting it gratefully for salad plates and for ice cream or dessert service.

I was very interested to get a peek behind the scenes, as it were, at the late developments in the glass industry. A buyer for one of our great stores was telling me the changes that had been brought about in this whole glass market. Of course the greatly increased demand for glassware has been

Continued on page 62



Exceeding simplicity is the keynote for the modern table. This exquisite clear glass is from Lalique, the Community silver is of Patrician design, the hand-woven place pieces are Point de Nice, the table centre is a four-sided, studded, mirrored vase, filled with modernistic leaves.

table that will meet the most usual requirements. Later, such delightful additions can be made as the bouillon spoons, fish-knives and forks, grape-fruit spoons, ice-cream spoons and so on. Matters of personal preference are easily considered—for instance, the English custom of using the tablespoon



These mauve-blue crystal pieces are delicately etched and have an air of fragility

for soup, can be followed, the round-bowled American spoon being omitted; the smaller-sized knives will make the little butter-spreader unnecessary. And of course, one may step out of the pattern



Follow the practice of the principal Canadian hospitals . . . prepare milk for babies in a "Wear-Ever" Sauce Pan . . . use a "Wear-Ever" Double Boiler for preparing porridge.

WHERE CLEANLINESS AND SAFETY REIGN SUPREME

FROM sterile operating room to shining diet kitchen, the modern hospital is a model of sanitation, cleanliness, efficiency . . . and because clean, wholesome, well-prepared food plays so large a part in the well-being of infants, and of older folks who are sick, preparation of food in a hospital is scientifically planned and supervised.

It is significant that "Wear-Ever" utensils are standard equipment in Canada's principal hospitals. What stronger endorsement could anyone ask?

For these same reasons of cleanliness and safety "Wear-Ever" is rapidly becoming the standard for every Canadian home kitchen.

If you are not fully supplied, see the nearest "Wear-Ever" dealer.

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"Wear-Ever"

Aluminum Kitchen Utensils

Auld Maid's Bairns

In Which Officer O'Day Concludes That
Pity is Akin to Love
—Scotch Love

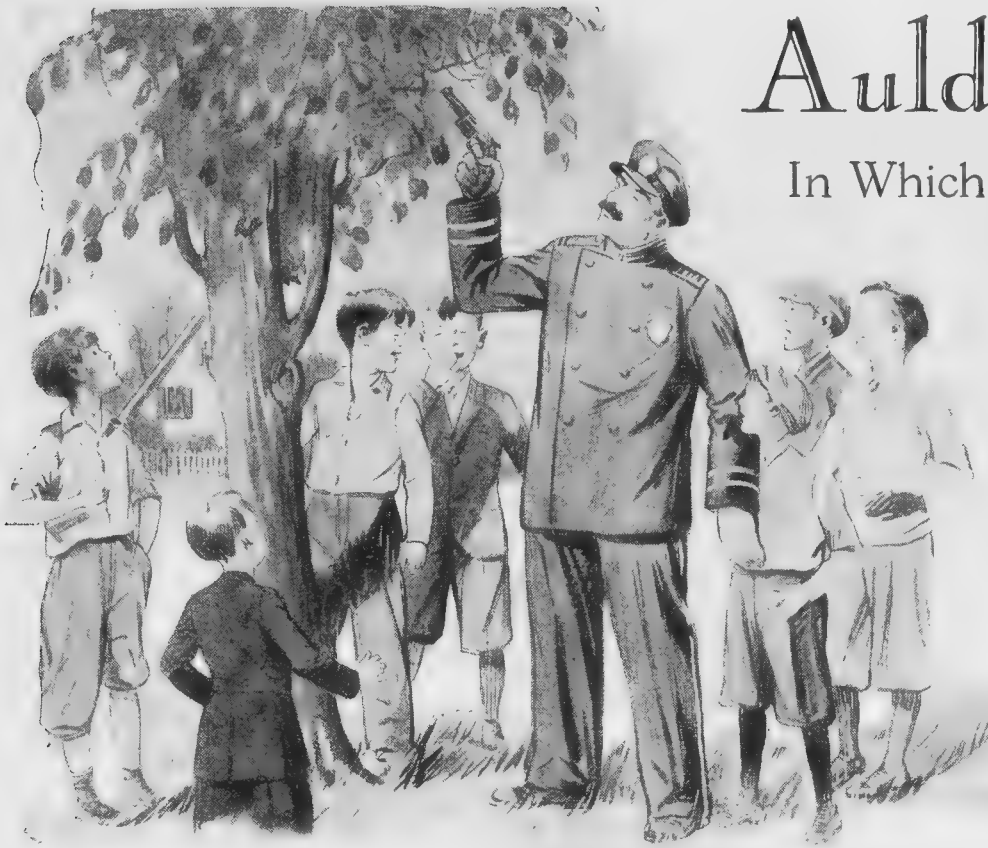
By

Edward Ormerod

Illustrated

by

N. Brett



Suddenly Jerry found the grey patch again, and at the same instant raised the automatic and fired into the tree

JERRY O'DAY edged inoffensively into the crowd that was blocking traffic on the wide sidewalk; inoffensively, yet with that insinuating authority peculiar to policemen; hence to the Irish, who love to be policemen!

There was something unusual in the shop window . . . it was a fur establishment, where swanky models of life-like appearance displayed princely garments of rich pelts, and the crowd was parked solidly before the broad sheet of plate glass.

"Top o' the mornin' to you, Miss Muckleston . . . sure I didn't think I'd be seein' you in town this mornin'!" He addressed, at the back of her neck, a tall, rather capable-looking woman who squarely blocked his progress toward the unseen attraction beyond.

"What's in th' window at all, that's bringin' all th' people?" His voice was very low and soft and his use of the personal name with the burr in it, was of all things most discreetly done.

"There's some kind o' a live beast in th' window . . . there's a card, but I canna read it yet." The lady turned her head, between cranings of her neck, just enough to assure herself of the identity of the voice behind her. "I'd no expectation o' seein' you either. . ."

The sudden departure of a sightseer or two nearer the glass provoked a convulsion in the packed crowd which threw the two into a clear view of the big window. In a barred cage a grey lynx was moving uneasily about, blinking his greenish-yellow eyes and twitching his tufted ears at the curious faces pressed almost against the glass between them. A card announced that the animal had been captured in a tree in the outskirts of the city.

"My, my, O'Day . . . if yon beasts are roamin' at large, you'll need to keep your eyes open in Westboro th' day. They're verra dangerous, I've heard tell!"

"You needn't be afther worryin', Miss Muckleston . . . sure I carry a gun wit' me near all th' time when I'm on duty!" They reached the corner of the street, and Jerry lifted his hat.

"Is it at home you'll be this evenin'? I'd like to dhrop in for a visit wit' you, afther y' put the byes to bed."

"Well . . . you can, if you want . . ." was the lady's non-committal invitation.

"Well, then I will," said Jerry.

CLINGING closely to its big-city neighbor, and clustering about the broad highway that ran out along the river bank and away, the village of Westboro petered out in small orchards and gardens into the fields and woods of open country.

In Westboro, in the not-insignificant person of Jerry O'Day, there was made tangible and evident, the dignity and authority of the Law. Jerry was the village constable.

Not that the Westboronians—a law-abiding lot, taken in the lump — took their law too seriously. It would have been hard to do that, for of all things Officer O'Day was a man of marked warmth of heart, and with an almost inordinate liking for a bit of fun, even against himself. Commenting upon a recent escapade of some of the young blood of the village, whose terror he imagined himself!—though the young blood didn't! Jerry had been heard to admit one day that he had once been a "bye" himself—"an' a regular divil of a wan, too!" so he was!

Jerry knew of hard-headed business men who spoke of it as somewhat of a joke that they must pay taxes to support a man whose time was spent chiefly in chasing boys and dogs . . . for "Dog-catcher" was one of the sub-titles coming under Jerry's official nomenclature . . . but since there must be a Constable, they merely grumbled—and paid.

Properly speaking, the office of dog-catcher should have been listed in officialdom as defunct, for Jerry had one day banished it . . . he caught the dog!

In general, the limited dog population of the village was reported each year within a few days of the required time, and thereafter each dog wore complacently on his collar the little aluminum shield the law required, just as any sensible, law-abiding dog would.

There was just one exception. There was a lean, hungry - looking hound whose home was in a settlement of *habitants* on the river's edge, a mile above the village . . . a disreputable collection of huts where all sorts of deviltry was reported to hold forth—from bootlegging to chicken-fighting.

The hound never wore the required dog-tag, and seldom came into the village . . . no one could ever be induced to acknowledge ownership rights in the beast, nor could Jerry ever succeed in laying hands on him—when he wanted him.

The Constable must have relished these memories of his boyhood, for he kept to himself for many a long day the knowledge he secured from close observation of, and little comment upon, the events that transpired.

He had learned, for example, that when things

ran too smoothly in the village . . . when no orchards or gardens were being raided, and no other particular mischief appeared afoot—to beware! For about that time, as he knew very well, some of the "brats o' byes" from up the river would wander into the village with this forlorn-looking hound, leading him by a bit of string tied loosely about his neck . . . a neck entirely guiltless of dog tag or even a collar to hang it on. . . and as soon as the Constable was sighted, the brute would be cast adrift to wander his aimless but wary way about the street.

When Jerry was in the right mood and sighted the hound, he gave chase! Then boys appeared magically where none had been a moment before, and the pursuit became a community affair. The wary old hound, lean and fast, always got away—until, on a day—when Officer O'Day ended his job as dog-catcher.

It was a fast and hot chase, with many yells of encouragement—to pursuer and pursued alike—from the youngsters who trailed the hunt, and at last with a spring that was a happy but comical commingling of a spinning nose-dive and a football tackle, the Law landed upon its blue-uniformed and brass-buttoned stomach, flat in the dust of the road . . . but alas! it clutched the fleeing, howling beast by a hind leg, and clung!

So Jerry had the satisfaction of hanging the aluminum tag on the hound . . . an owner appeared and grudgingly ransomed his deer-dog from the clutches of the Law.

LEAVING Miss Muckleston at the street-corner in town, O'Day completed the business that had taken him into the city, and returned to Westboro, where he had a substantial mid-day dinner and resumed his official uniform.

In the middle of the afternoon he was walking down a quiet side street that ended in the outskirts of the village, when he was hailed without ceremony by several members of a group of boys who had gathered about a thick tree and were looking up intently into it.

"Mr. O'Day! . . . Mr. O'Day! . . . come quick!—there's some kind of wild animal up this tree!"

"Gee, Mr. O'Day—I bet you it's a lynx, just like the one in town!" One kid caught him by the sleeve, pulling him toward the tree. "Look!—you can see its grey fur right up there on that big limb!" He pointed with a grimy fist toward a thick branch where, sure enough a patch of light grey fur showed among the greenery of the big maple.

"Who seen it first? . . . did anny of ye see it go up the three?" Jerry's brogue thickened perceptibly under the excitement of the prospective chase.

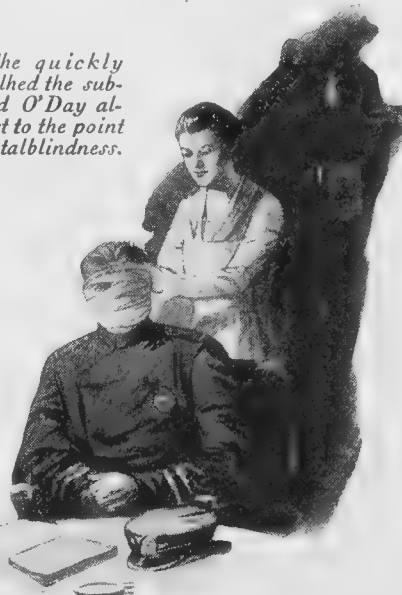
"I did, Mr. O'Day!—it ran right up, and clumb out on the limb! Oh, Mr. O'Day, is it really a lynx?"

"I guess it is—it must be the mate o' the wan they got in town. Look here now, you byes—kape away from that three now! Sure he's liable to jump down on you, so he is! Kape away now till I go an' get me gun. D'ye hear me talkin' to ye?"

The boys moved away only a short distance from the tree, and the Constable started off at a stiff pace toward his boarding-place, only a hen's race away. He quite failed to notice one boy who

Continued on page 67

She quickly swathed the subdued O'Day almost to the point of total blindness.



full of Life and Energy

BRIGHT-EYED, laughing, rosy-cheeked . . . romping through today, eager for tomorrow . . . this is the way you want *your* children to be.

The energy and vitality which they use up so prodigally can only be made up from nourishment. They are growing physically and mentally and require more nourishment than ordinary food contains . . . need *Ovaltine*.

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The Gentleman King

Continued from page 7

Thus for a week he was restless. He decided to move on. The peace of Father Gaspard's cottage was broken for him; his own imagination had broken it—his pride—his love—and he did not know what it was. He wanted to go away from here, to Paris, to the army. Yet the thought of that large world, and he in it alone, served to intensify his feeling of solitude, and bitterness, and pain.

About a week later this unhappiness was changed to fear in one instant, when he saw the Count Duprè's riding down the road with an attendant; saw him stop in front of the house, watched the servant dismount and knock on the door. So the Count had come to punish him for being insolent to his son! Peter wanted to fly.

The Count was a stern man with a lean face lined by years of struggle and service at court. His nose was like a hawk's. Although he sat very straight in his saddle, he wore his pride more easily than his son. Peter watched him from a distance; saw Father Gaspard hurry from the house and look up at the Count benignly; and his fears were verified when the Curé, after nodding once or twice, turned toward the garden, and beckoned, and called out, "Come here, Peter."

Peter came. He almost swaggered. His strange, triangular face was defiant. He reached the Count and fell on one knee.

"Get up, my man," said his lordship. He looked at Peter with a cold sort of interest that seemed to take all of Peter without giving a mite of himself. "Monsieur Philippe has told me that you wish to learn to fence."

Peter was not sure whether this was a taunt. There was something harsh, almost ironic, in the lord's voice.

"I expressed such a desire, my lord."

"Well, do you think you could do it? Let me see your hands."

Peter spread them out before him. "Um." They were strange hands, the Count thought; so large, and yet possessing such fine, tapering fingers. And the wrist seemed supple. His lordship turned to Father Gaspard.

"I want you to understand the situation," he said. "I do not desire to keep my son at court at present, as I have already told you. On the other hand, he will get into trouble even here, if he isn't amused. For that reason I have decided to let Monsieur la Gorge, my master-at-arms, give lessons to your young attendant. In a few months Monsieur la Gorge will be called away to the war with all my other retainers. But by that time your attendant—what the devil is your name?"

"They call me Peter, my lord."

"Peter—well, by that time, Peter ought to have acquired enough skill to amuse my son. Do you consent, Father?"

"My lord, I consent, and I give you many thanks for the honor you have bestowed upon my house."

"Now mind you," said the Count, turning to Peter and speaking sternly, "There are three conditions which I consider you bound upon your honor to fulfil. Remember that when you have a sword in your hand you have honor. Do you understand that?"

"Yes. I have learned that from King Arthur."

"So? You read?"

"Yes, my lord."

"Then you know what honor is?"

Peter flushed and was about to speak dangerously, but Father Gaspard laid a gentle hand on his shoulder.

"Yes, my lord."

"Well, then, the conditions are these: You are never to presume beyond your position or to consider yourself a companion to Monsieur Philippe. You are merely his fencing-companion. Do you understand?"

"Yes, my lord."

"And you are never to fence with Monsieur Philippe with the naked sword. You are to use a fencing sword only, with a button on the end of a dull blade. It would not be fitting in Monsieur Philippe to fence with you in any other way. Do you understand that?"

"Yes, my lord."

Very well. If you will come up to the chateau tomorrow afternoon at three

o'clock you will be given a lesson by le Maître la Gorge. My servants will have instructions to receive you. Good-day, Father."

Peter and Father Gaspard watched him ride away; his straight back, the proud stepping of his horse. The Curé's arm tightened around Peter's shoulders.

"You have a fortunate star, my son. But take care of your fortune, preserve it in the eyes of God and man. Remember that the sword is the root of evil when used unrighteously. Remember that it is a stimulant to men's passions. Keep your temper, even when your antagonist is beyond his. I shall pray Heaven to prevent you from becoming a man of arms." The Curé looked down at him kindly. "But meanwhile, for my sake, you will remember his lordship's conditions, won't you?"

"Yes, Father."

And so, next afternoon, he followed the road up the hill, his heart beating alarmingly, paying no attention to the thrush and the meadow lark that sang within a few yards of him, although these and the odor of fresh green and flowers must have contributed subconsciously to his boyish delirium. He presented himself awkwardly to the guard at the gate of the chateau; he was eyed and questioned; he was shown through a side door and down a long dark passage-way into a room that bristled with arms and armor. Here stood le Maître la Gorge, a very splendid ruffian in dark velvet, with gold buttons and gold badges, wearing a leather gauntlet sewed with steel, holding a sword in one hand. Peter was inspected and bullied and put to work. He made many mistakes; he was a blunderer, La Gorge said.

"Parez quatre—parez-sixte—riposte! Hah! Un—et—deux—portez! L-l-la! Bien! Elongez—dessus—dessous—portez! L-l-la!"

The harsh voice became familiar; the metallic clang and ring of swords; echoes down the steep stone halls of the chateau; flutter of tapestry in the draughts. And Peter was quite beside himself with pleasure. He was born for fencing as he had been born for reading. He had a long reach, a powerful wrist, and quick fingers. His eye was steady and his face imperturbable. And yet he did not understand—really. These gleaming swords, this play of blade and counter-blade, seemed nothing but illusion—like his books. His antagonist was an illusion—not really an antagonist—just a sour old veteran who begrudged teaching a peasant the subtleties of sword-play; making a rose out of a weed, as he had said one day to Monsieur Philippe.

Those profound weeds again! Lately, however, le Maître la Gorge had shown more respect for Peter. "By the nose of Christ, you go well for a peasant," he would say, and then break through Peter's guard, his sword whirling easily around and around—here—there—touch!

By the middle of June Peter had progressed sufficiently to fence with Monsieur Philippe, who could touch him easily, and did so at every opportunity. "Tut-tut, La Gorge," he said, "even you cannot make a fencer of a cowherd."

"Give me time, give me time, Monsieur. Of course—" and Monsieur la Gorge spread his hands—"he will never reach your lordship's perfection. That is not to be expected."

Always Peter maintained a respectful silence. He walked each afternoon through the sunny courtyard of the chateau, gazing up at the old walls, the deep-set windows. This was a mediaeval building that had as yet received few gifts from the renaissance; along the second story ran a beautiful Corinthian balcony with arched entrances into the chambers behind it. Here, Peter imagined, Mademoiselle Renée would have her apartment. He had only seen her once in all this time. She had come down to the fencing-room to watch the peasant; she had stood at the doorway, a frail, almost visionary being in the sombre stone walls, the beating of swords and the hulks of sweaty armor that were hung about the room; the spears, pikes,

and battle-pennants wired to the walls; and, at one end, the bards and trappings of some ancestor's war-horse. Out of the corners of his eyes Peter looked at Mademoiselle Renée as she stood among these ancestral relics dressed in white, with her golden hair falling loosely over her shoulders.

"What the devil is the matter with you, you spinach!" le Maître la Gorge was blazing at him.

Peter did not see Mademoiselle Renée for a long time after that. Nevertheless, as he entered the courtyard every afternoon, he looked up toward what he believed to be her window; he felt, always, as if he were entering one of those legendary palaces, one of those enchanted pales.

ANOTHER year passed, the happiest Peter had ever lived. He was much more at ease with his books, and he had the diversion of sword-play to give substance to his knights. The world seemed like a stage set for almost any action, rich with pleasure and impressions, fecund, remarkable. It was, of course, a mystery. Peter could not penetrate the illusory quality of "things" or persuade himself that any of his pleasures were real. He was a child of his age, the renaissance, bewildered by mental and moral conflicts, eager for adventure, careless of the future, inquisitive, alert. On the other hand his mind was penetrating and even cynical. He loved honor, beauty, love; but what were they? Colored clouds, he thought, sustained in the air of human existence. And the air blew around the leaves of weeds and darnels.

Monsieur Philippe had told him of Columbus' great discovery, a new land beyond a measureless ocean, touched by Europeans for the first time thirty years ago! He listened tensely to Monsieur Philippe whenever the latter condescended to talk of sailors and explorers who were even now on the high seas. Here also he was captured by the glamor of his age, and nevertheless questioned cynically the reality of glamor.

War had been declared against Charles V, Emperor of Germany, King of Spain. The Count Duprès had gone and with him most of his attendants. The chateau was quiet and empty save for the petulant commands of Monsieur Philippe, who kept a small guard there; save also for the laughter and running about of Mademoiselle Renée with several young ladies of her own age. Bit by bit Peter had won the indulgence of Monsieur Philippe, by tactful words, and by discovering the art of flattery. He had discovered flattery a little while after his skill with the sword had surpassed that of his lordship. Impetuously he had allowed himself to defeat Monsieur Philippe several times in succession, in the presence of the young ladies. After a week of this, he was puzzled to find the young baron cold. Monsieur Philippe had even gone so far as to say: "I have had quite enough of this business. I shall coarsen my touch if I fence against you any longer. My hand is becoming already crude. This will be our last bout today." And Peter had been so disheartened by this, and so distracted by the thought that he would never see Mademoiselle Renée again, except over the garden fence, that he had fought clumsily and had allowed Monsieur Philippe to touch him at will. Whereupon Monsieur Philippe, though still frigid, seemed pleased with himself, and said that he believed he could manage to keep his hand delicate in spite of Peter's coarseness—at last, until he should go to Paris.

Peter thought about this, and felt very sly when he decided to let Monsieur Philippe defeat him by one or two points every day. He felt as clever as the greatest of Parisian diplomats. Nor was it long before he learned to apply the flattery of the sword to his speech. He had the proud gentleman to understand that he was quite the greatest lord in France, short of the King himself. And here was another illusion which people seemed to believe in, but which Peter laughed at silently.

Having learned how to flatter, Peter

was allowed to learn how to ride, so that he might accompany the lord and lady as a kind of guard whose skill with the sword would be handy in the case of brigands. For there might be half a dozen brigands, and Monsieur Philippe did not feel himself capable of handling more than four or five. Actually, though Monsieur would never admit this, he liked Peter better than the servants and guards that his father had left him. Peter was such a pleasant talker and could keep his mouth shut if you told him to. Though he had not wasted much time about it, he had the notion of making a personal servant of Peter, to give him some modest yet confidential function.

As for this peasant Clos, he was happy enough to ride behind his lady, watching the graceful motion of her back as it answered the swaying of her horse; listening to her voice. Once she had turned full upon him; he saw her blue-violet eyes, her small mouth, her full breasts covered with a green silk riding habit. "Go pick me a bunch of those black-eyed Susans, Peter." How eagerly he had dismounted and jumped over the fence; how feverishly he had gathered an armful of the largest flowers! When he caught up to her she did not think it necessary to thank him, though her manner was entirely gracious. "Oh, they are lovely!" Peter had to carry them all the way home. The next day he gathered clover for her as a surprise; and this time she thanked him, looking into his eyes. "That was very good of you, Peter." Such a strange, expressionless face, she thought, except for his eyes. Sometimes Peter's eyes had made her shiver, but no one knew that.

Father Gaspard was not pleased at first to have Peter absent so much of the day. Yet he could not refuse the use of his servant to the young baron without exciting the latter's resentment. Father Gaspard had been driven away from so many parishes, usually by the covetousness of those above him, and had come to love Ardente so much, that he did not care to risk his position now. Therefore, he told Peter to be respectful and to do all that Monsieur Philippe required and always to remember the three conditions which the Count had exacted—never to presume, never to tell, and never to fight with the naked sword. Peter, in return for Father Gaspard's generosity, used to get up especially early in the morning to work in the garden, or to repair little damages around the house. He studied at night.

During that summer Monsieur Philippe had been in the habit of taking him out to the forest where they fenced in a clearing surrounded by old trees and luxurious undergrowth. Here shafts of sunlight fell upon their crossed swords. The lord had wanted to fence here as soon as Peter became skilled enough to give him a difficult match. He did not want others to look on, in case this peasant should defeat him—for Peter never allowed him more than one or two touches to spare.

One day, on the way home, Monsieur Philippe said: "I am sick of this childish business. There is no excitement in fencing with buttons on the swords. It's bad for my hand. It makes me careless."

"That is a pity, my lord," said Peter, "yet I don't see what can be done for it. And, if I may say so, your hand has been improving prodigiously. It is bewilderingly fast."

"Ah, I am afraid you don't know. You have never fenced with the naked sword, have you?"

"No, my lord."

"Well, then, you can't tell how careless I have become with these ineffectual toys. I tell you, the game of duelling is another thing."

"Yes, my lord. But I dare say when you reach Paris and fence with your equals, you will acquire that precision which a naked sword demands."

"Acquire it, no. I have it already. But it is going to blaze."

Although they spoke no more of the subject that day, Peter was uneasy and lay awake at night wondering how he could avoid this issue should Monsieur

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The Gentleman King

Continued from page 40

Philippe present it to him. As the days went by and his lordship said nothing more of it, Peter began to flatter himself that he had already avoided it. But early in the Fall Monsieur Philippe spoke again, this time on the way to their fencing-ground.

"Take the button off your sword," he said. "See, I have taken off mine. I have finished with this ruinous practice of fencing without a sting."

Peter hesitated. "My lord, I don't think—"

"Oh! You don't think! You mean you are afraid?"

"No, my lord, I am not afraid. I am merely acting in obedience to your father."

"He told you not to take off the button?"

"One of his conditions was that we should fence with buttons and dull blades."

"ONE of his conditions! What were the others?"

"They were obvious ones, my lord: That I should consider myself by no means your companion, and that I should keep our sword-play an absolute secret."

"They are obvious—yes. How absurd of him—" Monsieur Philippe seemed displeased with his own thoughts. "But look here," he said at last, "we are not fencing with real swords. They are dull-ed, they are toys. We merely take off the button so that we can prick each other."

"The Count conjured me on my honor, to have buttons on our tips."

"And you are afraid—"

"No, my lord, I am not afraid."

"I suppose you think he didn't tell me the same thing. Only a coward would obey a fool command like that."

"It is one thing for you to disobey him, my lord; another for me!"

"What! Do you think me incapable of protecting you?"

"You could protect me, I know. I should come to no harm unless you chose to do me harm. Yet I myself must protect my honor; if I fail there, neither you nor anyone else would care to save me."

Monsieur Philippe stopped and stared. Then he laughed. "Why, what honor have you? Don't you know that peasants have no honor? Have you forgotten that?"

"My lord, it would be impossible for me to cross swords with you without taking upon myself a responsibility which exceeds my station. Call it what you will, I must nevertheless protect it. I cherish it, for your sake."

"Pish. You are muddled. Whatever responsibility you have, whatever honor, it has been lent you by me. Like the farmhand that you are, you refuse to give back what was only borrowed! Look you, now—" His lordship stopped at the edge of the clearing—"I COMMAND you to fence with me with your sword THIS way."

With these words he grasped the button of Peter's sword and tore it off.

"On guard, peasant. What? You are afraid!"

Peter had not moved. As his lordship extended his arm and lunged, he was forced to step back, and instinctively his hand went on guard in sixte. He parried the lunge and stood with his head forward, watching his antagonist keenly. Came another lunge, which he parried with a tierce, then a bewildering set of disengagements, which he followed, and parried. He did all this mechanically, more observed in his own thought than in Monsieur Philippe's sword-play. He could not continue a simple defensive always—Monsieur Philippe would become enraged, unreasonable. Peter had already experienced Monsieur Philippe's unreasonableness. The young lord had power to drive him out of town and would do so if he chose. No. The only way out of this business was through it. Peter decided to make a false attack. He began measuring his own skill, measuring his own speed, so that he could prick his lordship occasionally just ahead of his parry, without hurting him.

"Ha! That's better, peasant. Your courage waxes!"

They lunged back and forth. It was easy enough for Peter to parry Monsieur Philippe, but very difficult to time his own attacks so that they would arrive just soon enough to cause no damage. Nevertheless, he was successful. He began to enjoy this game more than the other. When they stopped his lordship had made two touches to Peter's one. All three touches were body scratches made by the fine points of their swords.

"You would not believe me," said his lordship. You ought not to have contested my opinion. You see now there is no danger in it."

Yet Peter was not so easy in his mind. He had broken his word. Or had he? Was not his skill in pretending to attack, while not really attacking, a satisfactory substitute for the button? He was sure that this was so, that Monsieur Philippe was quite as safe as ever, and much happier. And yet this reasoning produced uneasiness.

"If you tell anybody about this I shall punish you," said his lordship suddenly, thinking of the Count's anger.

"My lord, I have told no one even that we were practising with blunt swords, which would not have disgraced you. You may trust me entirely to keep this new practice unknown, which involves your reputation, as a gentleman."

In a few months the weather grew so cold that Monsieur Philippe decided to give up their work in the open for that of the fencing-room. He was irritated by this necessity, because he said they would have to put buttons on their swords again. It would be impossible to keep such a secret from the servants of the chateau. Peter was relieved. He flattered himself for having handled a dangerous situation without injuring his lordship. Besides, his careful calculating of the thrust and of his opponent's parry had much improved his own swordsmanship.

They were standing in the fencing-room. Monsieur Philippe had his hand on his chin meditatively.

"Damn the winter!" he cried. "Listen. We are going to fence one more bout in the forest."

"Very well, my lord." Peter had done it successfully thirty times. He could do it again.

"Furthermore—" Monsieur Philippe came close, his eyes gleaming with excitement—"we shall bout with sharp swords."

Peter started. "Oh, no, my lord!"

"Scared, eh?" His lips curled. "Haven't I taught you everything you know? And are you going to refuse me the first service I ask? It is impossible to make even a servant of such a man!"

"My lord, I—"

"No excuse. By God, I'll punish you if you make excuses. Who am I, to have excuses?" He paused angrily. Then he tried different tactics. "You do not know what you are throwing away, my man. I had plans for you. Had you shown the courage that I demand of my attendants I might have promoted you, but how can I promote a coward?"

"I am not a coward."

"You say so!"

"My lord, if you will wait until the Count returns and gives his permission—"

"His permission, shuttle-wit? Do you think he would give me permission to risk my name on you? By God, you don't see that I honor you with this request!"

He stood glaring. Peter looked at the floor.

"I can't trust my reputation to you!"

"My lord—"

"Name of Mary, I have put myself in your power! I see it now. You will be telling the whole village how you fenced with the Seigneur's heir. I see very well why my father was right; I see it at last; I was a fool to compromise myself." And then, quite beside himself with mortification, knowing of only one way to protect his pride, he reached for a rope near the door to call his servants. "I am sick of you!" he cried.

Peter was frightened, for he saw well enough that Monsieur Philippe intended

to get rid of him; to have him arrested; to confess to the Seigneur that they had been fencing without buttons on their swords, and thus to cast the whole burden of this business upon Peter. Peter was entirely defenceless. He had nothing but his mind to get him out of the difficulty.

Because Monsieur Philippe was used to command, Peter's resistance had stung him. And was not Peter himself in a most compromising position? When the Seigneur should learn that he had broken his word, what would happen to his fine fancies then? What would happen then? Peter raised his hand. Monsieur Philippe's hand closed around the rope.

"One moment, my lord!"

"Excuses?" The white hand was on the rope, ready to pull.

"No, my lord, no excuses. I will do as you command."

"Ah."

"My lord, I wish I could sufficiently express my readiness to do as you command, always as you desire. It is your father that I fear. And I fear also the necessity of breaking my promised word. But for your sake I shall do so, if—"

"If what?"

"If you will trust me, and try to realize that no matter what happens, I shall never take advantage of this situation which you say has compromised you."

The words were sharp; they penetrated the pride of Monsieur Philippe. He smiled, though very disdainfully. "Peter, I can only trust you so long as you obey me."

Rather satisfied with having said that, Monsieur Philippe proceeded to take a couple of swords from the wall—beautiful, polished, slender duelling swords that quivered with action at the least impulsion from the wrist. He handed one to Peter. As he inspected it, Peter drew breath in admiration.

"You admire it?" asked Monsieur Philippe, drawing his own from the scabbard.

"My lord, I have never seen anything like it. It is a woman. It is perfection."

"After we have finished our bout, you can keep the sword," said Monsieur Philippe. "I have plenty like it." He turned away.

"You mean, you give it to me for myself?" said Peter, following him out of the door.

"Of course."

"Name of God! How shall I ever thank you?"

"Just keep your mouth shut."

"Not knowing in what sense to take this, Peter was silent, his fingers caressing the emerald-studded hilt that snugly fitted like a friend at his side.

The day was cold and clear. The wind carried heavy clouds past the sun and tore the red and golden branches of the forest trees. Down aisles of the wood the gesticulating hosts of ochred leaves swirled and curled, leapt forward, dropped, and swirled again. The bare boughs clattered with the wind. Ahead of them a rabbit scurried across their path, disappeared behind a mouldering log. Monsieur Philippe was warmly dressed; but Peter, who had prepared for a quiet bout in the fencing-room, jumped and skipped behind him, and blew through his fingers. The hilt of his new sword seemed to freeze his hand when he touched it. That sword! But with all the happiness that such a gift created, he was ill at ease and wished that he were already turning. "Let's get this over with," he muttered. "Over with." He wished it were not ahead of him. He would have to be very steady. The cold wind and the new sword would make him eager. "Get it over with." And he would never do it again—never. Monsieur Philippe would have to understand that. It was too dangerous, without the Seigneur's permission to fight with sharp swords. "It is dangerous as hell!" Yet he thought he could manage it this once. It was really no different from fighting with blunt swords that had no buttons. It simply required careful calculation. "Just this once!" Just once. And never again."

The wind blew and the leaves swirled about them as they went on guard.

Peter found that his legs were unsteady, his hand clumsy. He was shivering a little, and tried to hide the fact from Monsieur Philippe. This made him even more clumsy. Monsieur Philippe was beating his sword—one, two—in-and-out—around—under. Peter parried easily, trying to warm up. Monsieur Philippe had improved, he thought—was really quite quick with his disengagements. Monsieur Philippe disengaged and followed Peter's guard through three counters. He had never done it that fast before. He lunged. Peter crossed his blade and swept it down into the seconde, surprised to feel the point catch at his belt and slide off. It passed him to the right, as he desired.

"Well done!" he cried. "You have speed, my lord."

They were at it again. Peter had never fenced so fast before. It was the new sword. You could hardly tell what was happening. He must be careful. His old calculations were worthless at this pace.

"Why don't you attack, peasant? Do you think I want to do all the work?"

"Just warming up, my lord. E-h-h-h there. He made a false lunge, keeping just ahead of Monsieur Philippe's blade. My God, would his lordship never catch up!—there! Monsieur Philippe parried successfully and shot back a riposte, which Peter parried, and then retired a little.

Now Le Maitre la Gorge had been very careful to teach Monsieur Philippe certain tricks which he had kept from Peter, and though his lordship had already tried out the most of these, and they had been successful until Peter learned them, there was yet one which he had never used, and which he had determined to try today. It was a trick which began in the low line, and ended in the high. Thus the final lunge was made against the adversary's arm or shoulder, and thus Monsieur Philippe thought that he could wound Peter, maintain his own dignity, without, however, endangering Peter's life. It would not do to kill Peter, because the consequences of fencing with a peasant, should they become known, would not be short of disgrace. And so, after they had fenced for half an hour, neither having touched the other, Monsieur Philippe began his gyrations with a sudden feint at Peter's belly. Peter answered. Then came several more feints, each higher than the last, and each time Peter cursed himself for answering them so quickly. He must use his head more, he reflected. He must make sure that Monsieur Philippe was going to do before showing his full parry. Monsieur Philippe had one more feint before his final lunge. He had come up very well, very smoothly, and had even bewildered Peter a little. He was beginning to throw his weight forward on his right foot, ready for an instantaneous lunge. Then he made his last feint. But Peter did not answer!

Monsieur Philippe's weight was too far forward now to stop. He was really an inexperienced fencer and he had begun his lunge before being sure of his opponent's hand. He was going, going. To lunge now would be madness! With Peter's blade holding his outside!

Frantically, clumsily, he moved his right foot forward to stop that lunge, at the same time disengaging his sword. He did not have sense enough to know that by moving his left foot forward he would have saved his balance; instead, he tried a kind of a hop with his right foot, did not lift it far enough, tripped and fell. He fell forward, with his sword pointing directly at Peter's belly and two inches away. He could not move his sword because he was falling. Peter's sword had been far up in a high guard. It swooped downward to cover his stomach. But it was a long reach, and Peter was so horrified at these dangerous proceedings that he parried Monsieur Philippe's thrust all out of line, and as Monsieur Philippe fell forward, he fell on Peter's sword, which pierced him and went through him, and came out of his back. Monsieur Philippe yelled with pain and anger. Peter let go his sword and stood aghast, seeing the hilt on one side of the body, the point on the other.

Continued on page 44

(below) Women buyers selecting smart gowns for a great department store. Clever women buyers visit New York, Paris and London, to select fashion apparel. They are authorities on today's fabrics and clothes.—and 92 out of every 100 interviewed use Lux!



"WHEN A MAN LOVES," WARNER BROTHERS PICTURE

starring John Barrymore. The lovely silks and laces and long silk stockings worn by the gorgeous ladies and gentlemen in this picture of the days of Louis XV, were cleansed in Lux. "Actual tests made us adopt the rule, 'Use only Lux,'" say Warner Brothers.

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92% of the buyers interviewed in 112 leading department stores in 26 big cities insist on Lux for their own precious things!

And New York's most exclusive fashion establishments insist on Lux in cleansing the fine lingerie and stockings worn by their mannequins!



(above) Behind the scenes in the salon of Frances Clyne, exclusive New York couturière. The two mannequins are preparing to "model" smart costumes. To keep their fine lingerie and hosiery like new, only Lux is used.



(left) Dazzling chorus from "Rosalie," starring beautiful Marilyn Miller (centre)...Every musical show in New York uses Lux to double stocking wear. "We would use Lux if it cost \$1.00 a box," says the Shubert General Manager.

Women everywhere use Lux! 8 out of 10 in representative homes in cities from coast to coast, investigations show, use Lux. To keep modern clothes new so much longer.



The Gentleman King

Continued from page 42

"God! God! I am killed! Take it out, can't you?" The thin, agonized fingers clutched at the shirt around the wound. The shirt was already stained with blood. Peter came to life. Bounding over, he grasped the hilt and drew forth the sword, while Monsieur Philippe shrieked three times—terribly—then moaned and lay still. Blood began gushing from the wound. Peter, muttering to himself, tore off the cuff of his shirt and began to plug the hole, which was high, the sword having entered the shoulder just under the collar bone. Peter knew nothing of anatomy. For all he knew his lordship's words were true, he was dying.

Yet even in his horror and his fear it was impossible for Peter to convince himself that this was real. His lordship had been pierced with a sword, and by that simple action, the whole character of Peter's life was changed. In one instant his happiness, his dreams of service in the wars, of the high ladies and gentlemen among whom he had decided to live—all these were blotted out; blotted out because a young and headstrong noble had chosen to suck the sweetness of Peter's existence. So how could it be real? How could either the fine dream of fierce blotting of the dream be real? What reality had life itself, lived under such conditions, where the All vanished into nothing at the accidental thrust of a sword.

He did not think this, but he experienced it inchoately as he bent over Monsieur Philippe and asked whether he were alive.

"Of course I'm alive."

But it was no time to take offence. The tone of the words convinced Peter that it was not a question of life and death, but merely of getting out of a horrible scrape—to preserve his lord's honor from scandal, and to protect himself from punishment. His own honor, he reflected, had been lost the moment he had crossed the naked sword. And yet this seemed a small matter, if he could extract himself from the other difficulty.

"Carry me home," said his lordship. "And for the sake of Christ's mother, be careful. I'm almost dying for want of blood."

This thought flashed through Peter's mind: Why should I carry him home and expose myself to capture, imprisonment, death; why should I save him? He forced me here. Instinctively Peter knew that Monsieur Philippe could not be depended upon to protect him, once his sister began asking questions. His sister! Mademoiselle Renée! The picture of her crossed his mind for the first time since the accident. He could see her rebuking eyes. He had nearly killed her brother. She would never understand; she would never be told, by this brother, how it had come about.

And yet, even as Peter decided that he really ought to run away from Ardenne forever, he picked up the sword, sheathed his own and Monsieur's, leaned over and helped the lord to arise. He put his arm around his lordship's waist.

"A fine mess you have made of me with clumsiness! Or perhaps it was intentional?"

Even in pain this man could not resist goading Peter.

"My God! Intentional? You do not believe that, my lord."

"I don't know what I believe. I know you have disgraced me in the eyes of all France."

"Is there nothing I can do? No lie I can give them to protect you?"

"Lie? You would lie to my father, would you? Lie! Support me easily."

Peter flushed at the insult. Truly there was no reason to protect a fellow like this. He had no obligations. He must fly, fly!

"I shall have his lordship understand those words of yours," continued Monsieur Philippe. "I shall tell his lordship frankly that I was a fool to permit you in my presence. By God, this is terrible!" His pale face was twisted with pain, his lips twitched. Yet he had already found a way out of this business, for himself. There was no way for both of them to get out, and naturally he, the heir of

Ardenne, close cousin to an Italian duke, possible heir to an Italian duchy, had the preference. This peasant would have to be sacrificed. And Peter sensed this. As they approached the chateau he felt as if he were walking into a death-trap. His heart was crying: "Fly, fly, fly!"

It was already dusk, with a cold raw wind as they sat down for the last time a quarter of a mile from the chateau.

"Are you holding up, my lord?" Peter said. His mind was working behind the mask.

"I'm nearly dead." And indeed his face seemed like a ghost's in the dusk among the wild leaves.

"My God!" cried Peter, what a fool I am! I'm off for the chateau to raise your servants! They'll bring you a horse! I'll send for Father Gaspard. Your doctor will need his assistance." He was all action. He bustled around propping his lordship's head upon an old log, pulling his lordship's coat around him.

"No! You idiot!" Monsieur Philippe was screaming. Don't raise an alarm. For God's sake don't raise an alarm! Do you hear me, sirrah! Stay by me—stay right here!"

He began struggling. But Peter, with the cruelty of despair, was off. "I'll be right back!" he shouted. "I'll send the horses and get the Curé and be right back!" And then he was running down the hill toward the stable with the cries of Monsieur Philippe growing fainter, and yet never faint enough, he calculated, to be unheard at the chateau. Peter found the road and ran down it at full speed. He reached the stable, burst through the door, seized a groom by the arm.

"Quick, quick!" he cried. "Monsieur Philippe has been wounded by a ruffian. The villain has fled. Monsieur lies there at the edge of the woods. Hark!" Peter held his panting breath, while from far away came the high despairing scream of the wounded man. The groom trembled. "Get a horse!" shouted Peter. "You fool! Ride for your master. I'm off for Ardenne and Father Gaspard!"

Both of them ran to the stalls.

"Put a saddle on yours," cried Peter, as he led out a great black mare. "Monsieur is near death." Then, having led his mare out of the stable by a rope that was fastened at her neck, he made a noose around her nose, leaped on her back, galloped down the winding road, down the hill, in the direction of Ardenne.

Peter had only one reason to choose for so dangerous a course. He had left his old coat in the Curé's house. It contained his father's sacred letter. It was hanging on a peg above Peter's bed, and Peter's bed was in the kitchen. Clearly his life was of no use to him without that letter and without all the hope which that letter implied, illusory though it might be. He did not see how he was going to act quickly enough; how he was going to rush into the kitchen and rush out again without arousing the old man's suspicions, arousing the whole town, perhaps. As soon as that groom should reach Monsieur Philippe the alarm would be given from the chateau, the chase would begin. Moreover, Peter could not ride through town, which lay between the chateau and his house, at this indecent speed.

He veered to the right and plunged out into the fields, hurdling fences and ditches, clinging to the mare's mane. By this manoeuvre he kept the town on his left, only passing a few candle-lit houses and passing so rapidly that the peasants could not get to the window before he was out of sight. For it was now nearly dark. At length he cleared the last fence and was galloping across the pasture directly behind Father Gaspard's cottage. When he reached the end of the pasture, a hundred yards from the familiar stable, he tied his mare to the fence, took off his sword and laid it beside her—how shy he was!—leaped over the rails, and ran for the pump. Then he did his best to wash the blood from his hands. Then

he reached the kitchen, halted at the steps, opened the door almost casually.

Father Gaspard looked up. He had begun preparing supper.

"You are late, Peter," he said, his voice conveying a gentle reprimand. Then, noting Peter's flushed face and the panting which could not be suppressed, "Why, you have been running. And what a strange direction you came from."

Peter usually arrived at the front door. "That is why I am late, Père," he said. We must hurry, hurry! "I have been chasing a horse in the pasture." He wanted to get over to his coat, which was at the opposite end of the room.

"Someone's horse loose, eh? Well, now, go and draw me some water, and quickly, please, before the carrots burn."

There was no help for it. Peter picked up the water-bucket a little frantically and ran out to the pump. While he was there, he thought, "What a coward I am, to run away from Father Gaspard like this, after all he has done for me! And will he not be dishonored for life? It will hurt, it will hurt."

However illusory the episode in the forest and the phantoms which even now, he knew, were on his trail, at least the injury which he was doing the good Curé tore his heart with fingers whose substance could not be denied.

Impulsively he sat down to think. But they were coming, they were almost upon him! They would show him no mercy now. He jumped to his feet and carried the water into the house. Hanging the bucket on a hook, he took off his cloak. Then he went over to his coat, took it from the peg, and put it on. Then he put on his cloak again.

"Here, Peter, will you finish cooking the supper?"

"Just a minute, Père. I think someone is at the door. Father Gaspard had heard no one at the door, but he was growing a little deaf. Yes, he was growing old. The lad was all right—but queer. Something had happened, perhaps."

Peter hurried to the study—he could not resist this. He lit a candle and taking a pen, sat down before a large white sheet of paper. He must hurry, hurry! He must say something, leave something. At last he wrote slowly, with trembling fingers:

"I am sorry Père, I was forced to break my word. Monsieur Philippe wanted me to. Dear Père, God bless you, and may he not visit—"

Peter sat upright. From the village came the clatter of horses and crying, and shouting. They were upon him! He turned to his paper. If only he could finish that one sentence now—it was a beautiful sentence—

"visit my sins upon your—"

But they had arrived. They were dismounting. They shouted "Ho, there, within! Ho there! Peter got up, blew out the candle, hurried to the kitchen. His face was perfectly calm, perfectly inscrutable. The pounding on the door began.

"Someone wants you in a hurry," he said quietly, his eyes meeting Father Gaspard's without flinching. "You had better see what they want. I shall finish supper."

"Dear, dear! Who is it? Tut-tut-tut! What pounding! I'm coming, I'm coming, gentlemen!" Peter watched the old man hastening from the room and shaking his fringe of white hair.

There was but a moment. He ran out the back door and locked it behind him. With a final plunge toward safety he reached the stable, skirted it, made for the pasture. Snatching his sword from the ground, untying the mare, he jumped upon her back, he heard the wild cries behind as they discovered his flight, and he was off across the pasture, swallowed by the cold autumnal darkness.

He struck out eastward, knowing that if he held a straight line he would reach a road that led northward to Paris. By going cross-country he hoped to evade his pursuers. He could not do so on the open road. His sword rattled at his side. The mare snorted, and jumped unseen bushes and her iron shoes chimed against bared rocks. Soon Ardenne vanished

from sight—even the wondrous of the neighboring farms—and he was alone in the wide fields, running away from all that he had ever won or ever loved. Those dreams of following knights to war? He laughed cynically. The proposition that Monsieur Philippe had promised him, the books that Father Gaspard had studied with him, the face of Renée. He laughed at all of these. They were apparitions.

IN THE autumn of 1525 a very dejected horse-boy sat, chin in hand, gazing across the street at a dog. The dog had treed a cat and was barking at her. The horse-boy was upon the steps of a tavern in the small village of Army le Duc, south of Troyes, in Eastern France. The street was deserted and the tavern was deserted. There were not many large towns in this region, and hence not many travellers.

Peter sighed. He had never been so destitute—never since leaving Mère Clos on her deathbed. He did not possess even a donkey. He had no means of travelling. He had no money beyond the few sous that the innkeeper paid him. He who had made the resolution to gain power had lost everything.

To be sure, in losing his happiness, he had rid himself of those impossible dreams which Father Gaspard's books had stimulated. Existence had become bare, earnest, real. The only phantom left him was a sword with a jewelled handle, buried in the cemetery near the tavern, a phantom indeed, for a horse-boy! He did not dare to be seen with such a sword, dressed the way he was. They would arrest him for theft.

But if he could only get rid of it, the last unreality. If he could only change it for money and make enough money to reach Paris and settle down to learn English. That was the next language he wanted to study. Peter was twenty-one and was farther from sunny Paris than ever. He had been forced to change his direction two years ago when, mounted on a black mare, he had reached the Paris road and had heard a group of horsemen galloping across the field behind him—heard them jumping over a little brook which he had just cleared. Without reasoning, he had pressed his horse across the road, over a fence, and away into the night, into the East.

He had ridden eastward until dawn. Looking behind him, he had seen nothing but broken fields and fences, ditches and trees and hedges, gray with the morning. Perhaps, after all, he had been mistaken about those pursuers. Perhaps his ears had created insubstantial sounds. He did not know. He rode until he came to another highway, which was deserted. Realizing that his pursuers would send out an order for his arrest and would describe the stolen horse, he dismounted and after a few minutes of meditation, slapped his mare upon the rump, sending her back in the vague direction of Ardenne. At that time he was respectably dressed and was taken for a gentleman's servant by the highway travellers. He wore a long cloak over the working coat that he had snatched from Father Gaspard's kitchen at such a risk. His shoes were new and his trousers were clean. The only thing that bothered him was the jewel-hilted sword, which he covered with his cloak. But as he wandered through Champagne, Nivernais, and Burgundy, fighting against necessity, his clothes had become more shabby.

Nor was he any longer in a position to choose the direction of his travel, since he had to go wherever work was offered. And he had to bury the sword outside of every town before asking inn-keepers and farmers for a job, and it had been buried in this cemetery for eight months. He wanted to get rid of it; he really had no right to it after the shabby way in which he had treated Monsieur Philippe.

"Damn Monsieur Philippe," he said intensely, with his eyes still fixed upon the dog. Peter did not know whether he had murdered Monsieur Philippe and, save for the unquietness of his soul, he did not care. Only, it made life bitter to wonder whether you had murdered a man.

Continued on page 94



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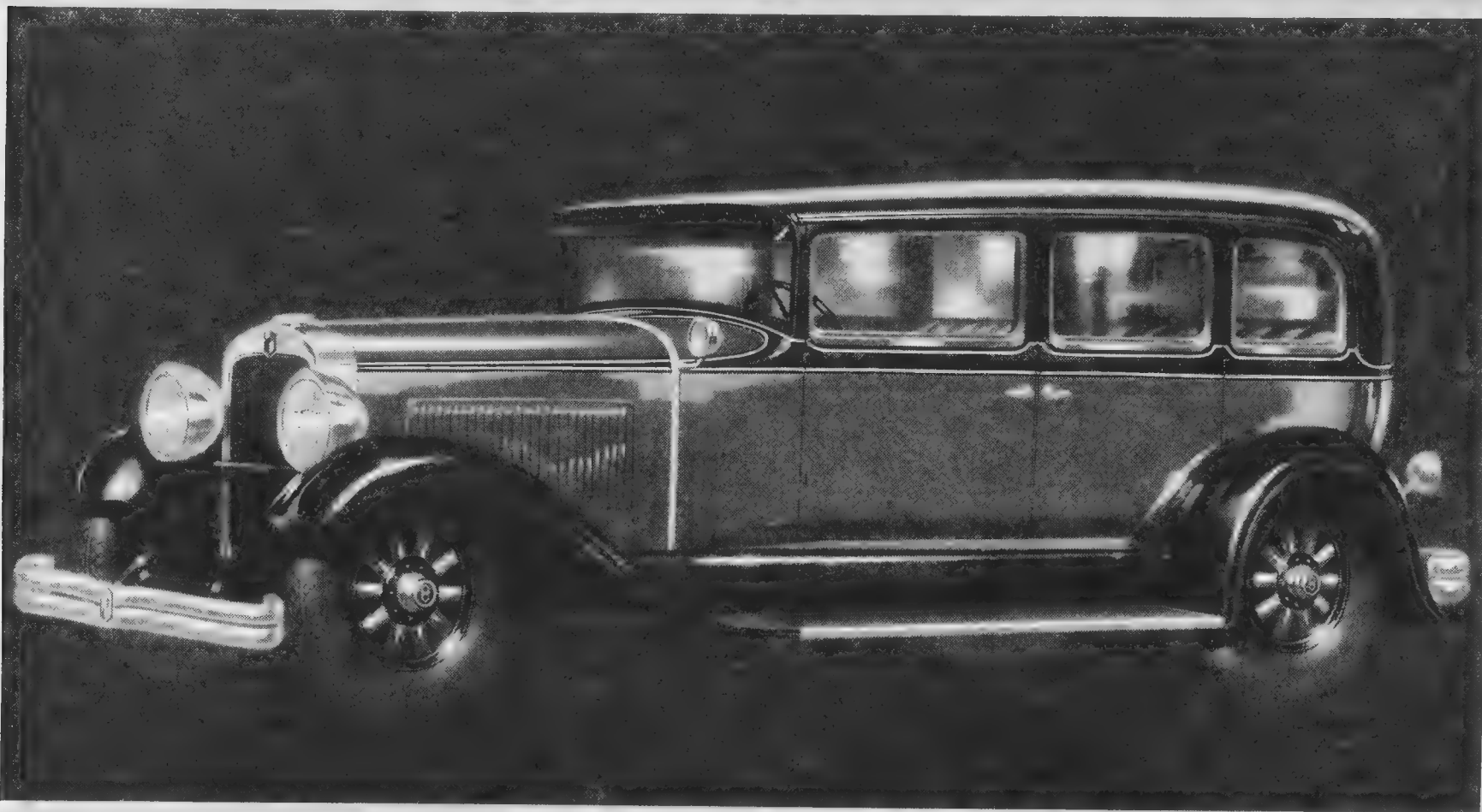
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The Canadian Porcupine

By H. H. Pittman



Porcupine in Winter Coat

THE porcupines are most interesting mammals and their specialization is unique among our northern creatures. The rodents or gnawing group to which they belong, is a plastic one and shows many strange departures from what we consider normal, but the porcupines are perhaps the most remarkable of them all.

The Canadian porcupines are sturdily-built rodents weighing from fifteen to twenty or even thirty pounds. They are woodland animals and are found throughout our forests up to the limit of trees. They are common over most of their range but do not seem to be really numerous anywhere. They are not sociable at all and although circumstances sometimes draw several together for brief periods, they prefer solitude and when the food supply is exhausted, quickly separate again.

The food of these prickly rodents is entirely vegetarian, consisting of bark, shoots and leaves, with the addition, I am told, of water-lily pads. Their feeding habits are strange for they will sometimes remain in the same tree for days at a time, until it is completely stripped. However, as a rule, they are somewhat erratic feeders, wandering here and there, and as they are not unduly plentiful, comparatively little damage is done, so that their economic importance is negligible.

The remarkable spiny armament is a specialized development of what, in other mammals, we call the underfur, and constitutes the sole means of defence. The spines or quills are from one to three inches long, with needle-like points and fine barbs. Normally this prickly coat lies flat but under the influence of any form of excitement it can be erected into a bristling array of sharp points.

Once these quills enter the skins of other animals they are very hard to remove as the barbs spread, and they generally work along under the skin until they finally become encysted. Pumas, bears, wolves and other animals have all been found with quills embedded in their flesh and occasionally death ensues. The only animal which appears to regularly prey upon these well-defended rodents is the fisher.

It is generally believed that the porcupines can

shoot their quills but this is a mistake. The spines, particularly those upon the tail, are extremely lightly attached and once they stick in other creatures,

become free at their bases. The way in which the student gets covered with these barbed quills seems almost magical and it is very easy to see how the idea of throwing or shooting originated. The tails are the porcupines' weapons and they endeavor to keep their backs to their enemies and to hit them with these spiny clubs.

We appear to know very little of the home life of our porcupines for their habits are not very easily studied. They make their dens in hollow trees, under over-hanging banks and in holes amongst rocks and the young are from one to four in number. These are well-developed at birth and very large, larger in fact than newly-born grizzly bears! Almost any hole does for a sleeping den, for as long as the porcupines can get their heads in and protected, nothing is likely to attack them from the rear!

Although true rodents, porcupines lack the cleft upper lips, so noticeable in such animals as gophers, hares, or beavers. They have developed similar protective devices but are not related to the hedgehogs, although there are many superficial points of resemblance. The name is probably derived from the French words *porc* (pig) and *épin* (prickly), which may be translated into prickly or spiny pig.

Throughout a large part of Canada there is an unwritten law protecting the porcupines because they are the only edible creatures of any size that a hungry traveller can obtain in the forest without weapons. It is not so very long ago that the crew of a motor launch, driven ashore on the north side of the Kenai Peninsula, in northern Alaska, had to subsist for a month upon porcupine meat.

The porcupines are so very unemotional and deliberate in their movements that we cannot help regarding them as stupid. The very perfection of their spiny defence seems responsible for this as it has discouraged mental development and one feels that the future of the porcupine family will be hard when circumstances necessitate further adaptation.



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The plant of the Canada Cement Company at Exshaw, Alberta.

pavements, its bridges and railway lines and homes and office buildings.

Secondly, the cement industry leads the way in giving the prairie provinces the general development which they must have.

IN the future of the west there will come many industries and factories by which the people of the west will manufacture for themselves, attract population, make great cities and larger markets, and possess the combination of agriculture, manufacturing and finance by which permanent prosperity is made secure.

Cement is the pioneer in this industrial development. There was a day when cement for western building had to be brought from England by ship around Cape Horn. There was a later day when it was brought from the east by train.

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THE art of Home Dyeing is the easiest method available, by which women can express their individuality in their wardrobes and homes. It offers the opportunity to everyone, to carry out definite color schemes with the smallest outlay of money. A great many old fabrics and odd pieces can be reclaimed and utilized, and many beautiful shades can be duplicated on cheaper materials which are often obtainable only in more expensive fabrics.

It is the purpose of this article to give a complete outline of dyeing methods, showing the ease with which the work can be conducted and the various ways in which household dyes may be utilized.

All of the household package dyes on the market today are aniline dyes produced from the by-products of coal tar.

Our ancestors dyed their cloth with extracts from barks, berries and various mineral salts. The method was laborious and the results uncertain. Contrary to some present day beliefs, the old natural dyestuffs were not the equal in any way to our present day products. Some of them were fairly fast colors and others were very poor. The range of colors was very limited and no bright clear shades were available. How often we hear of the mythical splendor of the Roman robes dyed with Tyrian purple. Scientists have obtained small amounts of this ancient dye from its source, a small shell fish which thrives in the Mediterranean Sea, and have found the shade of purple which it produces is so dull, that it would have no use in

abilities for home and wardrobe decorations.

The Dyeing of Garments and Materials
First select the proper kind of dye. There are two major classes of textile



fibres in common use so there are two classes of dyes to produce the best results on each. Cotton, linen and rayon are the most important members of the vegetable fibres. Wool and silk constitute the important fibres of animal origin.

No textile dyer would think of using one dye for all types of materials. He selects the variety, especially prepared for the particular material which he is dyeing. In this way only can he obtain the best results on all kinds of goods.

A cotton fibre is hollow and smooth. Under a microscope it resembles a transparent, slightly twisted tube. Cotton and linen are both vegetable products. Rayon is a manufactured fibre of vegetable origin and requires the same dyes. A wool fibre is built up in tiny layers and under the microscope it resembles a pine cone in structure. Wool and silk are both of animal origin.

Therefore it is not difficult to understand why a special dye is advocated for each class. It is very easy to determine the kind of fibres present in any fabric. Ravel a thread from both the warp and weft and apply a lighted match to the ends. If it is wool, silk or any other animal fibre, the threads will singe slowly, giving out an odor like burning hair and will leave a heavy halled ash. The same test applied to cotton, linen, rayon or other vegetable fibres, will show that they burn or flash rapidly, leaving a very light ash and an odor like burning paper. Adulterated silk will glow without flaming and leave an ash in the form of the fabric. This is due to the foreign substance used in weighting of silk.

After determining the proper dye to use, the next step is to decide what color to use. White or uncolored materials may be dyed any shade, but when the goods are already colored, this must be taken into consideration. A simple rule to remember when dyeing over other color is this: Dyeing is like a sum in addition, the original color, plus the dye used, equals the final shade. For instance blue over yellow produces green; red over blue produces purple, etc. Light shades cannot be produced over dark colors.

Next prepare the dyebath. Use only tin, copper, brass, agate or enamel vessels. Never use an aluminum or galvanized pan for dyeing. Select a vessel which will hold enough water to float the goods easily, so that they may be stirred and turned well throughout the entire dyeing process.

Clip one corner of the dye envelope with scissors and pour the dye powder into a small pan. Pour over this, one quart of boiling water and stir until dissolved. The quart solution can be easily divided to dye materials which weigh less than a pound. Eight tablespoons of this quart solution equals one-eighth of the package and will produce the standard shade on two ounces of material. Weigh the material to be dyed while dry and then determine how much of the dye solution to add to the dyebath.

The amount of water for the dyebath need not be measured exactly. Experience teaches that about three gallons of water is sufficient to float one pound of average material without cramping. Firmly woven materials will require slightly less, and bulky fabrics may require somewhat more. To the necessary amount of water add the dissolved dye. When using the special dyes for wool or silk, add two tablespoons strong vinegar for each gallon of water in the dyebath. The dyes for cotton, linen or mixed goods require two heaping tablespoons common salt for each gallon of water.

The goods must be thoroughly clean before dyeing. Remove all spots and stains and wash the entire material in mild soap suds, rinse thoroughly and then enter into the dyebath. The goods must be moist when entered into the dyebath which should be cold or lukewarm. Raise the temperature of the dyebath slowly to the simmering or boiling temperature, stirring the material constantly with two smooth sticks. Cotton goods should be boiled 30 minutes and then allowed to remain in the cooling dyebath for another 30 minutes. Wool and silk should never be boiled vigorously. A gentle simmer is sufficient to produce excellent results. When light colors are being dyed 15 minutes will be long enough to produce the desired shade. In some instances, where very dark shades are being dyed, 45 minutes will be necessary to obtain the desired depth.

Goods appear much darker when wet and to obtain an approximate idea of their depth, hold the wet material to the light and by looking through, the shade will be seen about the same as when dry.

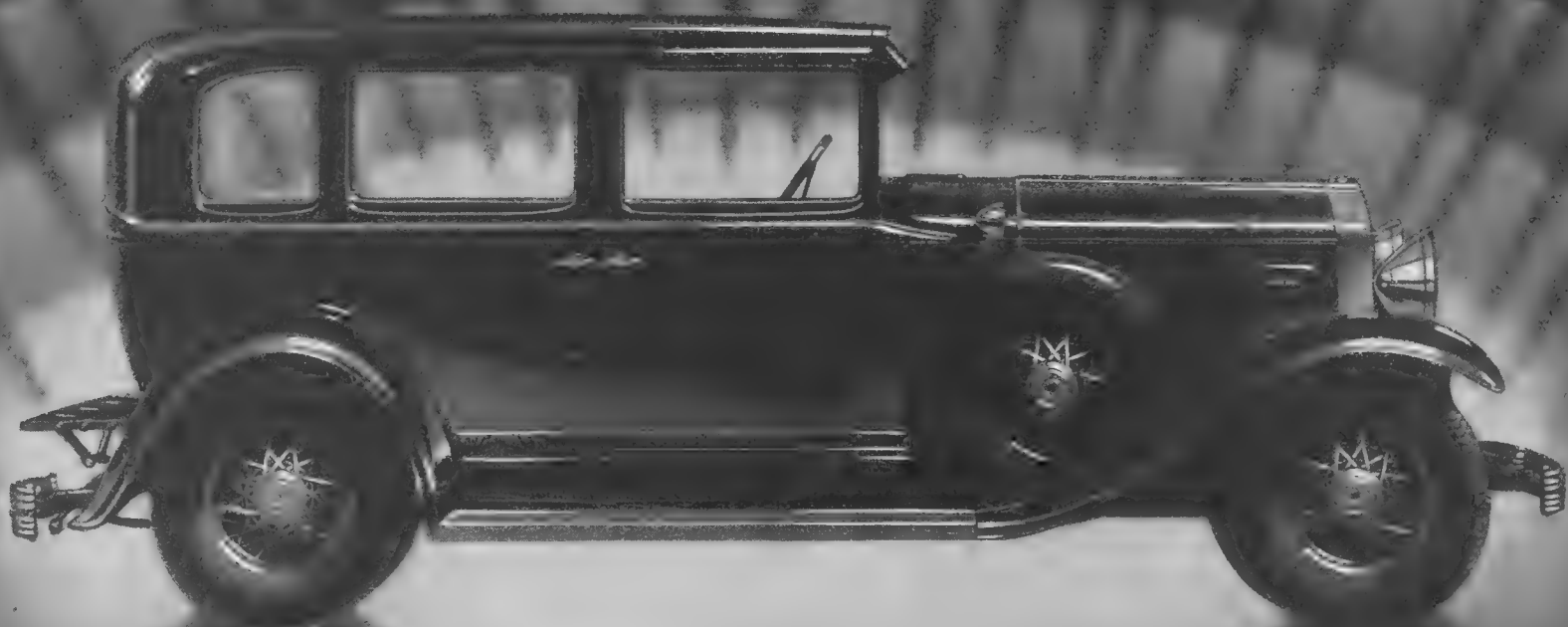


Rinse goods thoroughly after removing from the dyebath and dry in the shade. Wool goods should be pressed under a cloth while slightly damp, and silk materials should be rolled into a towel and pressed on the wrong side while they are still damp. Rayon should be pressed under a cloth, with a warm iron. Rayon, because of its

Continued on page 64



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2 Any Kodak, Brownie, Hawk-Eye, or other camera producing negatives not larger than $3\frac{1}{4} \times 5\frac{1}{2}$ inches (postcard size) and any brand of film, chemicals and papers may be used in making pictures for this contest. A contestant need not own the camera. The finishing, of course, may be done by his dealer.

3 Both ordinary contact prints, and enlargements not to exceed 7 inches in the long dimension, are eligible; but,

4 In the Special Enlargement Competition, prints having a long dimension of not less than 9 inches or more than 17 inches are eligible. Entries in the Enlargement Competition are eligible for Special Enlargement Prizes only.

5 Prints shall be unmounted, but an entry blank shall be enclosed. Use the accompanying blank, obtain others from dealers; copy the form, or write Prize Contest Office, Canadian Kodak Co., Limited, Toronto 9, Ontario.

6 An entrant may submit as many pictures as he pleases and at as many different times as he pleases, provided that the pictures have been made on or after March 1, 1929, and that they reach the Prize Contest Office, Canadian Kodak Co., Limited, Toronto 9, Ontario, by the specified closing date.

7 Entries in the Child Picture Contest to be eligible for the March award shall be received at the Prize Contest Office, Canadian Kodak Co. Limited, Toronto 9, Ontario, by midnight of March 31, 1929; and for the April award by midnight of April 30, 1929. The child in the picture shall not have passed the twelfth birthday.

8 A picture that is to be considered in the Child Picture Contest must be so designated on the back.

In the case of other pictures, however, the entrant need not, unless he wishes to, specify into which of the classifications his pictures should go. The Prize Contest Office reserves the right to change a classification for the benefit of the entrant. If not classified on the back by the entrant, the pictures will go into the classes in which they are most likely to win.

9 Each prize-winning picture, together with the negative, and the rights to the use thereof for advertising, publication, or exhibition in any manner, becomes the property of the Kodak Company.

10 No prints can be returned, except that entries in the Enlargement Competition will be returned upon request. All mailings are at the owner's risk.

Do not send negatives until they are requested.

11 The decision of the judges will be final. In the event of a tie, the advertised award will be paid to each of the tying contestants.

12 All pictures will be judged 50% on subject interest; 25% on composition and arrangement; 25% on photographic excellence (correctness of exposure, etc.).

13 Mail pictures to Prize Contest Office, Canadian Kodak Co. Limited, Toronto 9, Ontario.

14 An entrant may receive only one prize. In case the judges select any entrant for more than one award, he will receive the largest thereof. If he wins, for example, a \$100 Provincial prize in the Child Picture Contest, and if either the same print or another of his prints in the General Contest wins an award larger than \$100, he will receive the larger amount. The Kodak Company will consider the purchase of desirable pictures even though not prize winners.

15 Winners of the Provincial prizes in the Child Picture Contest for March will be notified as soon as possible after March 31, and for the April Contest as soon as possible after April 30, 1929; winners in the Special Enlargement Competition and all other classifications will be notified as soon as possible after May 31, 1929.

The Wheels of Time

Continued from page 24

car-makers in turn will be reaching out for more and more records to break.

The problems that this change has brought into the Dominion's business and social life are so great and so varied that it is impossible to do anything more than touch on a few of the high spots. Old Man Jones may be worrying about young Billy parked with his sweetie for a couple of hours at night on a quiet roadside. That's his problem, and it frets him for he has forgotten that he used the old porch and hammock combination in his youth, and worried his old grandfather in just the same way. But Old Man Jones' problem is as nothing compared to the puzzle that is making Sir Henry Thornton and Mr. Beatty of the big railway systems lose both weight and sleep. They see their passenger traffic melting away like snowdrifts before a Chinook wind. In the United States, passenger traffic is actually declining. In Canada there is still a slight annual increase, but it compares in no way at all with the growth of prosperity and population. In the old days, when Canadians made money, they took trips. They still do, but nowadays the only use they have for trains is to race them to the level crossings.

HERE is another problem that faces the world to-day. Not all motor accidents are caused at level crossings, but in 1926, 606 people were killed in motor accidents in Canada; in 1927 the total rose to 864, and last year it crossed 1,000 mark.

The trouble is that the industry is growing faster than the good sense of the people. But, when the day comes that everybody is driving a car, accidents will become more and more rare. The survivors will have learned caution.

But there are pleasures as well as worries, and advantages as well as drawbacks. Quick transportation of goods by car has meant that distribution of small quantities of goods can be made at short notice. The wholesaler and the retailer are drawn closer together from one end of the country to the other, and the risk for both of them is reduced. Business has become safer, and the motor car has played its part in that change. Besides that, once the stores are closed, and business is over for the day, the car is at hand to help out the leisure hours. The web of society has tightened, and where people are drawn closer together, there is more understanding, more trust and more confidence. Ask anyone who has travelled from Canada to California by car. He may have started out with a great hatred of Americans on the road who have given him a hand with that punctured tire, or who have loaned him gas, or sent back help, and he realizes that the friendship of the road is a real thing, and a thing worth having and keeping. It is hard to go to war with friends, and the more people that hit the road in their cars, the harder it will be, all the world over, to scare up the war lords. That is no mean advantage, and it grows greater every year.

There is more to tourist travelling than friendship, however, and the money it brings to a country is worth thinking of also. Last year Canada received \$300,000,000 from its tourists. In the three National Parks in the Rocky Mountains, more than a quarter of a million cars were parked during the short season. Each car is estimated to contain four passengers, which means that a million people saw the Rockies from the roads. In the East there is a constant stream of American cars crossing the bridges and ferries between Canada and the south. Some come on business, others come for pleasure, still others want a drink. A few are bootleggers, but they go through at night, and are not counted in the official totals.

Of all the parts of the Dominion, Western Canada will see the greatest development in the automobile field in the next few years. Road building has only just begun on a serious scale. When the building programmes are carried through "you'd never know the old place now." The farmers will no

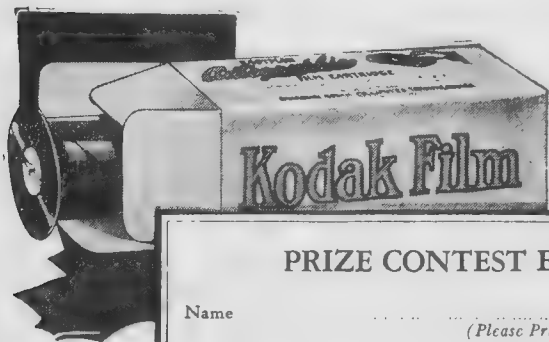
longer be shut into their homes for five months of the year with little to do but kick the cat round the kitchen. The bright lights of the headlights will get him as they have got the rest of the world. But his use of the car will not, as it is not even to-day, be purely social. The way that the 1928 harvest was got to market this year is only a foretaste of the future. Power machinery and motor trucks will lift his grain from the field to the elevator so fast that he will get all his spring ploughing done before the autumn has fairly started. The uses of the automobile are only slowly being realized.

This is partly because of the class of car now being built. Everyone has seen the pictures of the first motor cars built. Thirty-five years ago in Great Britain, the Hon. Charles Rolls, whose name goes down to history in the name Rolls-Royce, was only allowed to steer his car down the street when preceded by a man carrying a red flag in his right hand. The car looked like a kind of cross between a tandem bicycle and a church pew, and must have been as uncomfortable to sit on. Since then the designers and engineers have been busy. Smaller and more powerful engines make their appearance every year. Wheels, gear shifts and springs add strength and comfort to the car. Every car now on the road is a good car. It could not be sold if it was not. Body building has become an art, and the elegance of appearance of the new cars each year makes the driver wonder how he could have been satisfied with the old bus. Not only the driver wonders. The back seat driver is an important buying factor; also Madame is more interested in the upholstery and fittings of the car than she is in the engine, for she realizes that all engines are more or less alike. They all stop and start when desired. Thus dealers will tell you that the paint job and the general appearance, the nickel ash holder, the shades on the car windows are just as big selling factors as anything else.

WHAT does the future hold out? Already competition has become so keen that each manufacturer must fight hard to keep his place in the running. Different designs, greater comfort and more speed will be among the essentials. But all kinds of extras will be added. There will be cars specially fitted out for camping purposes with something more elaborate and comfortable than a fly sheet or a rear trunk or a suitcase carried on the running board. The car of the future will become a luxurious, swift running palace on wheels. Reports from Europe state that the new Mercedes customs car will reach and hold a speed of 120 miles an hour. The cost is heavy: £2,000 for chassis alone, which puts it a bit out of the class of the average car owner, but in ten years' time, it is probable that the cheap car of the mass of the people will have the same speed rating, and perhaps more. The roads will be like velvet, and the springs as delicate and buoyant as yeast dough. People will start off from Winnipeg at noon on Saturday, spend Sunday in Calgary and Banff and be back in Winnipeg for work on Monday morning, all the better for the change of air.

Traffic problems will be solved, and the cities of the future will be built with chief attention paid to the car owner who may be living 50 or 100 miles away from his office. The constant change of scene will make monotony a forgotten curse, and the motor car will have done it.

Once prophecy begins, it is hard to stop it, but these simple predictions must be brought to a close. There is nothing extravagant in them, any more than there was in H. G. Wells' prophecy, made in 1900, that there would be heavier than air flying machines by 1950. When one remembers the rapid disappearance of the buggy and buckboard in the last 30 years, it may well be doubted if the automobile of 1960 will be recognized as the descendant of the car we think so fine to-day. One thing is certain: there will be automobiles, and millions of them.



For further details of
this Prize Contest see
opposite page of this
issue of this magazine.

PRIZE CONTEST ENTRY BLANK

Name
(Please Print)

Street Address

Town and Province.....

Make of Camera Make of Film

Enclose this blank with your entry and mail to Prize Contest Office, Canadian Kodak Co. Limited, Toronto 9, Ontario.

Do not place your name on either the front or the back of any picture. Be sure that each entry in the Provincial Child Picture Contest is so designated on back.

Kodak Film in the familiar yellow box is dependably uniform. Reduces the danger of under- or over-exposure. It gets the picture.

CANADIAN KODAK CO., LIMITED *Announces the* *Largest Prize Contest in Photographic History*

\$30,000

in Cash Awards *for Amateur Picture-Takers Only*

**Grand Prize \$2,500 . . 11 Prizes of \$500 each . . 11 Prizes of \$250 each . .
125 Prizes of \$100 each . . 1,223 Money Prizes in All . . for snapshots,
time-exposures, enlargements . . only strictly amateur photographers
may compete . . Every picture-taker has an equal chance to win!**

PRIZES

Grand Prize of \$2,500.00

11 prizes of	500.00 each
11 prizes of	250.00 each
125 prizes of	100.00 each
275 prizes of	10.00 each
800 prizes of	5.00 each

1,223 \$30,000.00

\$11,400 in Special Monthly Provincial and State Prizes

For the most interesting picture of Children submitted during March and April, \$100.00 will be awarded in each province of Canada and each state of the United States, \$11,400.00 in all. Read the details below.



THIS is a contest for *everyone*. It is easy to enter—and there are 1,223 money prizes. Perhaps you have not taken more than a half-dozen pictures in all your life—you may never before have held a camera in your hands—yet *your* entry may please the judges most. And regardless of the make of camera you use—from an inexpensive Kodak, Brownie or Hawk-Eye on up to a camera of the costliest kind—your chance to win is just as good.

This prize money will not be awarded for technical skill alone. You do not need to be an experienced picture-maker to win. The bulk of this \$30,000 will go to those who send in the *most interesting pictures* in each of 10 different classifications. Now is the time to get your camera into action. The opportunity to win a cash prize of anywhere from \$2,500 down is knocking at your door.

Here is the way in which the \$30,000 prize money is to be distributed. You may enter for each and all of the classes. Send in as many entries as you like. The more pictures you submit in this contest the better is your chance of being numbered among the 1,223 fortunate ones to win.

GRAND PRIZE—For the Best Picture of Any Type—The best picture of all of those submitted in the following classifications will be awarded a grand prize of \$2,500.

PROVINCIAL AND STATE PRIZES—For Child and Baby Pictures—\$11,400 will be awarded for the pictures showing the most interesting children . . . in both March and April \$100 will be given for the best child picture from *each province* of Canada and *each state* of the United States,* making 114 prizes in all.

*The Maritime Provinces of Canada count as one province. British Columbia and the Yukon count as one province. District of Columbia counts as one state; Hawaii, Alaska and all other U.S. dependencies combined count as one state.

Snap as many youngsters as you want from babies to boys and girls who are beginning to think of themselves as young men and women. Maybe there's a baby right in your own family that could help you win first prize by a big margin. Not necessarily a beautiful child, but one with personality, character, "IT"—in eyes and smile and dimples. Maybe there's such a youngster next door, or next street, but no matter whose baby it is, get the kind of picture that shows it at its best.

Every picture of children that you submit stands a chance of winning the Grand Prize; or any of the 103 prizes in each of four other awards. And even if you don't come in for a share of the prize money you will, at least, have made an attractive picture to add to your collection. With a little patience, however, you can almost surely get a picture good enough to win. A striking close-up of a boy or girl; a group at play; youngsters laughing, sleeping; in every-day clothes, rompers, overalls or fancy costume. Anything goes as long as it is a picture of children, and if it has the least spark of interest in it, don't fail to send it in. What looks to you like a "flop" may look like a "wow" to the judges.

This award gives you 106 chances to win: (1) You can enter the March contest for the best child picture from your province, (2) You can enter the April contest for the best child picture from your province, (3) The pictures that you have entered for the provincial contest during either of these months and pictures that reach Toronto during May are all eligible for the Grand Prize of \$2,500 or for any of the one hundred and three prizes in Awards No. 2, No. 3, No. 4, or No. 10.

AWARD NO. 1—Scenics—For the best picture of any city or country outdoor scene . . . a first prize of \$500; a second of \$250; a third of \$100; 25 prizes of \$10 each and 75 prizes of \$5 each. Here's your chance to capitalize your ability to spot an interesting outdoor subject. Landscapes and marines, distant and nearby views, mountains and water, nearby bits of nature composition, travel subjects and street scenes.

AWARD NO. 2—Informal Portraits—Pictures made at home, say two to ten feet distance, for the purpose of showing a person's features . . . a first prize of \$500; a second of \$250; a third of \$100; 25 prizes of \$10 each and 75 prizes of \$5 each.

AWARD NO. 3—Story-Telling Pictures—For the pictures telling the most interesting story . . . a first prize of \$500; a second of \$250; a third of \$100; 25 prizes of \$10 each and 75 prizes of \$5 each.

Take a picture in which children, adults or animals do something—anything except looking at the camera. For instance, a puppy pulling at a baby's sleeve; children in any form of play; father proudly exhibiting the new car to a friend. There are any number of opportunities for you to take pictures like these.

AWARD NO. 4—Sport Pictures—For the best pictures of sports and games . . . a first prize of \$500; a second of \$250; a third of \$100; 25 prizes of \$10 each and 75 prizes of \$5 each. It may be skating or coasting or skiing—or baseball, tennis, golf. Hiking, too . . . and boating, archery, riding—all serve as opportunities to make prize-winning pictures.

AWARD NO. 5—Animal Pictures—For the best pictures of pets, live stock, wild animals either at large or in zoos . . . a first

prize of \$500; a second of \$250; a third of \$100; 25 prizes of \$10 each and 75 prizes of \$5 each.

AWARD NO. 6—Nature Study Pictures—For the best pictures of flowers, birds, butterflies, leaves, rocks, spiderwebs, any nature subject . . . a first prize of \$500; a second of \$250; a third of \$100; 25 prizes of \$10 each and 75 prizes of \$5 each.

AWARD NO. 7—Buildings and Architectural Detail—For the best exteriors of homes, churches, schools, offices, libraries, other buildings, or portions thereof . . . a first prize of \$500; a second of \$250; a third of \$100; 25 prizes of \$10 each and 75 prizes of \$5 each.

AWARD NO. 8—Interior Pictures—For the best inside views of rooms, corridors, staircases, or other portions of homes or other buildings . . . a first prize of \$500; a second of \$250; a third of \$100; 25 prizes of \$10 each and 75 prizes of \$5 each.

AWARD NO. 9—Still Life Studies—For the best pictures of art objects, curios, cut flowers, any still-life subjects in artistic arrangement . . . a first prize of \$500; a second of \$250; a third of \$100; 25 prizes of \$10 each and 75 prizes of \$5 each.

AWARD NO. 10—Unusual Photographs—For the best pictures made at night; pictures of fires, lightning, storms, silhouettes; or any pictures that are unusual either as to topic or as to photographic treatment . . . a first prize of \$500; a second of \$250; a third of \$100; 25 prizes of \$10 each and 75 prizes of \$5 each.

Special Prizes for Enlargements—\$1,350—Any picture is a better picture when enlarged. For the best enlargements from negatives made on or after March 1, 1929 . . . a first prize of \$500; a second of \$250; a third of \$100; 25 prizes of \$10 and 50 prizes of \$5 each. Your film dealer or photo-finisher will be glad to help you choose a picture likely to win. (See Conditions Nos. 2 and 4).

Each of these big cash prizes will have to be won by somebody . . . why not you? Aim at the big money and you stand an excellent chance of winning it or of coming in for one of the smaller prizes. Don't miss this chance of winning a share of the big prize money. There is always the certainty of being rewarded with some excellent pictures you might otherwise fail to get.

THESE ARE THE JUDGES. Observe how diversified are their interests and how broad are their viewpoints and experience. You must admit that no fairer Board of Judges could be assembled than that represented here:

Madame Galli-Curci, internationally known singer; Miss Ethel Barrymore, leading actress; Howard Chandler Christy, noted artist; Hector Charlesworth, author, critic, editor "Toronto Saturday Night"; Clare Briggs, famous cartoonist; James R. Quirk, publisher, Photoplay Magazine; Rudolf Eickemeyer, distinguished photographer, Medalist Royal Photographic Society of Great Britain; Kenneth Wilson Williams, editor "Kodakery" and photographic expert.

For the two Monthly Child Picture Contests, the following will be judges: James R. Quirk, Rudolf Eickemeyer, Kenneth Wilson Williams.

NOW—read the simple Contest Conditions (see below) and get your camera out!



Kodak Film in the familiar yellow box is dependably uniform, reducing the danger of under- or over-exposure. It gets the picture.

For further details and entry blank, see Opposite Page, this issue of this magazine

It's a fact



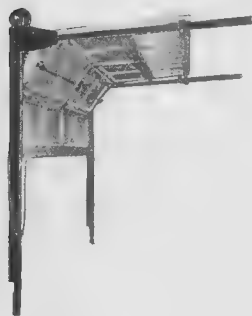
That Slidetite Doors

cannot be blocked by snowdrifts nor blown about by high winds, a worth-while investment because they're trouble proof. Equipped with R.W. Slidetite Hardware, they

Slide and Fold Inside

Their entire weight is carried on hangers sliding in overhead track, they cannot warp or sag. Slidetite Hardware assures easy movement and weather-proof closing always. If the entrance is too limited to fold doors inside, use *Rolltite*---a door that rolls up overhead and occupies a minimum of space.

Side view of
The Rolltite Door



"Distinctive Garage Door Hardware," a booklet describing all types of garage doors will be sent to you gladly on request.

Inside view of
The Rolltite Door



Richards-Wilcox Canadian Co. Ltd.
London Ontario

Winnipeg,

Montreal

Dr. G. F. Amyot, Farthest North Medicine Man

The Doctor With the Largest Territory in all Canada

By Grace Melrose



A Family Group

ABOUT two years ago a young physician of Ottawa, who had been attached to the Royal Air Force overseas during the Great War and had thereby proved his worth in emergencies of various sorts was appointed to take charge of Ile a la Crosse Hospital in the far north of the province of Saskatchewan, an institution which was built by the department of Indian affairs and is now operated by the Saskatchewan department of public health. It is a post filled with hardships and hazards but, nothing daunted, the young medico, Dr. G. F. Amyot, and his wife who was a Regina girl, set out for this distant spot followed by the good wishes of their numerous friends, many of whom must have expected never to see them again. And in the short period which has elapsed since their departure the stories of their experiences that have trickled down from the north read like a series of chapters in some impossible Arabian Nights' Dream, modern version.

Ile a la Crosse, although one of the oldest settlements in the hinterland is still an outpost of civilization. One of the Hudson's Bay Posts has been established there for seventy years and long before the city of Regina appeared on the map, traders, hunters, trappers, and fishermen had passed through the place, which was on the old York boat-route from Hudson's Bay. The years have brought few changes there. Trapping and fishing are still the chief occupations of the people, less than a dozen of whom are white. One new landmark however, has put in its appearance---the fine new government hospital of which Dr. Amyot is head. He boasts two very unique distinctions---he is situated at the farthest-north point of any medical man in the Dominion, and he has the greatest territory under his charge. It stretches right to the Pole.

Up Cowan Lake and down Crooked River and Beaver River to Ile a la Crosse on the lake of the same name is 190 miles from end-of-steel at Big River. In summer the trip is made by canoe and requires several days, the traveller striking camp each night under the open sky. In winter time Dr. Amyot journeys by dog-team, and at intervals at this season there are shelters where the traveller may stop over night. It will be recalled that about a year ago Dr. Amyot played a conspicuously fine and heroic part in rescue work at the tragic Beauval Indian School fire when a number of children lost their lives. Word of the disaster naturally reached Ile a la Crosse before it got to civilization and the intrepid doctor secured the services of a bush-ranger's airplane and flew to the scene of the holocaust where he was in time to render medical aid to a number of little sufferers who, but for him, might have perished with their companions.

Dr. Amyot again proved himself a hero, and just recently, when in the face of grave dangers he hastened to the rescue of Flying-Officer A. F. MacDonald who was seriously injured in an airplane

accident last fall in the Northland at the remote little village of Dillon. Details of the courage he displayed were only revealed through the medium of an official report of the affair which was despatched to the Federal department of national defence by Squadron Leader L. F. Stevenson of 797 Notre Dame Avenue, Winnipeg. But conventional though the report of necessity is, there nevertheless runs through it the glow of a warm-hearted tribute to an unusually brave man. Somewhat condensed it runs as follows:

"Flying-Officer MacDonald was seriously injured in an airplane accident at Dillon Village on September 14. A messenger was sent by canoe to Ile a la Crosse to obtain medical assistance and Dr. Amyot the resident hospital doctor left within twenty minutes by light canoe, which craft was fitted with only an outboard engine, on the 75-mile trip involving the crossing of two of the worst lakes in the north.

"In spite of high winds and heavy seas he pushed through the worst of these in absolute darkness, and took to paddles several times when it was impossible to handle the canoe with the engine.

"The writer was told by eye-witnesses that they never had seen a canoe taken through such a terrific sea, and stated that they had begged Dr. Amyot not to attempt it.

"The doctor arrived at Dillon Village 13 hours after he had left Ile a la Crosse and the Hudson's Bay Post manager at the village said it was a privilege to witness such a display of canoeship and courage as Dr. Amyot's, who drove the canoe through heavy seas which for minutes at a time absolutely obscured the craft itself with clouds of spray. Dr. Amyot's man, a Mr. Ramsay, declared that he was forced to bail continuously with a bucket during practically the whole trip and the doctor had to stop his engine many times and take to the paddles to enable him to catch up with the water they had shipped.

"Without any sleep for 28 hours and after one of the most nerve-wracking and gruelling experiences possible to imagine, Dr. Amyot turned his attention to Flying-Officer MacDonald, who was severely burned by ethylized gasoline, with his right ankle broken, his teeth knocked out, his lips badly cut, three ribs fractured, and a serious cut on the back.

"For four days Dr. Amyot worked on the aviator, nursed him, fed him, made splints, dressed his wounds, and in fact did everything that was physically possible for him to do, and that with very little sleep or rest. The Service and Flying-Officer MacDonald may well thank Dr. Amyot for saving his life. Such a display of courage, perseverance, and sheer unselfishness is seldom seen and it is strongly recommended that every effort be made to see that Dr. Amyot is rewarded."

The Regina Leader said editorially in part:

Continued on page 101

Now Nine great companies under One direction

Speaking of the British chemical merger—Imperial Chemical Industries Limited—Lord Melchett says:

"Chemicals form the foundations of industries. Modern mergers are formed for the purpose of realizing the best economic results which both capital and labour will share to the best advantage. They enable varieties of industries to form an insurance against fluctuations of markets and prices in individual products."

CANADIAN INDUSTRIES LIMITED has lately added four more industries to those already under its direction. It is obvious that this gives greater opportunity for chemical research and the application of new discoveries to all of these companies.

Canadian Industries Limited maintains laboratories where research and experiment are continually improving the products and reducing their cost to the consumer—at the same time seeking and finding new products and new ways of using present materials.

In addition to its own research staff, Canadian Industries Limited has the knowledge and research backing of two of the world's greatest industrial enterprises—Imperial Chemical Industries Limited of Great Britain and E. I. duPont de Nemours & Co. of the United States.

The complete organization is now comprised of the following companies:

CANADIAN EXPLOSIVES LIMITED
DOMINION CARTRIDGE COMPANY LIMITED
CANADIAN FABRIKOID LIMITED
FLINT PAINT & VARNISH LIMITED
*THE TRIANGLE CHEMICAL CO. LIMITED

*THE CANADIAN SALT COMPANY LIMITED
*GRASSELLI CHEMICAL COMPANY LIMITED
ARLINGTON COMPANY OF CANADA LIMITED
*CANADIAN AMMONIA COMPANY LIMITED

**Newly acquired companies.*

All of these companies will now operate as Divisions of Canadian Industries Limited and the C.I.L. Oval will gradually replace the old company trade-marks. When you buy C.I.L. products, you do so with the assurance that you are buying products resulting from years of specialized manufacturing experience.

This is No. 1 of a series of talks on scientific research and modern industry.



CANADIAN INDUSTRIES LIMITED
AND SUBSIDIARY COMPANIES

EXPLOSIVES AMMUNITION DUCO, PAINTS FABRIKOID PYRALIN SALT HEAVY CHEMICALS FERTILIZERS



**for their Colours alone you will covet
them, these lovely Celanese Fabrics**

Even if you could remain unmoved at their distinctive beauty . . . at the power they have of making the simple smart . . . of catching the very spirit of the mode . . .

And even if you could overlook the modernity of them . . . these supreme creations of the hour . . . the style correctness of them . . . the Parisian stamp they bear . . .

Still you would covet them for their exquisite colours. Shades such as these are elsewhere seen only in the dewdrenched flowers of dawn, in the blended glory of sunlit blooms, in the colours of Nature's palette. So clear, yet soft and given to harmony; so pure, yet subtly changing from mellow highlight to rich shadow.

A word to the Celanese Style Bureau, Room 521W. Canada Cement Building, will bring you a sight of these fabrics:—

Ninon	Ninette
Voile	Cameo Crepe
Crepe Celia	Crepe Marocain
Crepe Noraine	Crepe Veranese
Crepe Celeste	Celasuede
Satin Minuet	Foulard

In Silk and Dress Departments

CELANESE FABRICS

Celanese is the registered trademark in Canada of Canadian Celanese Limited, to designate its brand of yarns, fabrics, garments, etc.

The Missing Man

By Andrew Roddan, D.D.

IT WAS very early in the morning, the hill top was deserted, and a strange silence seemed to pervade the atmosphere. The clouds were hurrying across the sky, and the light of the pale moon came in intermittent flashes over the landscape.

Yonder, the figure of a man could be seen slowly climbing the rocky ascent. He paused now and then to rest, and gaze up into the sky as if troubled in spirit. At length he reached the crown of the hill, where he halted for a moment, then quietly walked over to the raised mound in the centre. The earth had been freshly dug, leaving three gaping holes in the ground, while nearby lay three rough hewn beams, each with a bar at the end forming a cross, scattered about were a few pieces of rope and some large iron nails. Again he looked around as if aware of some other presence, then kneeling down at the place where the centre cross had been erected, he lifted some of the soft soil in his hands, and as the gleams of light shown through, he saw that it was stained a dark red, as if with blood. Gently the soil slipped through his fingers, and bowing low until his head touched the ground, he sobbed bitterly while his whole being trembled with emotion.

Slowly he arose from the ground and glancing around, he began to walk down the hill towards the city. All around the hill top it was evident that a large crowd of people had recently gathered, the grass was trampled flat, the shrubs were broken, and rubbish was scattered around. As he passed through the garden on the face of the hill he halted for a moment at an open tomb, then covering his face with his hands he passed on down the rocky path. All was peaceful and quiet in the early morning hours, the deep silence broken only by the call of the cuckoo bird for its mate. When he came near the city he hurried his pace, and seemed anxious lest he should be seen on the streets of Jerusalem at that early hour.

Outside the gates of the High Priest's Palace he stopped for a moment, and his feelings of sorrow changed to those of deep resentment and bitterness, as he thought of what had transpired within these walls only a few hours before.

As he hurried on he saw what seemed a fearsome figure draw near, but as the strange form came closer he recognised a friend, and heard a welcome voice salute him with the words "Thomas! why, man, where have you been, and where are you going at this hour? You look frightened to death man, what has happened to you?" Thomas did not tell him, but with a tone of anxiety in his voice he said, "Oh, Jacob, you do not understand what it has meant for me to lose my very best friend." "Listen" said Jacob (looking towards the house where they lodged) "I saw all your friends gathering in the upper room last night at a late hour, and I think they are still there, the light is burning yet. See! (as he pointed towards the house) it might be that Jesus will come while they are gathered there, and if He should come you will be missing, Thomas." He looked up at his friend and said "Jacob, that is a hard thing for me to believe, hard indeed, I only wish I could believe it with all my heart, it would relieve me of this burden of doubt and despair. I loved Him, I love Him still, but He is not there, He is dead, I saw Him die, and I have just come from the place where He died. He is dead! dead! Oh, Jacob, when I think of it all now, how we had hoped He would have redeemed our race from the bondage of the hated Roman" (he cast his eyes in the direction of the Roman soldier at the gate of the High Priest's Palace). "Jacob, I remember the first time I met Him, and He asked me to follow Him, and become one of His disciples. I doubted for a time. I was not sure of what my friends would say about it, but when I saw Him healing

the sick; making the lame to walk; giving sight to blind eyes; and when I heard His gracious words, and experienced His friendship, I came to the conclusion that He was the Messiah, and the Son of the Most High God. I resolved that I would lay aside all my doubts and follow Him all the way. Then when the opposition began to grow, and at last one of our group, Judas, you remember him Jacob? Well for a few pieces of filthy lucre he betrayed Jesus and led the soldiers out to our quiet place of meeting. I was afraid, and I fell into my old habit of doubt. Yes, Jacob, I saw them coming through the garden among the trees with their torches, and armed as if to take a bunch of robbers. They tied all up with thongs. That soldier over there, he tied me up, and he recognised me when he caught hold of me a few moments ago. I heard Him say 'You can take me but let these men go.' I saw Him stand before Pilate and heard him say that he would scourge Him and punish Him, and they did Jacob, Oh, how my heart went out to Him as he suffered and never opened His mouth to curse them or complain. When Pilate wanted to release Barrabas, you should have heard how they yelled for His blood. I saw Him walk that awful way under the load of that heavy cross, crushed in spirit and body. I saw Him as He hung there in mortal pain and heard Him say 'Father forgive them for they know not what they do' and then His last words how sweet they were, 'It is finished.' No Jacob, my Jesus is dead, dead, please do not tell me about seeing Him again, He is dead, and all my hope in life has died with Him. Farewell, friend, farewell."

AS he drew near to the lodging place where the other disciples were gathered, he saw shadows moving across the windows and his first impulse was to retreat. Then gathering up courage, he climbed the stairs on the outside of the house. His shadow on the wall made him start in fear, so intense were his feelings at the moment.

The door opened and he found himself in the presence of his fellow-disciples; he had a guilty feeling that made him hang his head as if in shame. A chorus of voices saluted him with the words "We have seen the Lord!" Thomas looked up with an expression of amazement on his face, as he heard one say, "Thomas, we missed you, and you missed the greatest thrill of your life when we heard the Lord say 'Peace be unto you.' It was wonderful," and another said, "Yes, and we have received new power, and a new commission to go out and tell the whole world that Jesus is risen again." There was a moment of silence as they all looked at Thomas surprised that he did not immediately rejoice at their wonderful experience. He lifted his eyes and then said "I am glad for your sakes that you have seen the Lord, but as for myself, except I shall see in His hands the print of the nails (these very nails I gathered this morning on the hill top) and put my finger into the print of the nails, and put my hand into His side I will not believe."

And so this man went about the city with his heart and mind filled with doubts and fears until the eighth day when the disciples were gathered again in the upper room. All their efforts to convince him of the reality of their wonderful experience had failed, and he sat with his head bowed in grief and sorrow.

Suddenly, they were all aware of the presence of Jesus in their midst again as they heard His voice saying "Peace be unto you." They looked and saw Jesus walking towards Thomas and He said, not with scorn, but tenderly, "Thomas, reach hither thy finger and see My hands, and reach hither thy hand and put it into My side, and be not faithless but believing." Slowly Thomas lifted his head and rising, looked into the face of Christ, and saw there the glory of the eternal, and with a voice trembling with sincere emotion he said, "My Lord, and My God."

IT WAS ENOUGH.

Film spreads over teeth

. . . discolours them . . . destroys them

Remove this film to keep teeth white and sound

A special way now urged by dentists everywhere removes it scientifically.

Teeth regain sparkling whiteness.

Please accept 10-day supply free

DENTAL science has studied discolored teeth and traced their cause to a cloudy film that coats them.

Then serious tooth and gum disorders have been investigated and their source, in a surprising number of cases, likewise was found to be this dingy film.

That is why the dental profession of today states with such emphasis the warning: Remove film from teeth each day. The way to do it is by the special film-removing dentifrice called Pepsodent.

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Run your tongue across the teeth. If you feel a slippery, slimy coating—that is film. An ever-forming, ever-present evil in your mouth.

It clings tightly to teeth and defies all ordinary ways of brushing. It gets into crevices and stays. It absorbs stains from food and smoking and turns teeth dull.

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Film cannot resist brushing the way it did before. Pepsodent first acts to curdle film. Then to remove it in gentle safety to enamel.

This recent scientific way is the greatest step made in a half century's study of tooth cleansing methods. Its results are seen on every hand.

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Between your dentist, and Pepsodent used twice a day, you obtain the ultimate in tooth and gum care as modern dental science knows it.

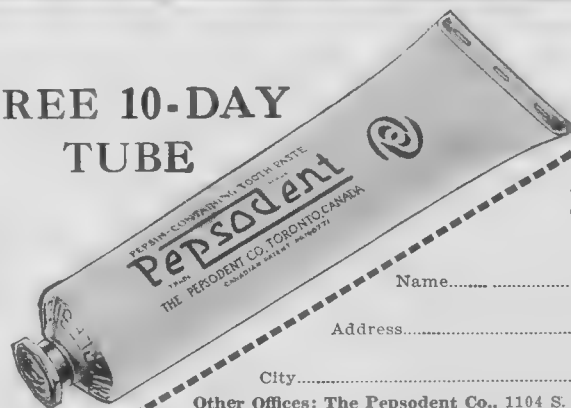
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The Special Film-Removing Dentifrice

No matter how white teeth may be *NOBODY'S* *IMMUNE**



*4 out of 5 While Caring for Teeth Neglect the Gums and Sacrifice Health to Pyorrhea

DENTAL authorities tell us that in this super-civilized age of luxurious living and soft foods, proper care of the gums is as important as care of the teeth.

For when gums are neglected they cannot resist disease. They recede from the teeth which loosen in their sockets. Then Pyorrhea sets in. Its poisons ravage health and leave in their wake a trail of havoc... A needless sacrifice made by 4 persons out of 5 after forty and thousands younger.

Brush your teeth, of course. But also brush gums vigorously with Forhan's for the Gums. It safeguards teeth and health. It helps to firm gums and keep them sound. As you know, Pyorrhea seldom attacks healthy gums.

You Can See and Feel the Results

When you have used Forhan's for a few days you will see an improvement in the appearance and health of the gums. Also you will note that teeth

are cleaner and whiter. For this dentifrice so easily and safely cleans teeth and protects them against acids which cause decay.

Pay a semi-annual visit to your dentist. And start brushing teeth and gums with Forhan's regularly, morning and night. Teach your children this health habit. They'll thank you in later years. For it is the most sensible way to care for teeth and gums and so protect precious health. Get a tube of Forhan's from your druggist today. Two sizes — 35c and 60c. Forhan's Limited, Montreal.

Forhan's for the Gums is far more than an ordinary toothpaste. It is the formula of R. J. Forhan, D. D. S. It is compounded with Forhan's Pyorrhea Liquid used by dentists everywhere. You will find this dentifrice especially effective as a gum massage if the directions that come with each tube are followed closely. It's good for the teeth. It's good for the gums. Use it faithfully.

New... Forhan's Antiseptic Refreshant It's The Perfect Mouthwash. It sweetens breath and taste and refreshes mouth. It is good for sore throat. It is a safe, pleasant antiseptic mouthwash, that has no telltale odor. Try it.

Forhan's for the gums

MORE THAN A TOOTHPASTE...IT CHECKS PYORRHEA

The Land of the Little People Who Jump

Continued from page 9

TO THE lover of history, particularly English and Canadians, the Basque country holds much interest, for it was in the neighborhood of Bayonne that Wellington's great campaign against Napoleon, commonly known as the Peninsular War, was brought to an end. For four years Wellington conducted that epic march of armies northwards across Spain and the Pyrenees, and the great victory at Victoria on June 13th, 1813, marked the deathblow to Napoleon's power in Spain. Wellington spent one winter in St. Jean-de-Luz. For a time he occupied quarters in the grey old building at No. 2 rue Grangabaita. Queerly enough, in this same house Napoleon also stayed for a short time when his forces had command of the region. There is probably no other house in the world which has housed two such distinguished soldiers, who were contemporary, and opposed to each other. The house is very undistinguished in aspect, and not a single photographer in the whole town had ever deemed it worthy of a negative.

Another monument, but more interesting to look at, which has often been graced by the presence of one of the world's great men, is the ancient fountain in the abandoned Convent of the Recollets. It stands in the town of Ciboure which lies across the river Nivelle from St. Jean-de-Luz. The two places have been rivals for about four centuries. The Convent has been transformed into the headquarters of the Customs Officers, but the cloister still exists. In the exercise yard is an old cistern, surmounted by a monument dated 1662. It was a gift from Cardinal Mazarin who was fond of visiting the convent and often came and sat at this spot. To mark his affection the monument was raised.

In connection with the Basques here are two, what may fairly be called "historical incidents" that are worth noting. Evidently the learned gentlemen who make up those "How do you rate?" columns in the newspapers, overlooked the Basque country as a possible field for new material. The first incident is that during the guerilla warfare in 1536 between the Basques and the Spaniards, a little group of Basques ran out of ammunition. To meet the situation they stuck their knives in the barrels of their muskets and charged the enemy, putting them to route. From this happening came the idea which resulted in the use of the bayonet.

We are also indebted to the Basques for the exclamation "By jingo!" that is if we believe Webster, an exclamation, by the way more blasphemous than it sounds, if we accept the ancient meaning. The Basque name for God is Jaungoicoa, which is pronounced somewhat like jingo. In time it became corrupted into the popular expression.

And now for a word about the "oldest" church of St. Jean-de-Luz.

Europe is so full of old churches and penny-needy guides eager to show them, that by and by the experienced traveller gets weary on the subject. As I heard one wary American say in a voice in which anguish and threatening were mingled: "Looka here, guide, if you say the word old church again, I'll knock your block off."

I sympathized with the tired and wrathful gentleman, for time and again I have been lured out of my way to look at one of the "eight million" old churches. Now a thing has to be more than old to be interesting, and, heaven knows, many of the places the traveller is shown, have nothing but their age to commend them. Personally I get more pleasure out of looking at a 500-year-old tree.

But the Church of St. John The Baptist at St. Jean-de-Luz well merits a visit. It was built in the early part of the year 1400, and though additions

and alterations were made to it at such recent date as 1671, the original gothic portico still stands. In style it is the most remarkable in the French Basque country. It is formed solely of a nave, long and spacious, with a wooden ceiling like the bottom of a boat. The floor is also of wood. Three tiers of wooden balconies, reserved for male worshippers, line the walls. This peculiarity, which characterises most churches in the Basque country, was started near the end of the 16th century by Bishop Jehan de Sossiondo, who sought in this way to get more seating space in a small area. He worked on the idea that if his church goers were comfortable he would get more of them.

On the face of one of the outer walls at the side of the church is the outline of a great portal, now a solid wall of stone, which bears an inscription explaining the history of this "forever-closed" doorway.

Through it on June 9th, 1660, passed Louis XIV and his young bride, Maria-Theresa of Spain, to be married by the church. This event had been led up to by a long parley between leading members of the two courts. The Treaty of The Pyrenees, drawn up by Mazarin and Don Louis de Haro, had been signed. A marriage by proxy had already taken place at Fontarabia in the presence of the King of Spain.

To mark the historical importance of the marriage the church officials had a special doorway cut through the solid stone wall.

The young Infanta entered the Church in the wake of the King. Louis was dressed in a coat of cloth of gold, glittering beneath folds of rich black lace. The cordon of the order of The Holy Spirit hung over all. The Infanta accompanied by the Duc d'Orleans wore a dress of silver tissue, and on her head a crown of heavy gold which Madame de Noailles supported from behind. Three princesses, then Anne of Austria, duchesses, marshals, peers and bishops followed in order of their rank.

At the end of the ceremony the wedding party left the church as they had entered it, and to mark the importance of the event, the doorway was at once walled up, and a commemorial tablet cut to tell the world that this door was used but once and for what purpose.

From the point of view of interest, the other side of the church is quite as unique. The whole side is devoted to a public lavatory.

I REGRET that in previous pages preceding this article I devoted so much time to telling of bull fighting, for in the Basque country they have a sport called "cow-fighting" which is quite as interesting as the major game; indeed, more interesting in that the cow never gets hurt, and only the men who fight her can. To all athletes and physical culturists, especially those who have gone in for jumping, I recommend the cow-fighting game as a test of agility. Voltaire called the Basques "the little people who jump." After witnessing a cow-fight, I am inclined to believe he gave them the name after seeing the national sport.

"Cow-fighting" is carried out on a much more modest scale than bull-fighting, and the men called "jumpers" and "side-steppers" do not receive the enormous salaries of the toradors. The principal places where cow-fighting is held are Dax, Peyrehorade and Soustons in the country north of Biarritz.

The cows are young, very active, Spanish-bred animals. The females are in all truth more deadly than the males. I certainly would like to see one of these animals admitted to the bull ring. For one thing: while a bull always charges straight ahead, the cows often turn abruptly, thus increasing their chances of getting a man.

In an arena or open field the cow is tied to a rope giving her a range of a score of feet. Her antagonists are the ecarteur or sidestepper, and the sauteur, or jumper. While the jumper performs the most striking feats, the man who has the most dangerous task is the sidestepper.

The side steps are various. Within the range of the cow's charge the sidestepper takes up a position. Straight down upon him comes the animal with her deadly sharp horns. The man allows the cow to come so close he seems actually between her horns. At this moment the sidestepper swings his body half round and by a marvellous mere bending of his body swings clear. Sometimes to do this, one of his feet moves from its original position. But in order to win the acclaim of the crowd and to score a point, at least one of the sidestepper's feet must retain its original position upon the ground. Very often the cow's horns graze the man's clothes in passing. Nearly as often the cow scores a hit. Indeed, the number of men hurt in these exhibitions, known as the Courses Landaises, is far larger than in the bull ring.

The actions of the jumper consist in leaping aside as the cow charges. One of the most difficult of these leaps is performed with the man's two feet held in a "berte," a tight-fitting round cap.

These jumpers are remarkably agile, some of them leaping high in the air and clear over the charging cow's lowered head.

After the professional men have shown their skill, the cow's horns are fitted with India rubber balls, and then amateurs go into the arena and dodge the cow. Even the covered horns, however, can give a nasty knock.

Cow-fighting is a little known sport that deserves developing.

I REALLY was speaking incorrectly when I called cow-fighting the national sport. It takes second place to the hand ball game called pelota, peculiar to the Basques. If a small boy in North America will walk miles to see a baseball game or a hockey match, a Basque will go twice as far. During a time of war a great Spanish Basque player hearing that his rival was playing on French soil, crossed the frontier and engaged him in a game and won. So popular was he with the populace they escorted him in safety across the border. Fourteen Basque soldiers in the time of the Empire, hearing there was a pelota game left their regiment without leave, won a victory at Pelota, and managed to get back just when the battle of Austerlitz commenced.

The Basques in France play a slightly different game from the Spaniards. In Basque pelota the players are divided into two teams, numbering either two or three to a side. Each man carries a chistera. This is a curved racquet about two and a half feet long and three inches wide, the inner part of the curve is slightly hollowed. They are made of very strong basket work, and at one end is a glove into which the player's hand fits. The ball is a hard one about the size of a tennis ball. The two teams line up on a court about thirty yards long in front of a stone wall. The ball is driven against the wall and must be struck on the rebound. The teams are divided into attackers and defenders. The ball must be hit up alternatively by the two sides, until one of them either misses it, or sends it outside the lined limits traced on the wall and on the ground. The scoring is similar to lawn tennis. There are four points, fifteen, thirty, forty and game.

For thrills and action this game is the equal to lawn tennis, and far more tiring on the wrist.

The Spaniards play on a court which instead of having one wall, has three. Two short ones at either end of the court and one long one on the side. To my mind the Spanish game is far faster, more exciting, more difficult.

One day when I was in San Sebastian I saw a pelota game advertised.

I entered the huge covered building. It reminded me very much of an ice hockey rink. On three sides rose high stone walls painted green. The fourth

side, was lined with a netting. Behind the netting chairs were set on little platforms rising one above the other after the manner of a bull ring, but only to a height of about twenty feet above the floor.

Presently the teams came in. The lines of seats were well filled with spectators. In the wake of the players came in fourteen men dressed in ordinary business suits, but all had on little red caps without any peaks.

The teams consisted of only two men to a side. Presently they started playing. Immediately the fourteen business like looking men, who ranged in age all the way from youths of twenty five to greybeards of sixty, lined up in front of the spectators and from the edge of the floor just beyond the playing line they began a tremendous shouting. I did not know any conversational Spanish, but I could make out they were calling various numbers. Now and then from the grandstand one of the spectators would shout back something to one of the men in the red caps. Then the man in the red cap would take up his pencil and book of long strips of paper, scribble something in it, tear off the sheet, and then I looked on a new wonder.

Out of his pocket the man with the red cap took a little hollow rubber ball. Into the hollow he put the sheet of paper neatly rolled up, and then tossed the rubber ball over the top of the netting into the hands of the man who had called to him.

What with the crack of the racquets against the ball, the bang of the ball against the wall there was noise enough to begin with, but on top of this now sounded continuously the frenzied shouts of the fourteen bookmakers all eager for business. Up into the faces of the crowd they kept gazing with searching eyes, yelling all the time. Now and then someone in the audience answered, and another little ball would come flying through the air. Those bookmakers were as adept in their game of ball as the players. The funny part of it was that these bookmakers kept their backs all the time to the play, so how they could judge it I don't know. But every play seemed to be worth a bet. Some of the men sitting beside me had half a dozen slips of paper. Soon I noted all you had to do was nod when a bookmaker called a number. So I, not knowing one thing from another, nodded. In another instant up through the air and over the netting came a little rubber ball. I extracted my paper, and tossed back the ball. When the game was ended I walked down with the other who had strips of paper. I watched a number of them complete their transactions, some receiving money, some paying out. But as they had several slips of paper, some colored yellow and some green, and I had only one colored green, I was none the wiser. I handed mine at last to the brown bearded man. He took it, and handed me back three pesetas, about 51 cents. And so I went on my way. It was the first time I had ever played a game I knew absolutely nothing about and won.

I wish I might have lingered longer in the land of the Basques, but many things called me back to Paris, the chief of which the necessity to get settled once more quietly and collect all my notes of travelling so that I might tell the readers of this journal something of my travels.

There are many lands around me fascinating, full of interest of today and the past. Of some others of these I may have the opportunity to later tell. That is the charm of Europe as compared to North America. In Europe two or three hours' ride on a train, and you are in a land where customs, language, everything are different. There is so infinitely much presented to the writer it is always a question of choosing only the things most interesting.

In France, in Africa, in Spain, in the land of the Basques this is what I have striven to do, and I can only hope that I have succeeded in conveying to my readers something of those lands that are so different from their own.

Over 2 lbs. of fresh spinach—more than half a peck—go into every large No. 2½ can of Del Monte Spinach.

Spring fever?

Its cure is not in bottles—but in plenty of SUMMER GREENS

Who hasn't had "spring fever"—one time or another?

That tired and listless feeling, that lack of interest in meals, the hope that spring is just around the corner—sure signs of too little exercise, too heavy foods to eat!

Fortunately, for all of us, there's much less of it today—mostly because more women have learned the importance of balancing winter meals. Years ago, doctors prescribed spring bitters—and grandmothers dosed their families with sulphur and molasses or herb tea. Now, we know that such things are not the real answer—that plenty of fruits and vegetables will go much further to keep us active and well.

And what's true of these foods as a class is especially true of spinach and other leafy greens. Nature has done more than give them spring-time freshness and tempting flavor—she has provided, particularly in spinach, the "bulk" or roughage to help balance heavier winter foods.

On top of that, with lavish hand, she has given spinach almost every mineral salt our bodies require—and most of the vitamins, too—so essential to body growth and strength.

Of course, fresh spinach is practically out of the question now—both on account of its scarcity and its high cost. But that shouldn't keep anyone from serving spinach often. DEL MONTE Canned Spinach has advantages all its own which raw spinach can never offer—at any season!

What housewife, for instance, ever enjoyed the job of washing spinach? It's real work at best! If you could see the green leaves, fresh and crisp from the fields, tossed about in great wire cylinders under pressure jets of water, you would understand why DEL MONTE Spinach is so uniformly free from grit and such a real help in saving kitchen hours.

Added to that, DEL MONTE Spinach is surprisingly low in cost! Particularly when you

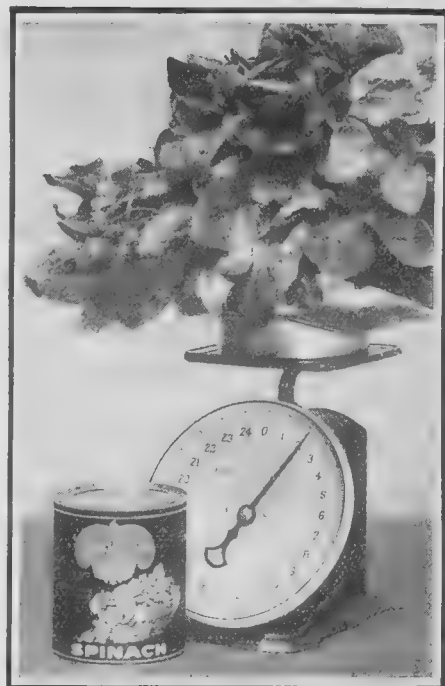


figure that over two pounds of the finest fresh spinach grown—more than half a peck raw—are used for each large No. 2½ DEL MONTE can.

And fortunately for the housewife who wants to serve spinach often, it's a most versatile food! No need to fear monotony here. DEL MONTE Spinach is ready to serve—in a dozen delightful, tasty ways.

Simplest of all, and probably the most popular, is to serve DEL MONTE Spinach heated, just as it comes from the can. Be sure to season with plenty of butter, pepper and salt. Bacon, cut in small pieces and fried, will add a new delicious flavor. Creamed spinach is simply DEL MONTE Spinach chopped fine, heated with a thin white sauce to give it body. One cup of DEL MONTE Spinach, drained and chopped with ½ cup California walnuts, 1 teaspoon of salt, ¼ teaspoon of pepper, makes a delightful combination vegetable dish when baked in the hollowed out centers of 6 well cooked, peeled onions. Cream of spinach soup is always welcome. And spinach loaf, prepared from 1½ cups drained, chopped DEL MONTE Spinach, 1 cup sifted dry bread crumbs, 1 cup grated cheese, 1 well beaten egg, 1 teaspoon salt, ½ teaspoon pepper and 1 tablespoon lemon juice, baked in a moderate oven with DEL MONTE Tomato Sauce, is a most satisfying main course dish.

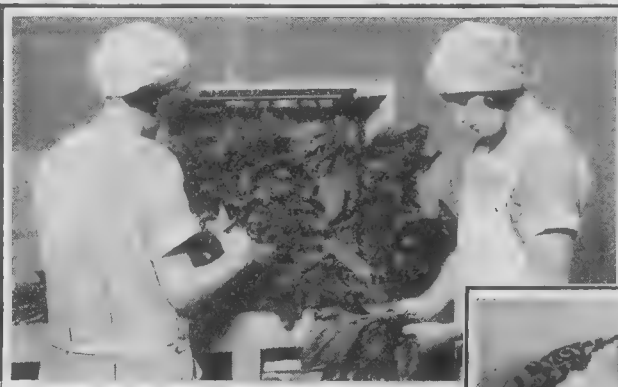
And don't forget that there are many other DEL MONTE Products, offering equally fine opportunity for keeping spring meals fresh, healthful and tempting. The DEL MONTE line includes a wide assortment of canned fruits, vegetables, canned fish, condiments and relishes, dried fruits, raisins, and prepared foods. Why not insist that your grocer carry the ones you want? And better still, keep a well stocked pantry yourself.

You know, in advance, the quality you're getting—the same dependable, uniform quality, no matter what variety, no matter when or where you buy.

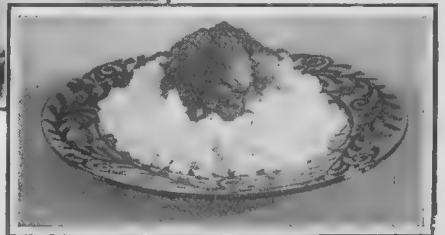


Special Spinach Recipes - Free

The DEL MONTE Spinach folder shown here, with our other recipe leaflets and "DEL MONTE Fruit Book", suggest many ways to add simple, economical variety to everyday meals. Sent free to you. Address Dept. 37-U, California Packing Corporation, San Francisco, California.



Trimming and sorting Del Monte Spinach—just part of the tedious work of preparation that is done for you by skilled Del Monte workers.



Spinach and rice—just one of many healthful, delicious dishes prepared with this tempting green.

His One Egg Basket

"I'm putting my money into Life Insurance, as that's the one thing I know is safe. When I buy insurance, not only do I know where I am at, but if I die my family knows where they are at."

Will Rogers.

That restful, rooted faith is held by every one of the millions whose affairs are in the keeping of Life Insurance. Do you know where you are at?



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WESTERN HOMES LIMITED

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HEAD OFFICE—2nd Floor Lombard Bldg.,—WINNIPEG

CAPITAL AUTHORIZED - - - \$5,000,000.00
CAPITAL SUBSCRIBED - - - 3,196,700.00
CAPITAL PAID UP - - - 1,190,943.79

AS AT DECEMBER 31st, 1928

A Record of Substantial Growth

The Story in Figures Since Business Began in 1915

	1915	1920	1928
CAPITAL SUBSCRIBED	\$182,800.00	\$1,204,700.00	\$3,196,700.00
CAPITAL PAID-UP	24,581.53	337,469.15	1,190,943.79
ASSETS	36,613.93	362,233.19	1,389,000.73
DEFERRED PROFITS, SURPLUS AND RESERVE	4,741.62	24,182.52	177,857.78

PROGRESS IN 1928

Increase in Subscribed Capital	\$279,700.00
Increase in Paid-Up Capital	89,765.04
Increase in Assets	106,353.96
Increase in Deferred Profits, Surplus and Reserve	62,558.06
Collected on Mortgage Accounts	262,141.25

PROFITS FOR 1928

Profits for 1928 after providing for taxes and all expenses, with surplus carried forward from previous year, total	\$118,862.56
Appropriated as follows:	
Dividends and Income Tax	\$51,393.45
Transferred to Reserve	40,000.00
Surplus carried forward	27,469.11
	\$118,862.56

WESTERN HOMES has maintained an unbroken record for 14 years of operating without the loss of a single dollar of its capital and has also maintained its record of profits, the net earnings for the past year exceeding 8%. Exceptional progress has been made in every department. Interest on mortgage accounts collected in 1928 equalled 95% of the amount charged and exceeded the amount collected in 1927 by more than \$7,000.00. The Company's invested funds of over one million three hundred thousand are protected by mortgage securities conservatively appraised at over \$2,750,000.00.

WILLIS ARGUE, Managing Director.

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CAMPAIGN DEPARTMENT

THE WESTERN HOME MONTHLY
WINNIPEG, MANITOBA



TWO interesting cases have been decided by the Ontario Courts in connection with accidents sustained by people using public highways. A barber after having finished his day's work proceeding on a sidewalk in a certain Ontario town and whilst doing so slipped and fell on the sidewalk, thereupon breaking his left arm and dislocating his shoulder. The evidence showed that children returning from school had for a long time previous to the accident with toboggan, sleighs, boards, hard paper and tins used this part of the sidewalk as a slide (from a hill situate on the east side of the sidewalk) crossing the sidewalk and proceeding into the travelled portion of the street; that snow and ice has formed on the sidewalk and the continued use of these sleighs, etc., crossing the street formed a slippery depression; that a slight snow storm had taken place on the afternoon of the accident and that it was in this depression that the Plaintiff slipped and fell. The evidence further showed that other people had been hurt and that complaints had been made to the police and that the chief of police knew of the habit of the children in using their toboggans and that he had warned them not to do it. The court held that the town was guilty of gross negligence in maintaining a sidewalk covered with slippery ice and snow without employing the usual method of sanding to lessen the danger and secondly by permitting the children to make a slide of the sidewalk with sleighs and thereby creating a depression or track therein which was dangerous to pedestrians, and by their failure in erecting a fence or other barrier to prevent children using the sidewalk. The barber was therefore awarded damages of over \$2,000.00 for personal injuries and out-of-pocket expenses.

In the second instance an accident was sustained by a farmer in one of the Ontario townships which accident was caused by the runner of his cutter coming in contact with a piece of ice or frozen snow which resulted in his being thrown out of his cutter and being dragged by his horse for a space of about thirty feet. He suffered a compound fracture of the second finger and later was obliged to have it amputated. From the evidence it was shown that the Provincial employees were using a one hundred horse power snow plough about seven feet in width and weighed (for the purpose of keeping it steady) to the extent of about three tons. They were ploughing out the snow and ice in the road and the farmer claimed that large lumps of frozen snow and ice were thrown up on the sides of the highway, that large pieces were left in the highway and that large pieces of snow and ice had fallen from the embankments into the highway. The evidence of witnesses bore out his contention and the court held as follows: "The evidence is conclusive that the road in question was in a splendid state of repairs for pedestrians and vehicles including motors, before the ploughing up was commenced, and if the defendant, i.e., the employees, thought that the clearance of the ice and snow was advisable for the purpose of making it more convenient for motors and trucks, it had a right, and was bound to do the work in such a manner as would not endanger the safety of the travelling public. In the present case, I find that the farmer's horse was a quiet one and was at the time of the accident being driven carefully and slowly along the highway and that the Plaintiff's cutter came in contact with a large lump of frozen snow and ice, which the Plaintiff could not see or be expected to have seen, and that there was no contributory negligence on his part."

The Court thereupon awarded the Plaintiff damages in the sum of \$1200.00.

ANSWER TO QUERIES

Saskatoon, Sask.

Q.—About twenty years ago I left a good home in Quebec, married an Englishman in the west here. We settled on a homestead, and I found out he was in debt so after a few years of real hardship he sold the homestead. My husband got a position in town and after paying our debts bought a small house and invested the residue in Victory Bonds. A year ago we took the children and went to England to visit his relatives. His single sister, 48 years old, lives alone, keeps up a big house, for a working girl, has a steady position for years past as book-keeper, enjoys the best of health and has a real good time. When she found out her brother had saved a little money she started to whine and cry. Her salary did not keep her; she was using the moneys that were left her to make ends meet; when that was gone there was nothing but the poorhouse for her unless my husband kept her. She has separated our brother and his wife over money matters. She got another brother to leave her his life insurance. He was killed in action and his poor wife and babies got a soldier's pension only. She is most selfish, unscrupulous and wants to come before the wife in money matters. She has got around my husband also, instead of giving her a good talking to and making her cut down expenses and live like other people in moderate circumstances, he has promised to keep her. He did not consult his wife, and she was his main stay when he was down and out. His salary merely keeps them and everything is in his name. If he draws on his savings to keep his sister and they all should live for twenty years, there won't be much left for the wife to live on, if her husband should predecease her. Would you please tell her how she can protect herself and children.

A.—If the husband is supplying his wife and children with support and maintenance reasonably consistent with his means then his family have no right to require further contribution from him. It is a question to be determined by the particular circumstances (just what contribution is reasonable).

Q.—Can the husband give the sister money without his wife's consent?

A.—Yes, provided the husband supplies reasonable maintenance for the remainder of his family.

Q.—If his wife left him could she make him keep her?

A.—The wife could require her husband to keep her only if she separated from him for reasonable cause. The causes recognized as sufficient in law, are the following:—

Infidelity, cruelty or failure to supply with reasonable support and maintenance consistent with the husband's means.

Q.—Also maintain the children?

A.—A father may be required to support his children until they are of age to maintain themselves. This is usually 16 years.

Q.—Could she claim and keep the two children?

A.—The court would not necessarily award the custody of the children to the mother. It would depend upon which parent would be most likely to supply a satisfactory home for the children.

Rama, Sask.

Q.—"A" owns property, pays taxes, and resides in a village in which a school is situated, for a number of years, although he does not live or actually reside on the property he pays taxes on. He resides on railway property. Does this fact make him a non-resident ratepayer and deprive him of any voice at an annual school meeting and voting for trustees?—Interested.

Continued on page 103

Bulwark of \$100,000,000 Protects Sun Life Investments

Unique Financial Position of Company Discussed by President Macaulay in Annual Address

MONTREAL, March 1st.—The phenomenal growth and success of the Sun Life Assurance Company of Canada lends widespread interest each year to the annual address of the President, Mr. T. B. Macaulay.

The annual meeting, which has just been held, disclosed a continuation of this expansion, but it was more noteworthy still for an announcement, almost startling in character, by Mr. Macaulay regarding the financial strength of the Company. He stated that so carefully had the directors anticipated every possible adverse contingency in the money market that even a panic which would reduce the value of the assets by one hundred millions of dollars, would still leave untouched and unimpaired the shown surplus and reserves of the Company.

Mr. Macaulay dwelt as well in a most interesting and illuminating manner upon the relative merits of the varied securities in which insurance companies invest their funds, and of how traditional views on investment have altered owing to the changed conditions of modern business. He said in part:

"It is a great pleasure to move the adoption of this report, for the record it sets forth is a remarkable one.

"A mere statement of the increases over the figures of the previous year is impressive. In income the increase is \$41,972,000; in assets \$87,650,000; in surplus \$9,157,000; in new assurances \$112,836,000; and in total in force \$408,925,000. A company with total business equal to these increases would be a large and powerful institution. It is but three years since we rejoiced at

passing the mile-stone of \$1,000,000,000 of assurance in force, and yet already we are nearing \$2,000,000,000, while at this moment our assets exceed \$500,000,000.

"But there is another feature even more striking and important. Advance figures indicate that the increase over the previous year in the new business written by the combined life companies of the continent was approximately 8 per cent., and the increase in the combined total in force approximately 9 per cent. Against these percentages let me place the figures of the Sun Life; our new assurances increased 34 per cent., while our total in force increased 27 per cent.

"I need not further emphasize the rapid expansion of our business. It is but a continuation, though in accelerating degree, of our normal condition. That the Company is extraordinarily popular with the insuring public is evident. But people will hardly show so pronounced a preference without reason. That reason unquestionably is the great strength of the Company, and its unusual profit-earning power. The earnings announced in the report are slightly in excess of \$40,000,000; but it is clearly intimated that had we desired to do so we could have taken credit for a much larger amount. We, however, follow our usual conservative policy. We always have before our minds the possibility of a business depression, which might occasion heavy shrinkage in market values of all classes of securities. Mortgage securities may at such a time become totally unsaleable, but that fact is not patent; while every fluctuation in the prices at which stocks and bonds can be turned into immediate cash is quoted on the Stock Exchange.

Securities Heavily Undervalued

"I have decided to take our policyholders into our confidence in the most complete way, so that they may realize how fully our directors have provided against any contingency of this kind. You will notice that we say that the values quoted are those given by the government department or lower. There is much in these two words. They mean that the values given in the report are approximately \$62,500,000 less than the actual current values of those securities on the Exchanges. Then we have the additional deduction from market values of \$20,000,000, referred to in the report, and also the special contingency reserve of \$12,500,000. These items total \$95,000,000, and our unlisted assets and other margins raise the amount to \$100,000,000.

"This means that the market values of our securities could shrink by \$100,000,000 without reducing our surplus by one dollar. Such a shrinkage is of course almost inconceivable. I indeed doubt very much even if the catastrophe of another world war could produce so drastic a depression. Supposing it did, we would still have intact our undivided surplus of over \$54,000,000. We are hardly likely, I think, to be criticized for lack of conservatism. I do not know any other financial corporation which has its assets so protected. I imagine we are more likely to be told that we have been too conservative; if so, that is a criticism we must endure. Our safety margins may perhaps be unnecessarily large, but safety must be our paramount consideration; and if, as we confidently anticipate, the margins prove not to be required, they will in time be available for distribution among our policyholders. And what possibilities for our policyholders do these margins represent?

Praises Canadian Law

"But let us look further into our earning power. There are many contributing factors: energetic, yet cautious and economical agency management; careful selection of risks; conservatism in always retaining a considerable proportion of our earnings to build up protective



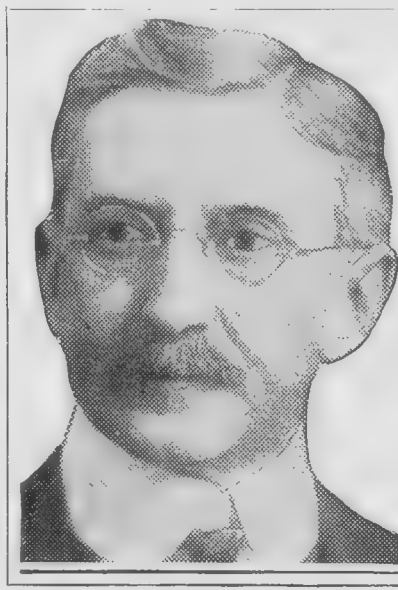
T. B. Macaulay, Esq.

reserves; and, above all, specialization in the safe and profitable investment of the funds

"Our investment policy is in fact a distinguishing characteristic of the Company. Our development and prosperity would have been impossible but for our investment policy, and our investment policy could not have been pursued but for the wise investment provisions of our Canadian Insurance Law. That law stands before the world as a monument to the wisdom of our Dominion Parliament. Companies of many other lands are either permitted unwise freedom, or are hampered by restrictions, equally unwise, which prohibit investment in many of the most desirable securities. The Canadian Act, by contrast, permits reasonable freedom to the companies, while fully safeguarding policyholders.

Investment Provisions

"It may be timely to summarize briefly the provisions of our law. They permit investments in:—first mortgages (up to



A. B. Wood, Esq.

sixty per cent. of the appraised value); government and municipal bonds; corporation bonds secured by mortgage; preferred stocks of corporations which have paid dividends for the preceding five years; and common stocks of corporations which have paid dividends for the preceding seven years, such dividends not being less than four per cent. per annum, or \$500,000 per annum in amount. These provisions avoid the extreme both of unwise freedom and of harmful restriction. To my mind they are almost ideal.

"Our list of assets shows that we own securities of large amount in all classes authorized by the Act.

"With the great growth of the Company, the problem of investing its constantly increasing fund becomes more and more important. What avenues are open to us? As for mortgages, we are most unwilling to establish agencies in distant centres, of whose real estate values, conditions and dangers, we know nothing. That would be to entrust the

safety of our investments, even to a large extent the safety of our Company, to the judgment of strangers. Government and municipal bonds yield but low rates of interest. As for bonds of corporations, we must face the fact that apart from occasional railway and public utility issues, the strongest corporations are rapidly redeeming their obligations, and no longer need to borrow. Desirable bonds therefore represent a constantly decreasing field.

"For a very considerable part of our investments we must, consequently, look to those classes of common stocks which are authorized by our Canadian Act. Fortunately, when the same degree of care as is necessary for safety in selecting mortgages and bonds is applied to the selection of common stocks, especially within the conservative limits laid down by the Act, these selected securities are, in the judgment and experience of the thoughtful and well-informed, among the choicest and safest of all investments and by far the most profitable and desirable.

No Magic in "Bonds."

"Consider mortgages. What company has not suffered losses, and sometimes very heavy losses, on its mortgage investments? As to bonds, some people seem to consider that there is magic security in the label 'bond.' This popular belief is not supported by experience. The surplus earnings and margins of many companies, over and above the dividend requirements of their stocks, are much greater than the surplus earned by other companies in excess of the interest requirements of their bonds. Few experienced financiers would claim that the bonds usually offered are safer than, or even as safe as, stock of such companies as the Montreal Light, Heat & Power, American Telephone and Telegraph, Commonwealth Edison, and many others I could name. The payment of the interest on the bonds is certainly no more sure than the payment of the dividends on the stocks. In the very unlikely event of the dividend on any such choice stock being reduced, it would be certain to

Continued on page 54j

Bulwark of \$100,000,000 Protects Sun Life Investments

be far more than offset by increases in the dividends on others. Our own average interest rate has been steadily mounting year after year, due solely to increased dividends and bonuses received on our stocks beyond the rates payable on those stocks when we purchased them. As an illustration, take the common stocks purchased by us in 1923; the actual cash yielded from these in 1928, represented a return of 2.38 per cent. on the purchase price greater than the dividends payable on these stocks at the time of purchase, while the average value of the rights and bonuses received during the intervening five years has amounted to a further .38 per cent. per annum.

Only Tested Securities Purchased

"Our Canadian law wisely excludes stocks of all companies that do not have a long record of dividend paying and prosperity. But we go much further than that. We limit ourselves almost entirely to corporations that have attained outstanding financial strength, with great reserves and resources already established, that supply some product or service essential to the life of the community, and that usually are dominant in their respective spheres. Such corporations have their roots deep in the life of the nation they serve, and are almost part of the nation itself. The nation cannot grow and prosper without their growing and prospering. The operations of such corporations can hardly fail to expand, and their profits to increase, surely and steadily; and this is but another way of saying that the stocks of such select and outstanding corporations can hardly fail to be of greater intrinsic value five, ten and twenty years hence than they are today.

"Let me repeat what I have already said on many occasions. We do not speculate. We buy to keep. We never sell the stock merely because it has risen to a high figure. Stock exchange quotations influence our decisions as to whether we should buy a security, but not as to whether we should sell. If quotations be high, we can ignore them, and, in fact, do ignore them.

Policyholders' Profits Again Increased

"There is no department of a Company's business which deserves closer study and investigation than the investments of its funds. No other department will give such a generous return for the attention devoted to it.

"It is to its investments that our Company owes its impregnable position, and the magnitude of the profits in which our policyholders rejoice. Many years ago I expressed the hope that I would be able to announce an increased scale of profits every year for at least ten years. We now make that announcement for the ninth successive year, and I certainly cannot say that I expect the increases to stop with even the tenth announcement. Our profits are accumulating as never before, and it is inevitable that a larger and larger proportion will be disbursed to our policyholders with the passing years.

A Company With a Soul

"But there are other features to which my mind reverts with pleasure. One of the most delightful compliments I ever received was when I was once introduced to an audience as the president of a corporation that had a soul. That this was no mere phrase is shown by the sympathetic comradeship that exists between all ranks of the Company's service, both at head office and in the field. It is seen also in the enthusiastic support accorded us by our legion of policyholders. Our relationship with them is something more than that of mere business co-operation. The sense of mutual confidence and mutual appreciation is so strong as to be akin to friendship, and it is as our friends I like to think of them. The delightful relationship is the reward of unwearied and successful service on their behalf and it is a reward which is greatly prized.

The Bill Before Parliament

"I will now say a few words about the Bill we have before Parliament. There has been so much misunderstanding and misrepresentation about it that I think

you would like a plain statement of the facts.

"The original Charter, granted in 1865, authorized the Company's capital at \$4,000,000. An amending Act passed in 1871 contained a somewhat ambiguous clause, which has been interpreted in some quarters as limiting the capital to \$2,000,000. Five eminent legal authorities to whom we submitted the question assure us that the original authorization was unaffected by that amendment, but advised us that it would be well to have the matter put beyond doubt by a brief clarifying Act of Parliament.

"We do not ask that the capital be increased; we merely ask that our right to issue stock up to the amount originally authorized be freed from legal ambiguity by a simple declaratory clause.

"But why do we require a larger capital than the present \$2,000,000?

"Chiefly for two reasons:

"(1) Because the present capital is manifestly out of all proportion to the magnitude of the Company's operations. It is absurd that a company, whose assets are already \$500,000,000, should be controlled by a capital of \$2,000,000.

"(2) Because we wish to ensure that this great Company shall never fall into undesirable hands. We cannot alter the status of our existing shares, but we can impose restrictions on the transfer of the new shares which will be an effectual safeguard.

"It has been said that such an increase would divert from the policyholders profits properly belonging to them. This is the exact opposite of the truth.

"The Insurance Act allows stockholders to receive ten per cent. of the profits distributed from the participating branch. Our stockholders long ago reduced their share to five per cent. All our contracts for thirty years past have been made on the agreement that the participating policyholder shall receive ninety-five per cent. of these profits, and that right any of our members could enforce in any court of law.

Policyholders to Benefit by Bill

"The amount of profit accruing to shareholders cannot be increased or in any way affected by higher capitalization. It is impossible that any increase in capital could injure the policyholders; on the other hand, every additional amount paid in by the shareholders gives additional security. And no additional capital will be issued except in return for actual cash.

"The small percentage of profit allowed to the stockholders is their share or commission for guaranteeing and managing the Company. Under the management of the stockholders, the Sun Life Assurance Company of Canada has grown to huge proportions. Its agencies encircle the globe, and it has done much to make Canada known and honored around the world. It has become one of the greatest financial corporations in existence. Its policies protect hundreds of thousands of homes. That its operations have been conducted to the great advantage of its policyholders is sufficiently evidenced by this report. And, as I have said, our policyholders may confidently anticipate even greater benefits in the future.

"For another reason, however, our policyholders have the strongest interest in desiring the Bill to pass, for, should it succeed, our directors have agreed to recommend to the stockholders that their proportion of profit be reduced to four per cent., thus increasing the policyholders' proportion to ninety-six per cent., and correspondingly increasing their individual profits.

"I can think of no proper objection to the Bill. It will injure nobody, and will help everybody; policyholders most of all. I am very sure that our policyholders throughout the land will agree with us.

"I apologize for speaking at such length, but it appeared to be necessary.

"I now move the adoption of the Report. It is, I venture to think, one of the most eminently satisfactory and noteworthy reports ever presented at an annual meeting. It records the transactions of one of the greatest, strongest and most beneficent corporations in the world, and it is worthy of the Company."

Let There be Light

Continued from page 18

drawn over river and valley. The mountains to the west were veiled in slow, descending mist.

Fred Burton spoke. Something hard and bitter in his voice, caused Mark to turn and stare upon him. His poisoned eyes were wild, the round shoulders straightened, the fingers curled like talons. "I nearly went mad; I guess I AM mad! I'm twisted, Mark!" His face grew suddenly terrible with hate. "I'll find that man! She loves him. She must, or she never would have gone with him. She would have waited until the end of time. Something killed her love for me, and turned her heart to him. He—that man—must have been responsible. She met no other there. If I ever find him—I'll kill him, without mercy, as he must have killed my Ida's love for me. I'll—kill—him!"

I'll—kill—him. The words fell like slow drops of poison on the chilling throat of the air. As he worked about the plant, they came grinding from the machinery, were roared from the dam's raucous waters, were torn on the shriek of the wind. Dead leaves, fluttering like worthless brass to the damp blackness of the earth, shivered, "I'll—kill—him." The whole world seemed to shout the awful threat.

TO MARK, Burke had taken on a new personality. He was being consumed by an inner fire; being eaten by an inner cancer. Long hours, spilling melancholy music over piano keys; long minutes, spent staring straight ahead, with eyes smoldering into wildness. He became so used to the company of Mark, that he often seemed to forget his presence, and muttered to himself. Muttered. And he had a way of curving his fingers, talon-like, at such times. And he took long, lonely walks by the Rainbow Falls, or else haunted the vicinity of Ced Winton's cabin. And he hated Ced Winton. And was obsessed by an insatiable curiosity concerning "the woman who had lived with him."

Phrases kept gnawing at Mark's brain. "She had short, awful short, curly light gold hair, just like Olive's." From Fred: "She had long, long hair—pale gold, like Olive's." And it was strange, that Winton was so reticent concerning his past life. Not that Mark tried to talk to him. He hated the man. In his work at the plant, his moments of relief were those, when he could get from Winton's presence—such as reading the water in the Gate House.

Climbing the steep iron steps from the main floor, to the operator's platform; a passing down the gallery to the side door. Outside, a narrow concrete way beside the river. From it, abrupt wooden steps, leading to the deck of the dam. Mark detested himself for the dizziness which assailed him, when clambering up those steps, appropriately called "Suicide." They might be caked with ice, or the wind might sweep over you. Many's the time he had scrambled to the top, heart in mouth.

Once on the deck, between the two Gate Houses, Mark would often stand by the iron railing, eyes staring, staring at the frothing falls. Hands in pockets—attempting to control that dizziness, that sensation as if he were at a great height, gazing down a precipice into an abyss, chaotic with churning water. No use! His hand would shoot forth, to clutch the railing. He hated what he termed his cowardice.

There were moments of peace; in the concealing shelter of his "little forest" he would throw himself—feeling the hard surety of the earth beneath him. This earth; going solidly down, down, down. Solid; no dizziness from a height. He would press hands over ears, and lie there—still. And, in the quiet embrace of Mother Earth, doze, and have quiet dreams—the warm autumn sun filtering through the leaves towards him.

Late autumn. A night, and wind. A violet twilight, and bare-boughed trees impaling the first stars, and a misty yellow moon, rising in a soft blur; shreds of smoldering purple sunset, like thick smoke, almost entirely obscuring the red flames of color in the sky. Then,

sulphurous clouds, drawn over the bright scintillation of stars, the chilling, dark-some night was gathered like a shroud. Mark's spirits sank. His whole being was crawling with distaste, as he trudged down the steep hill leading to the plant. Why should he thus be crucified? he thought bitterly, as he trudged. Why should he? Tied to this inconstant, disgreeable woman; this unlovable child; tied to this hateful plant of noise.

His mind was incapable of hope, or of shaping, forming any future that might hold a measure of happiness for him. Work so scarce, what was there before him but to keep on plodding, trudging. What a night? The mountains—gloomy grey ramparts; furious falls, whipping the whimpering river with lusty lashes of water; near him the rustle, like a death-rattle, of the last leaves, brittle and dry, clinging tenaciously to boughs. The wind was rising—singing in the lines, swinging tree arms, whining to the water which it would shortly twist and tear in a fury. The wind! A windy night in the plant. Wind and lightning. He hated both. Tonight, there would be wind, and nerve-racking noise.

THE plant. The shift beginning. Winton evaded looking at him; sat himself down, then glanced up, slantingly. Through his eyes shot a peculiar gleam, quickly concealed, of triumph. The machinery was whirring; it seemed to Mark there were a million generators in his head. He went about his work, a slow anger rising within him; an anger like as a snake, a long time in its coiling, but now ready to strike. Yesterday he had been gone from home nearly all day—in the store, walking in the cold, anything—to get away from Leena. When he returned, this nervous, ill-tempered Leena, with a child chattering: "Mark! Ced was here all afternoon. He an' Ma! I saw him kiss—" Her loud and hasty "Shut up!" The way she hit that child! It sickened him. He did not interfere. Leena, color high, and eyes furtive, turned her back upon him. Oh, well! What cared he for Leena and Ced Winton. He was sick of her and her lover! Sick of her brat! Like those flies—buzz, buzz. Sick of them all. What cared he for Leena, anyway?

But now, he seemed to be caring, as he watched the figure at the desk. The night and the wind gathered, howling. That wind! How he hated it. Leena, entering quietly, standing by Winton's desk. The man turned suddenly; then face lit up, and he grasped her hand. It lay in his, unresisting. Ced rose. That long body of his; those watery blue eyes of his, upon her, devouring her. And those arms of his—all at once, Mark could have taken them, and twist, twist, twisted them from their sockets.

She saw Mark. With an indifferent shrug. "Lo. Lunch pail over there." And turned again to Ced, whose eyes, with that odd gleam of triumph, for once met Mark's squarely.

Mark made no answer. He came up and stood beside her, almost between his wife and this man—separating them, as it were. He was conscious of his short stature, of his puny build, of his long, thin fragile fingers. Those fingers seemed suddenly to be endowed with a strength supernatural; to be curling, like talons. Ah, God! If he could, he would have choked that sneering man to death.

Said Leena, shivering: "The wind! It's awful! I'm afraid, up there in the house! Ceddie, I'm afraid!"

"Well, sit you down, and wait!"

They must speak loud, what with roar of machinery and wind. In spite of his nearness to them, Mark did not hear all their conversation. They addressed no looks, no words, towards him. More than ever did he have a sense of isolation, of being shut out.

Winton ordered, sharply: "Go and read the water, Mark!" His eyes were mocking. Those two exchanged amused glances. They—were laughing at him, ridiculing him. Hard and heavy hate coiled about his heart. That man—and His wife—his—

Outside, the howling wind and night, and the sounding smoke of the falls. Up Suicide Steps he stumbled, head down against the wind. Strange—all dizziness had fled from him, all fear of the falls. His rage was as a fire, consuming all fear, all dizziness. There, in the Gate House, he scarce knew what he was doing. Back again. From the main floor, seeing her, perched on the edge of that man Winton's desk. Once, leaning so near to him, it seemed that her lips brushed his hair. A blinding flash of red light sprang up before his eyes. When it cleared, she was slowly making her way along the gallery leading to the side door. Deliberately glancing down upon him, Mark—then waving her hand at that man Winton.

It happened. The momentary dimness as the lights flashed low; that intensified groaning of machinery, mingling with the raging of the gale outside. Mark shut his eyes. He thought: Lines crossed in the wind. And a dizziness swept over him. For those few brief moments, he might again be a bloody atom in the din of No Man's Land, with the scream of a shell over him. A scream! Was not that a woman's scream he heard? The lights had flashed to their former brightness. The machines were no longer giving out that deep groaning. Mark was standing at the foot of the iron steps. Dizziness was oozing from him, leaving only a great weakness. Those nerves of his! In an attempt to regain composure, he busied himself with a can of grease. Finally, stared up.

Winton was not there! And Leena! Where was Leena? That scream? Her scream of terror at the noise, at the wind, at the flickering of lights? He remembered she had been at the point of opening the outside door. Mark climbed to the platform, glancing at the desk. There, twisting over the white paper, was a coil of ruddy auburn hair, twining snakelike about another coil—it white-gold. These coils like so many trophies, like the hoarded scalps of an Indian. The staring man saw only the silky red threads of his wife's hair; he touched them; they seemed no longer dead, but instead, they leaped up to sting and bite his fingers, the while sneering: "You let another man steal your wife. YOURS! Huh!"

IN A moment, he was transformed into a hot, raging primeval animal. He sped down the gallery—into the night. Towards Suicide Steps. And—he saw them; the lights of the dam, the windy moon, revealed them. By that iron railing, over the falls. Scarce felt Mark any effort as he climbed the steps. All dizziness, all fear, stripped from him. So. That was it. Ced Winton must have pursued her—how soon after that scream of fright Mark did not know, or care. No doubt it had started him to her side. Instinctively, perhaps, she had fled. And he had pursued her—seeking her in the darkness of the windy night, seeking her mouth, the hollow of her throat, her hair, her lips. His duty—forgotten. Leena—unresisting—in his arms—fondling her face—kissing her lashes—

Mark threw himself, a thing of white fire, upon the man he hated. Threw himself like a striking snake. Made for the throat. She screamed, and fell back. And he, taken for an instant by startled surprise, crumpled under the attack. Savagely, Mark gripped that throat beneath his fingers. He never knew before, a throat could be so soft. So soft, and pliable. Then, he realized the man was tightening muscles, as if drawing together his forces. They fought. Fought over the menace of the falls—puny Mark Sullivan, and big Ced Winton. To Mark, the world was a mingling of hate, and falls roaring, and wind, and a woman screaming, and the feel—feel—feel—of that hated man; in whose flesh he could dig his finger nails, whose body he could pummel, while his own flesh was quivering, his own body aching.

If he were only stronger—stronger— Came his despairing thought—he had always been weak, puny; hatefully weak and puny, and now he knew (as if he were a spectator, contemplating the horrible fate of another) that the falls were reaching for him, with greedy, awful fangs. The iron railing was pressing against his back; breaking his back; that man Winton was forcing him down, down, upon the railing. Soon, a twist of Winton's hand, and he would be spinning

down, down, down, into the frothy angry mouth below. The strength was oozing from him. Blood, hot blood, was pouring from a wound in his forehead—obscuring his sight. He cared not. All his senses, all his feelings, had become merged into hate for the Thing conquering him, and into a great indifferent listlessness. What matter the falls? Those falls would end it all. End it all. All... His back was breaking. He closed his eyes. Another instant, and he would be spinning—spinning—

He was flung aside. Fell, a heap. Was conscious of crawling over towards the white bulk of the Gate House. Anything—anything—to get away from the roar, roar of the thwarted falls. Somehow, he knew who it was that had come. Fred Burke. Of course, Fred. Always his friend.

And, with his coming, it seemed the wind had lost its savage strength. The world was quieter, more at peace. And, in his heart, there was a strange and sudden peace. Eyes closed, he rested. Not his task to wreak vengeance. Vengeance belonged to Burke. HE had suffered the greater wrong. His Ida—He remembered that white-gold hair upon the desk. There was no doubt left in his mind. Winton—and Burton's Ida. He wiped the blood from his eyes. Winton, and Burton's Ida—

All at once, jerked upward by a sudden sense of terribleness hovering, he rose to a sitting posture. Ah! Ced Winton, in his turn, had been forced down, down, down upon the railing. Over him towering—Fred Burton. He was shouting: "Where did you get that hair? That hair on the desk? Did you take Ida Burton away from that farm as your wife?"

"No! No!" It was a shriek of dissent, yet the abject fear within it spoke assent. Mark crawled nearer. He saw Burton's face, angrily snarling. In the dim light it appeared like the terrible face of a devil from an inferno, wreaking vengeance upon a victim. Mark shut his eyes. There would be a body, spinning into the falls. Not for nothing had this man's muscles been hardening themselves into hate. With hands strong as a peasant's, he was choking Winton. That insane man, Fred. For the time being, he was insane. Mark knew it.

Leena, a blotched shadow crouching there, must know it. They were in the presence of that terrible thing—the human mind unbalanced. And Mark felt himself filled with a nausea. If he had had the strength, he would have rushed between, and become a rescuer. A rescuer of the hated Winton? Aye, here was murder, hate, vengeance. He saw them, stripped of all glamor; distorted, ugly, repulsive. If he only had the strength—

Ah! That body, that limp body, had ceased to struggle. Fred was lifting it up—preparing to hurl it, like a worthless bag, to the rushing green water and foaming falls beneath.

Mark shut his eyes. There would be a body, spinning, spinning

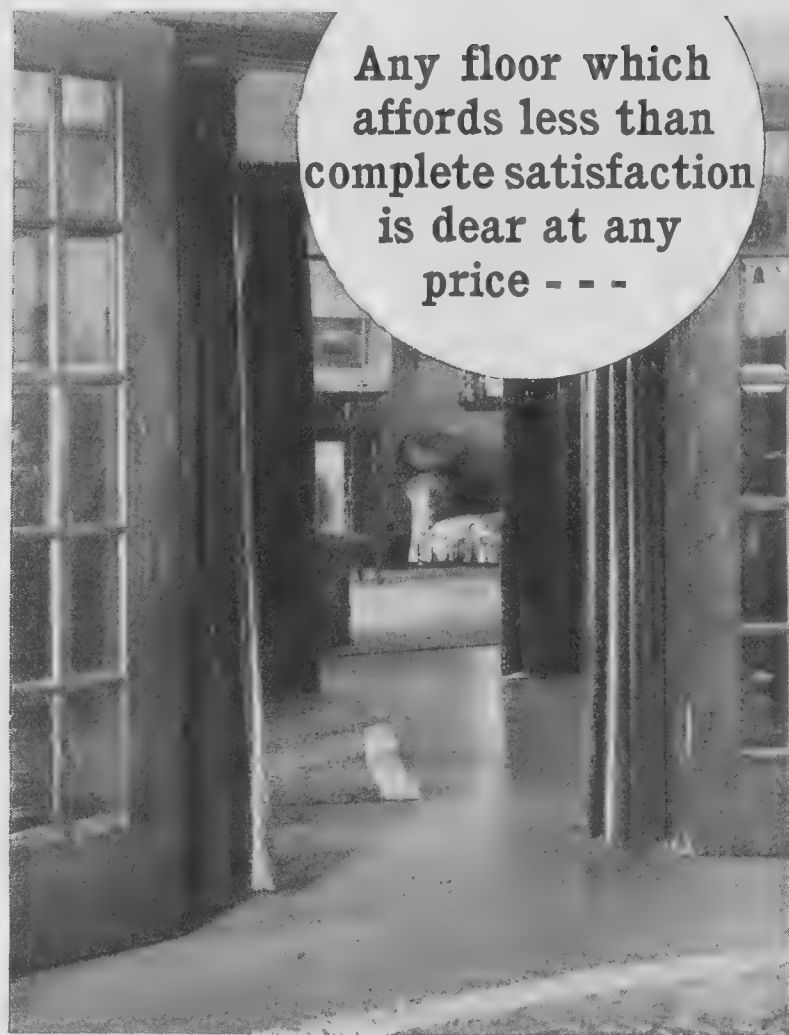
Then — an awe-struck shout. Mark looked, and saw, Burton, staggering back the hold on his enemy released, so that the limp body sagged to the floor. And Burke calling, in a loud voice: "IDA! IDA!" Both hands clutching the railing, he peered over into the inanity of the water, into the empty void of night. For dragging minutes. The wind itself, sunk to a whisper, seemed watching, listening. . . .

Cried again: "IDA! IDA!" Turned to Mark, at the same time pointing across the water—"Mark! Did you see Ida?" His voice was piteously pleading; his whole being animated with a strange excitement.

The man dropped to his knees beside Mark— body trembling, as if with a great chill, or a consuming fever. "Ida! I saw her. Rising out of the misty spray of the falls. She was half-mist, and her hair a foamy cloud streaming behind her. Her arms were stretched out towards me. She said to me—oh! my friend Mark, she said to me—" pulling pitifully at Mark's sleeve—"she said to me—I heard her voice, like a far-off whisper—'Forgive him! Forgive! Fred, I have always loved you!' And in her eyes was a great reproach. Ida! My

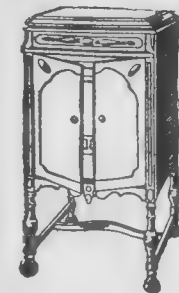
Continued on page 548

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Let There be Light

Continued from 54g page

Ida! She was reproaching me, for doubting her love, Mark. Ida! Come back to me!"

He rose, facing full upon the falls, and stretched out his arms to the blank, unanswering darkness. Tears were pouring down his face. "IDA! Where are you? IDA!" This last, a cry of agonized loneliness, like a single despondent knell, sounding in a night of abysmal blackness. "Ida!" No answer, but the thwarted grumbling of the falls. His arms fell to his sides—empty. And for a long time he stood, head bowed.

Then with a deep sigh, bent to the Thing at his feet, who was rising to a sitting position, dizzily. Their faces were close together, the lined, sad face of the one, the battered, pleading, coward's face of the other. There was only pity shining from the soul of Burton now—a holy radiance. His friend marked, with wonder, his change of expression.

"Listen! Did Ida go with you, forgetting—me?"

Listening, the world shivered in the cold morning breeze. With the intensity of his listening, Burton was trembling, shivering.

The Thing beside him answered. Mark heard him. He could not help but hear, pulled near to Fred by the strength, suddenly grown gentle, of the man. "Mark, be my witness I doubted her love, and she reproached me. Be my witness, now."

The Thing beside him answered. They were compelled to bend their heads almost to his lips. "I—I—worked on the farm—after the other man—left." Broken sentences, with difficulty pieced together. From the moment he had set eyes upon her, he had wanted her. She would have none of him. A shy, reserved girl. "I—never even saw—your pictured face. She hoarded all—pictures of you—jealously." Ida was dazed by her husband's silence. She wrote letters of enquiry to the Sherwins, but he, Winton, had burnt them. Besides that, she was worried over money, as the store rent had ceased to come from England. "When no word came—from you—after four months—I had a forged—letter sent from England—saying you—loved another, and would—never come back. She might have—the farm. You were—going to begin life over—again in England."

A heavy sigh shook Burton. Head drooped to his arms, which, folded, were brought to shield his face. A long, long time, it seemed to Mark, he sat thus. The blotched shadow, Leena, crept towards them. Strange, that group of four humans, out in the night, which brooded over them mysteriously. But the clouds were clearing away, and the moon shone benignly, hopefully.

Stronger, now, came the broken utterances. "With that letter, I broke her spirit. She was worried—over money, and the death of—her aunt—broke her down. She consented to come—with me, as my wife. Fearful—of your return, I left—as soon as possible. I knew—the Jorgessons were going—back to Europe, but bribed them to keep—silent, in case you ever traced them. Luck was with me. But Ida—grew to hate me. That is why—I left her alone so much. She would—have none of me. All other women—I play with. I love her—only."

"Why—why did Ida leave that letter for me?"

"I found her—crying over it. She said, 'I hope he comes back—to see this—and know that I can find another to take care of me.' I think—she burnt all your pictures—then."

Another deep sigh shook Fred Burton.

"Ah! Mark! And I doubted her. Her love. My Ida!"

Again, the tears came . . .

EARLY Mark Sullivan left the plant; Burton had insisted on sending for others to finish the shift. He felt not the chilliness of the night, nor did the hours drag to dawn. He stood, thought whirling, in the little forest that he loved—this tangle of slender ivory pillars, where the hushed darkness wrapped its starry mantle. His thoughts whirling . . . This Canada. A surge of pride for his country swept through him. There was beau-

ty, great beauty, in this Canada. He would grow to love her wide, still plains, her wonderful, lofty, age-old mountains, her sea-crashed shores. As in a vision, he beheld England, the heart—and flowing from the heart, pulsing from the heart—the great artery, Canada. Canada. A thousand rivers, flowing to oceans superb in their immensity; ten thousand falls, hurling over jutting rocks. Water that could bring light—a mighty light in the darkness of night. A similitude which pleased him, came to his mind. Canada—HIS Canada—land of his birth—Canada, bringing forth Light in Darkness. Her destiny—to brighten, to make happy, to lift burdens. With her miles of space, her vast resources—how easy a task!

The great red dawn burst over the sky, spilling over the horizon's rim, like ruddy wine. Strongly he lifted up his arms toward it; out of his throat were flung the words: "I, the unconquerable. The words came suddenly out of his brain, came crashing out of his brain. I, will dare to struggle before I die!" "I, the unconquerable I, will dare to struggle before I die!" He, an infinitesimal atom, blown about by the wind of adversity, like a speck of dust in an evil wind's embrace—yet, unconquerable. To struggle; the greatest gift that can be given to man, to a nation—to struggle, and rise out of the engulfing slime, towards the high and beautiful.

Even as the convulsive strugglings of the water aided in the birth of Light, so would his, Mark's, writhings be transmuted to something of great lambency. To serve; even as the water served, as the wind, as the tongue of fire. And this same water, this same wind, this same tongue of fire, could turn to poison, fatal to man; the same as service, grudgingly given, could turn to poison. He would serve at his humble tasks, and yet win happiness.

And terrible hate of life, and noise, and falls, and the persons about him fell away—and the eyes of his soul saw only beauty and love. This Canada he had hated—and yet Canada gave him his bread. This valley, this autumn, he had despised—and yet the so-splendid autumn had flowed in glittering glory over a valley garbed in cloth of gold. Leena. As much his fault as hers—their trouble. He—so ungracious and disagreeable. What of love had he shown her, these past weeks? No wonder she had turned to Winton. And the child. What had he done to win the affection of the child? Nothing. Had hated him.

The plant. There was a roaring in his ears, but it was the roaring of progress. He seemed to see the falls, the bursting, booming falls, harnessed, strapped down, submissive to the will of man, and giving forth—light. There was a magic to the grinding of machinery; a hosanna of joy, colossal and magnificent, in that grinding, and grumbling, and grunting of machinery.

And he went down into the valley, where the house was. It was there that he found her, just a sobbing heap. In the dim dawn, she cowered at his feet—in that attitude of mingled humiliation, repentance, supplication and adoration, which the Woman of the Bible must have taken, at the feet of Christ. If Leena's hair had still flowed waist-length, she might have spread it over her husband's feet. Mark thought, Her vanity has been hurt. She must have heard Winton say: "All other women I play with." Yet—he looked down with pity stirring in his heart. Who was he, to cast stones? After all, he had loved this woman. What an amazing, flamboyant woman she had been, coming blazing into his dull, tired life, like a flame.

"Mark! Mark! I'll be good, honest, Mark! I promise to be good." The words were muffled by her heavy sobs. "I've always been good. Yes, I 'ave, Mark! I'll tell you all. Ced—I told Ced I would go away with 'im at Christmas, Mark"! If only she would not grovel at his feet! But if she would not rise up, then he must kneel down. Kneel! Kneel, oddly enough, in a position of supplication. "Don't cry so, Leena! Look at me!"

Continued on page 101



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The House of Charm

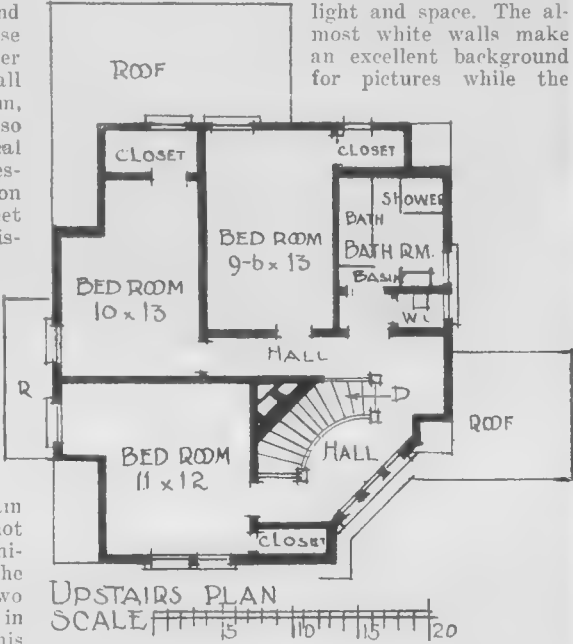
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IN THE interior of a house many things go to make up the success or failure of its rooms. In this plan their disposition and relation to the hall were matters of close planning, and this applies also to many questions of detail in each room, such as its proportions, the position of doors and windows and the treatment of the floors, walls, ceilings and woodwork. Each one of these details has an influence either pleasant or the reverse on all who enter or use the room, and this influence is not so much a matter of physical comfort as of mental impression. The ceiling heights on the ground floor are eight feet six inches, and you will discover that this height gives at once a feeling of hominess, and the living-room has an axis on the bay window looking out across the pool to the brick seat. If you subject these rooms to an analysis you will soon find that the doors and windows are not just stuck on anywhere.

In all home planning plain wall spaces should be left, not only to give space for furniture but to add repose to the room. In the living-room two windows are shown almost in the corner. The idea of this was that a table, lounging-chair and reading-lamp could be placed in this corner where a view could be had of the street by just glancing up from the book. There is ample space for a lounge on the wall next the dining-room and beside the fireplace. The kitchen serves through a pantry the dining-room and the sunroom, while cupboards and sink are placed in the pantry for the finer table furnishings.

The final effect of a room, however, is not completely achieved until it has been finished, and of all the details which go to make a successful room there are few of such importance as the treatment of the walls. I do not advocate modernistic art when it is too extreme. We in Canada have not yet evolved a characteristic style either in architecture or furniture. Some of our artists, notably the celebrated "Seven" of Toronto, are striving to give expression to Art as embodied in Canadian ideals, but with all the bizarre effects which have been evolved in wall coverings and furniture the plans and designs of our homes so far have quietly followed the lines along which experience has developed them. The most attractive

corative value when hung upon a plain surface above some wood panelling cannot be estimated too highly. A treatment which is simple yet highly successful is painting the walls a light cream color. As the wood work of the rooms is also painted creamy white and the ceiling left white the resulting effect is of light and space. The almost white walls make an excellent background for pictures while the

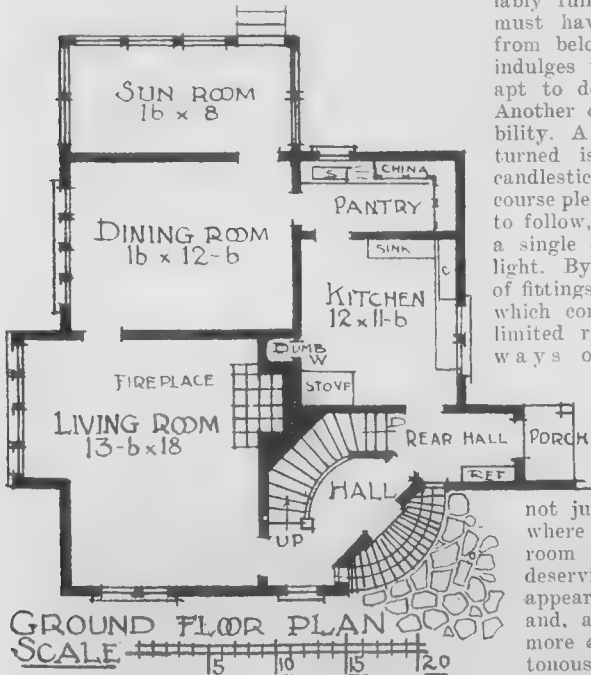


room with its walls in a plain white tone never looks smaller than it is. On the contrary, though its surrounding walls retain their expression of protection and solidity, the room looks larger and makes an admirable setting for the furnishings. For instance the full value in color of a quiet blue under-carpet to Persian rugs is obtained by the contrast to the white woodwork and walls, and the color of flowers, of china, copper and brass, or of deep mahogany or oak are accentuated by the light color of their surroundings.

OF THE several different systems of artificial lighting the most modern are perhaps the most difficult to provide artistic settings for, mainly through lack of precedent to guide the designer. At the same time this very absence of precedent leaves him all the greater freedom to follow the bent of his inventive genius. Strange as it may be to have to state so self-evident a proposition, the primary function of all lighting apparatus is to give light, which essential, however, is not by any means invariably fulfilled. All standard lights must have some sort of support from below, but the designer who indulges in excessive decoration is apt to defeat the object in view. Another condition of lamps is stability. A lamp that is easily overturned is a positive danger. In candlestick design there are of course plenty of excellent precedents to follow, whether it be for holding a single candle or for a branched light. By far the largest majority of fittings for lighting are of metal, which comprehends on almost unlimited range of choice since the ways of treating and finishing metals are very numerous. Thus we may have a polished surface, or a dull or an oxidized.

The bathroom has been planned for a bathroom, not just a portion of the house where nothing else will fit in. No room in all the house is more deserving of bright and pleasing appearance than the bathroom and, as I have stated, none is more apt to be dull and monotonous. A good-sized room is provided for the shower and tub and basin while the toilet is separate, opening from a small vestibule off the hall.

In the garden and grounds surrounding the house the idea has been to make interesting spots.



of all the different ways of treating the walls of a room is probably to panel them. We can dismiss the tapestry wall covering as impossible in a small house although one piece of beautiful tapestry is not difficult to acquire, while its de-

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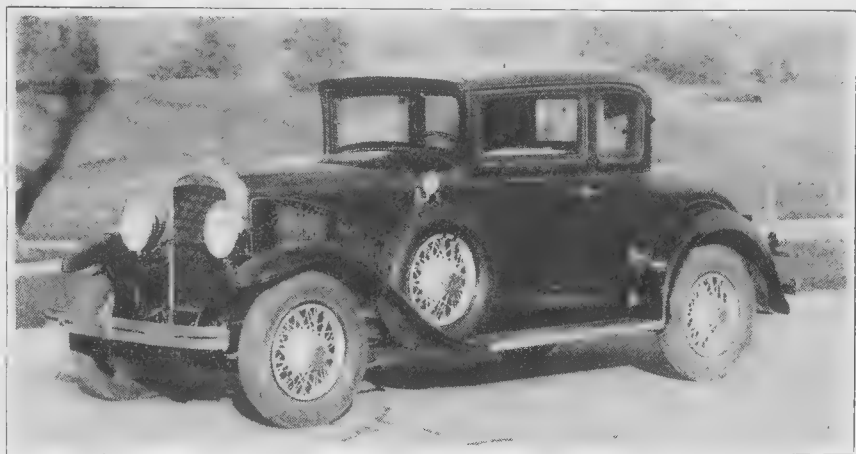
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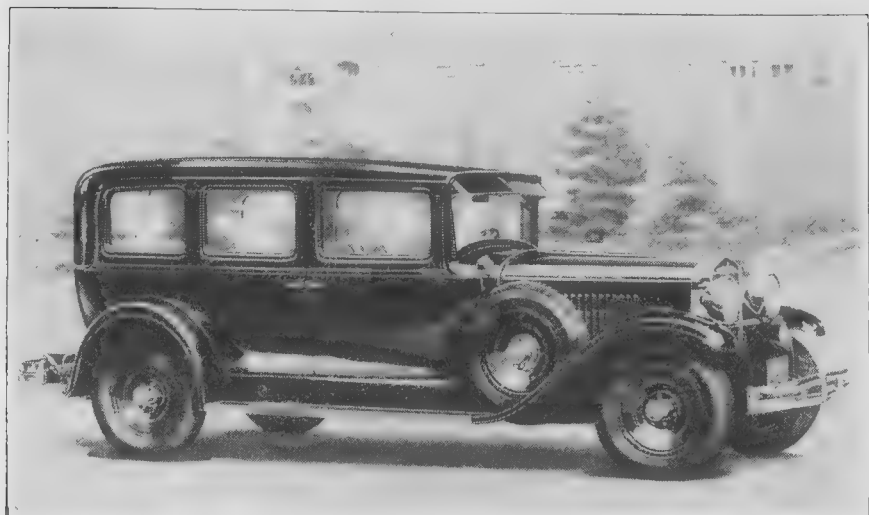
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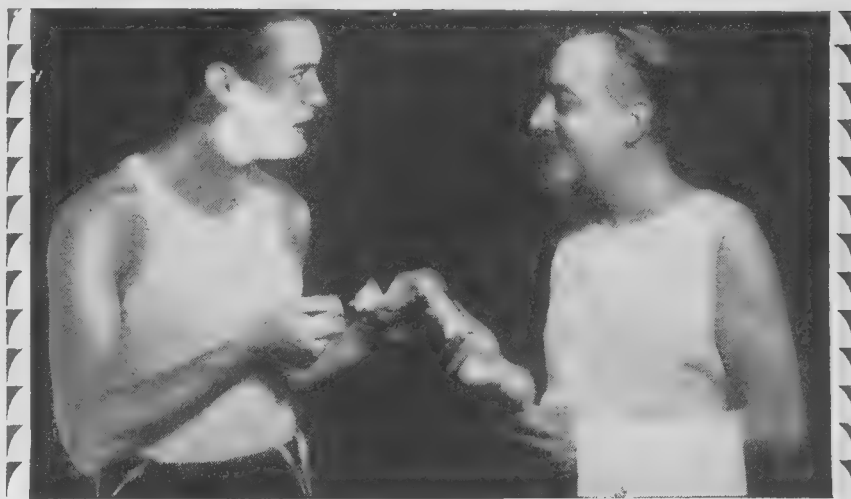
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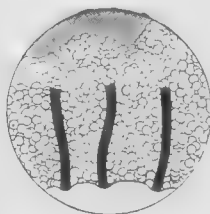
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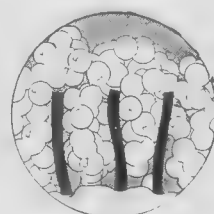
Results—they'll tell the story better than words.

The minute you lather up with Colgate's, two things happen: 1. The soap in the lather breaks up the oil film that covers each hair. 2. Billions of tiny, moisture-laden bubbles seep down through your beard . . . crowd around each whisker . . . soak it soft with water.



COLGATE LATHER

Colgate's lather (greatly magnified) showing moisture contact with beard and minimum air. A common-sense principle scientifically authenticated and proved out practically by millions of men.



ORDINARY LATHER

Ordinary, big-bubble lather (greatly magnified). Note air-filled bubbles which can't soften the beard sufficiently. Only water can do the job. Only small bubbles permit sufficient water.

Instantly your beard gets moist and pliable . . . easier to cut . . . scientifically softened right down at the base . . . ready for your razor.

A comparative test is easy—just mail the coupon, now. We will send also, a sample of After Shave, a new lotion . . . refreshing, delightful . . . the perfect shave finale.

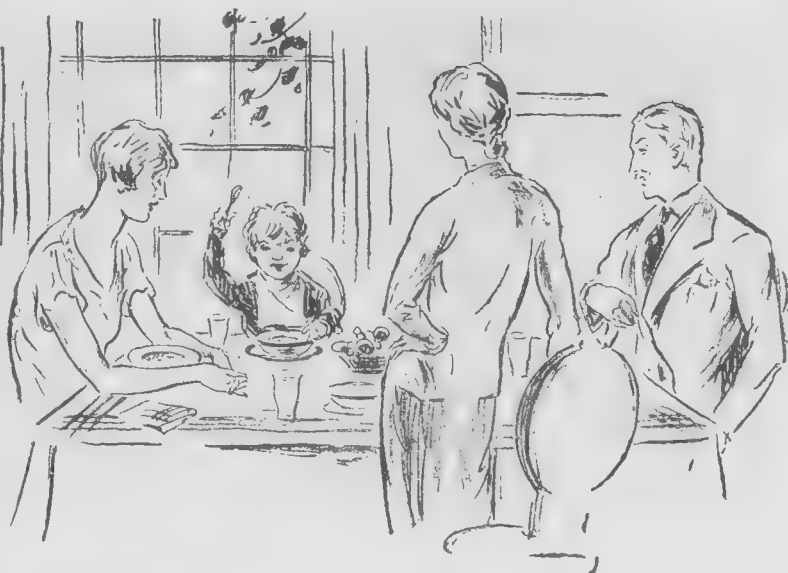


COLGATE-PALMOLIVE-PET CO. Ltd., Dept. B 1901
64 Natalie St., Toronto; 353 Rue St. Nicholas, Montreal.

Please send me, FREE, the seven-day trial tube of Colgate's Rapid Shave Cream; also a sample bottle of "After Shave."

Name

Address



FAVOURITE OF TWO GENERATIONS

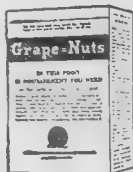
FOR over thirty years Grape-Nuts has held an enviable position on breakfast tables throughout the world. Its delicious, nut-like flavour has tempted parents and children alike to receive from Grape-Nuts in such an enjoyable way, the five essential elements of nutrition it supplies.

Grape-Nuts has won, and held this great popularity, also, because it is easily digested. And CRISP—to give healthful exercise to teeth and gums. And because it is one of the least expensive of foods—costing less than one cent a serving.

Enjoy it beginning to-morrow. Four teaspoonfuls is sufficient for each person. Sold by grocers in wax-wrapped packages—ready to eat.

Send For Trial Packages

Two free trial packages of Grape-Nuts and a valuable health breakfast booklet will be sent you on request. Use the coupon



Grape-Nuts

for Delicious Nourishment

Made in Canada

CANADIAN POSTUM CO., LIMITED,
STERLING TOWER, TORONTO 2, ONT.

G1-29M

Please send me, free, two trial packages of Grape-Nuts, together with "A Book of Better Breakfasts".

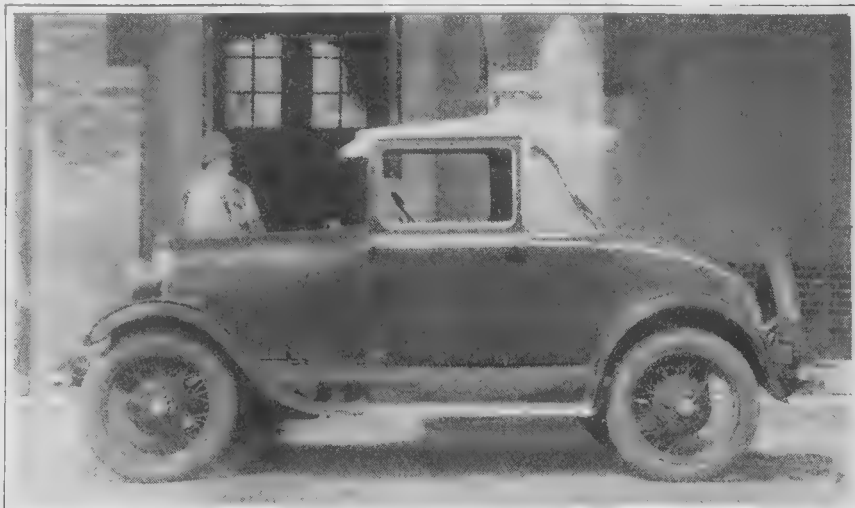
Name

Address

City Prov.....

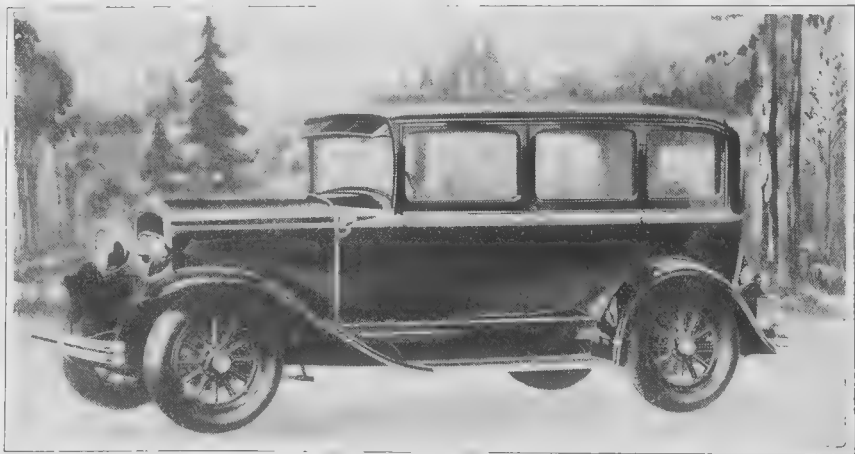
Western Canadians

FORD SPORT COUPE MODEL A



Possibly the most popular model in the new line, particularly as a business car.

DE SOTO SIX SEDAN DE LUJO



A popular model in this new line. The power plant is of Chrysler design and includes the well known Chrysler high compression principles.

DURANT DE LUXE "60" SEDAN



Powered with Red Seal Continental motor of greater refinement and improvement, rubber mounted, offering more power and smoother performance.

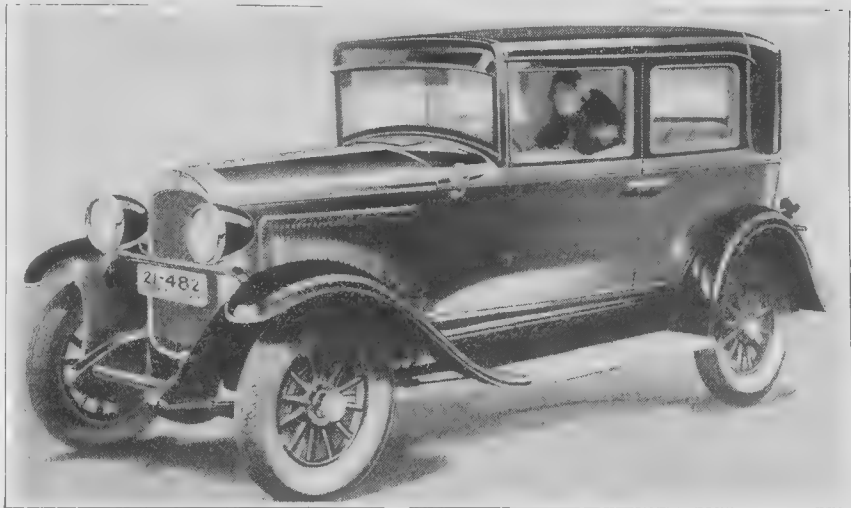
NEW OAKLAND SIX TWO DOOR SEDAN



Larger, roomier body and more graceful contours are features of the new Oakland Olympia series.

View 1929 Models

THE NEW WHIPPET SIX COACH



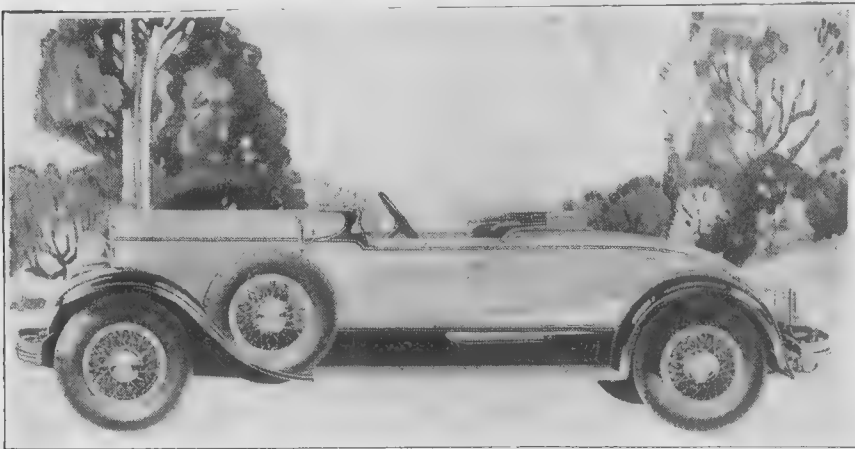
A side view showing refinements such as higher radiator of Chromium plate, a larger body with full crown sweeping fenders.

NEW CADILLAC SEVEN PASSENGER IMPERIAL



An impressive leader in the Cadillac line suitable for either owner or chauffeur driving.

CHRYSLER IMPERIAL ROADSTER



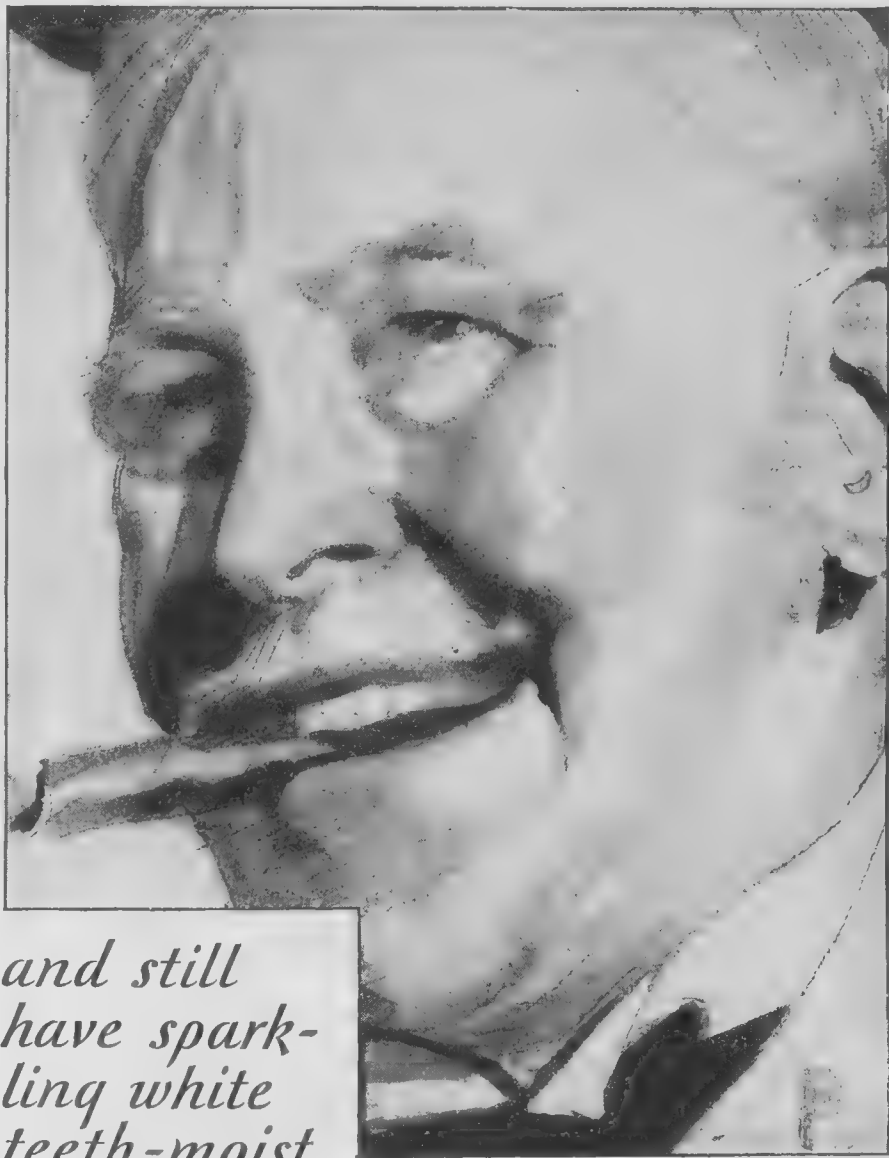
Many new and notable features are included in the new Chrysler Imperial series. Among these are a longer wheel base, a still more powerful motor and new body lines.

INTERNATIONAL HARVESTER DELIVERY TRUCK



Typical of the models most popular amongst the retail trade in Western Canada. Splendid sales are predicted this year for the various truck manufacturers turning out such a type.

Smoke all day-



*and still
have spark-
ling white
teeth-moist
mouth-
sweet breath*

MOUTH feel parched after smoking? Or taste like stale tobacco? You'll welcome Pebeco.

It's a real smoker's tooth paste. Unlike any you've ever used before.

The flavor is sharp, invigorating. It stimulates the saliva—keeps it flowing normally hours after you brush your teeth. You'll taste the difference the minute you try Pebeco. It's neither sweet nor sugary—soapy nor gritty! Just a wholesome, business-like tang that makes your whole mouth glow with health and cleanliness.

Even if you don't smoke—you need Pebeco. It's a remarkable preventive of tooth decay.

By bathing the teeth and mouth with alkaline saliva, Pebeco neutralizes harmful mouth acids—checking the greatest cause of tooth trouble.

Use it twice a day. See how white and sparkling your teeth become. How clean and sweet your breath!



Distributed in Canada by Lehn & Fink (Canada), Limited, for the owners of the Canadian trademark "Pebeco."

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GREY HAIR

Banish it Easily this Safe Way

There was a time when the discovery of the first traces of greyness brought embarrassment and worry. Now, with the famous INECTO-Rapid hair tint available all over Canada, no woman need let grey hair disclose to the world the toll of advancing years.

INECTO-Rapid, the greatest advance in safe, simply applied hair recoloratives ever made, is prepared in shades to match perfectly every natural hair color. INECTO contains no harmful ingredients of any description and can be used with absolute safety on any healthy scalp. INECTO-Rapid—the same as used by leading hair specialists of Europe and America—is sold at drug stores, department stores and hair-dressers, or may be ordered direct from

The W. T. Pember Stores, Ltd.
129 Yonge St., Toronto, Ont.



This sign is a Symbol of Service



Where you see the Nyal Emblem you may know that the real owner of the store is in charge. You may know that it is a prescription drug store with a registered pharmacist—a store that belongs to the community in spirit, service and responsibility. The Nyal druggist-owner has won and holds his trade because he stands for quality merchandise. Seek out the Nyal Service Drug Store in your neighborhood. Learn for yourself that it offers more in value—unconditionally guaranteed medicines, cosmetics and specialty items.

Famous NYAL products that every home needs

Here are five famous products that belong in every medicine chest—a sure protection to health. They can be obtained in any Nyal Service Drug Store. You should not be without them.

- Nyal Creophos*—Tonic and Tissue Builder. Take it after the Flu.
- Nyal Huskeys*—Relieve Tickling Coughs. Preventive of infection.
- Nyal Laxacold*—Quick Relief for Grippe and Flu.
- Nyalgesic*—Relieves pain. An excellent inhalant for Head Colds.
- Nyal Pinol*—The Pleasant Expectorant Cough Syrup.

NYAL Company, Limited, Windsor, Ontario

AS AN ANNIVERSARY OR BIRTHDAY GIFT

A year's subscription to Western Canada's only Magazine cannot be surpassed. Your thoughtfulness is not fleeting but steadfast—twelve months in the year.

Treatment of Poisoning

POISONS may be broadly classified as Irritants and Narcotics. The Irritants include mineral and vegetable acids and alkalies, such as hydrochloric, oxalic and carbolic acids, ammonia, blue vitriol, caustic soda, corrosive sublimate, etc. They act chiefly on the stomach and intestines, producing intense pain together with severe vomiting and purging. Emetics are, therefore, usually superfluous and the correct treatment consists, in the case of acids, of copious doses of bland, more or less alkaline or neutral substances—such as chalk, whiting, or magnesia in water, gruel, milk and the whites of eggs,—to check the corrosive effect of the acid and soothe the inflamed tissues. For poisoning by alkalies, on the other hand, the natural antidotes are weak acids, such as diluted lemon juice or vinegar. Narcotics include the various forms of opium, cyanide of potassium, chloral, alcohol chloroform, etc. The symptoms induced by narcotic poisons are headache, dizziness, dim or double vision, loss of power of the voluntary muscles, convulsions, and, finally, profound stupor terminating in death. Not all of the above symptoms are present in every case, however. If the mistake is discovered as soon as the poison is swallowed, emetics are of value; otherwise they are of little or no use. The principal treatment consists of stimulants, warmth and efforts to keep the patient from lapsing into unconsciousness. In addition to the foregoing there is a large class of what may be termed "Mixed Poisons," in which the irritating effect of the acids and alkalies is joined to the stupefying influence of the narcotics, and to combat which a combination of methods is required. These include such familiar growths as deadly nightshade, thorn apple, meadow saffron, fox-glove, etc. There also are numerous irritant or asphyxiating gases, including coal gas, carbon dioxide, illuminating gas and many others, whose effects are overcome principally by means of fresh air and artificial respiration, with warmth and gentle stimulation after consciousness has been restored.

In any case of known or even suspected poisoning, a doctor should be summoned immediately, as a delay even of a few minutes may make the difference between death and recovery. While waiting for his arrival, however, no time should be lost in putting into practice the methods below outlined.

Aconite—Give an emetic if in the early stages. Follow with stimulants, application of artificial warmth, and rubbing. Give artificial respiration if necessary.

Alcohol—Give emetic. Rouse the patient and try to keep awake by applications of wet towels to the face and chest or by forcing him to walk with support on either side. Give copious draughts of strong coffee and a teaspoonful of aromatic spirits of ammonia in a little water. Use artificial respiration if necessary. Note: alcohol poisoning should not be confused with ordinary intoxication which, as a rule, can safely be let alone, merely loosening the victim's collar and any constricting clothing and placing him in a comfortable posture.

Ammonia—Do not give emetics. Administer copious draughts of weak vinegar and water or lemon juice and water.

Arsenic—Empty the stomach if in the early stages. Follow with plenty of milk or whites of eggs mixed with milk or water.

Belladonna—Give an emetic in the early stages. Follow with strong coffee and powdered charcoal in water, or give lime water, half a cupful at a time, in place of charcoal.

Bichloride of Mercury—No emetic. Give beaten raw eggs and milk, or flour and water.

Carbolic Acid—No emetic. Give milk and whites of eggs, or powdered magnesia mixed with milk or water.

Chloral Hydrate—Emetics followed by strong coffee. Keep patient awake.

Chloroform—Give artificial respiration and abundant fresh air. Apply warmth over the heart and to the extremities, and rub the limbs and body to get the circulation started.

Illuminating or Coal Gas—Throw open all windows or carry the patient into the open air. Give artificial respiration and dash cold water on the face and chest from a distance of several feet.

Mushrooms—Give an emetic followed by a cathartic. Follow with strong coffee and stimulants. Apply warmth by means of hot blankets, hot water bottles and rubbing.

Oil of Vitriol—Give no emetic. Administer from 2 to 4 tablespoonfuls of pulverized chalk, whiting, or magnesia in a large cupful of water. Follow with milk and raw eggs, olive oil, or thick gruel.

Opium—Give copious draughts of black coffee. Exercise every possible means of keeping the patient from falling into a stupor, or of rousing him if already unconscious. Shout at him. Force him to walk with support on either side. Slap his face and chest with wet towels. Continue these measures until he shows no further inclination to relapse into unconsciousness, or until the arrival of a physician.

Oxalic Acid—No emetic. Give from 2 to 4 tablespoonfuls of pulverized chalk, whiting or magnesia in a large cupful of water. Follow with milk, milk and whites of eggs, olive oil, or thick gruel.

Phosphorus—Give emetics followed by whites of eggs and from 2 to 4 tablespoonfuls of chalk or magnesia in 1 pint of milk or gruel.

Prussic Acid—Empty the stomach if possible, and follow with copious draughts of milk, or with olive oil, or whites of eggs. Stimulate with brandy or aromatic spirits of ammonia (1 teaspoonful in half a glass or less of water), or by dashing cold water on the face and chest from a distance of several feet. Administer artificial respiration if necessary.

Ptomaine Poisoning—Empty the stomach and give a generous dose of castor oil. Apply heat and friction. Give strong coffee by the mouth or rectum.

Sugar of Lead—Give ½ cupful of Epsom Salts dissolved in water. Follow with milk and egg whites.

Tartar Emetic—Empty the stomach. Give strong tea followed by white of egg in milk or water.

At Home

By Ernest S. Woulds

At home, I have a treasure
Who is only five months old
I would not trade for a load of jade
Nor sell for a ton of gold.

His face is round, cheeks rosy red,
Eyes blue, and always bright,
And the greatest moments of my life,
Are the twenty minutes at night

When I can have him to myself,
And do just as I please,
And let him toss and turn about,
And romp upon my knee.

There's aye a welcome in his smile
When e'er he hears my voice
And kick of feet and outstretched arms
Make heart and soul rejoice.

I know not what the future holds
For this great, little man,
But trust that I may lead him in
The way that God shall plan.

And e'er I reach the end of life
I hope mine eyes shall see
A young man, honored by his race,
Once, the boy God gave to me.





DOES the ordinary everyday Canadian ever stop to realize the extent of the business which Canada does every year with foreign countries? Figures recently appearing from the Department of Trade and Commerce open up a wonderful picture of Canadians sailing the seven seas in quest of trade and crossing the five continents in search of new openings. The department is emphasizing as strongly as possible the fact that today "the great race amongst the aggressive nations of the world is for export trade." Is Canada contending earnestly for a place in this great race?

Not only is she contending but she is succeeding by leaps and bounds. Consider these facts. Amongst the nations, Canada ranks twenty-eighth in point of population and yet in trade exports she occupies fifth position, in absolute trade balance the third, in per capita exports the second and in per capita trade the first. For the year ending November first Canada had exported to foreign countries thirteen hundred and forty-five million dollars worth of goods with a trade balance of one hundred and sixty-two million dollars in her favour. In six years the export trade has increased by almost hundred per cent. A recent survey, the information continues, shows 650 groups of articles fully or partially manufactured in this country, while approximately 1,600 Canadian firms or corporations are active exporters.

The direct benefit of such a remarkable development is found in the stabilization of employment, the lowering of production costs and the keeping of the dollar at par. This is the contention of the Department. Do we find any indication of the truth of such a proposition in an analysis of home conditions?

For such an analysis we must look to the pronouncements of our financial leaders amongst whom one of the outstanding is Sir Herbert Holt the President of the Royal Bank of Canada. In speaking at the annual meeting held in January he made use of the following words:

"The basis of the exceptional prosperity during the past few years has been the great development of natural resources. New areas have been opened up for cultivation, great mining fields have been discovered; forest resources have been effectively utilized, and the large scale installation of plants for the development of water power has resulted in an increase in manufacturing activity in most parts of the country. In the newsprint industry, however, there has been unjustified expansion, resulting in over-production and a consequent decline in price, entailing a loss to the industry of at least \$20,000,000 a year. It is imperative that measures be taken to remedy this situation so as to bring a fair profit to the industry and to permit adequate conservation and maintenance of the forests.

"The most pressing internal problem of the country is the need for more population. I believe, however, that at the moment it is no exaggeration to summarize the general situation by saying that there is no other part of the world more prosperous than Canada."

NOT alone from bank managers do we find such an outpouring of optimism and confidence, but also from every other department of commerce and finance. The president of the Canada Life Assurance Company adds his quota when he declares that the Western Prairie Provinces have been markedly stabilized during recent months by the largest industrial and commercial enterprises which have established themselves at various strategic points

throughout Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta. This has resulted in large plants and buildings being erected and constructed in the cities and larger towns of these provinces from which the business of these various enterprises will be carried on and goods, wares and merchandise manufactured or assembled and distributed. He predicts these provinces are also about to find a greatly increased industrial growth by reason of the mineral development which promises to be more or less a repetition of what Ontario and Quebec have experienced.

Dealing with the question of population he concludes with this remarkable tribute to and belief in the future of Canada.

"Looking west from Winnipeg, it is not difficult to visualize in the near future a vaster and greater Canada than even the most optimistic of us could have anticipated. Its great need of the moment is men and women. Much has been done; much has been written and said with reference to immigration and colonization. This effort appears to be about to bear fruit for it is my belief that the stream of immigration is headed for Canada, and that people of a most desirable kind will speedily seek our shores in numbers—as many as can be conveniently and effectively assimilated."

The Dominion Bureau of Statistics in its January issue comments upon the current business situation in Canada and deals with the question of construction, canal traffic, railways, external trade, mining, employment and agricultural production. Perhaps no development is more significant to the prosperity of the country than that which is found in connection with mining. The report states that in few previous years has Canada's mining industry shown such phenomenal growth as in 1928, when the value of the output was officially estimated at \$271,000,000 marking a gain of \$23,644,000 or nearly 10 per cent over the total for the preceding year. Marked increases were shown in the production of nickel and copper, the output of nickel being placed at 93,789,000 lbs. compared with 66,799,000 lbs. in 1927, and the copper output at 191,944,000 lbs. compared with 140,147,000 lbs. The increase in the combined value of the production of these two metals was \$15,849,000 or 49 per cent. The production of lead and zinc was also considerably greater, though owing to lower prices the value showed a decline. The production and value of silver was less than in 1927, while a moderate increase was shown in the production of gold. Crude petroleum was produced in greater volume, the value showing an increase of 35 per cent. The production of asbestos was greater at 280,096 tons, the value showing a moderate decline. The output of cement was 10,906,000 barrels compared with 10,066,000 barrels, the value in 1928 being placed at \$16,803,000 an increase of nearly 17 per cent.

In connection with the agriculture it is stated that the Canadian wheat crop of 1928 was officially reported on January 23, as amounting to 533,570,000 bushels, exceeding the half billion bushel mark for the first time. Considerable losses in grades and yields were sustained from frost in Saskatchewan and Alberta after the third week of August, but the marketings show that the loss was rather in quality than in quantity. The wheat crop is valued at \$426,000,000 the average price obtained by the producers being 80 cents per bushel. The area devoted to the wheat crop in 1928 was 24,100,000 acres, which was greater than in any other year. Barley also shows the highest acreage and yield yet recorded, viz., 136,391,400 bushels from 4,880,740 acres.



We win 85 times out of 100

Men find this new shaving creation so exactly what they seek, that 85% who try it buy it regularly thereafter.

Make this 1-Week's Test—FREE



DEAR SIR: From a scratch beginning a few years ago, to top place in one of the highly competitive fields that men know, is the record of Palmolive Shaving Cream.

It was a hard job. Most of its users had to be won away from the habits of years in using rival preparations.

That is why we send 7-day tubes for free trial. 85% of those who try this creation, keep on using it. We believe you, no matter how firmly you hold to another preparation, will, after a trial, adopt it.

Will you not, in fairness to us both, accept a tube to try? 60 years of soap study stand behind its creation. 129 formulas were developed and discarded in perfecting it. It is different in five major ways from any other preparation you have ever used.

MADE IN CANADA

PALMOLIVE RADIO HOUR—Every Wednesday night—from 9:30 to 10:30 p. m., E.T.; 8:30 to 9:30 p. m., C.T.; 7:30 to 8:30 p. m., mountain time; 6:30 to 7:30 p. m., Pacific time—over WEA and 39 stations associated with The National Broadcasting Company.

These 5 Advantages

- 1: Multiplies itself in lather 250 times.
- 2: Softens the beard in one minute.
- 3: Maintains its creamy fullness for 10 minutes on the face.
- 4: Strong bubbles hold the hairs erect for cutting.
- 5: Fine after-effects due to palm and olive oil content.

Just send the coupon

Your present method may suit you well. But still there may be a better way. This test may mean much to you in comfort. Send the coupon before you forget.

To add the final touch to shaving luxury, we have created Palmolive After Shaving Talc—especially for men. Try the sample we send free with the Shaving Cream.

4281-Can.

7 SHAVES FREE
and a can of Palmolive After Shaving Talc

Simply insert your name and address and mail to Dept. B-3048, Colgate-Palmolive-Peet Co., Limited, Toronto 8, Ontario.

(Please print your name and address)

Why- You can buy NOW and Save Money on Your FUR COAT for Next Season



Following a spell of unusually mild weather, our inventory shows a stock far too heavy for this time of year of coats in the most popular furs, which must be reduced. We are offering NOW values it will be impossible to duplicate later on.

The savings range as high as 20% to 35%—an opportunity too good to miss—especially when you consider that these coats are of Holt, Renfrew quality and at their former prices were acknowledged to be Canada's greatest Fur Coat values.

HUDSON SEAL COATS

Plain or Alaska Sable Trimmed

Regular \$375 for\$295.00
Regular \$435 for\$345.00
Regular \$475 for\$385.00

PERSIAN LAMB COATS

Alaska Sable Trimmed

Regular \$375 for\$295.00
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Regular \$475 for\$385.00

CHAPAL SEAL COATS

Self Trimmed	Alaska Sable Trimmed
Reg. \$110 for. \$79.50	Reg. \$125 for. \$97.50
Reg. \$125 for. \$97.50	Reg. \$145 for. \$110.00
Reg. \$145 for. \$110.00	Reg. \$165 for. \$125.00

MUSKRAT COATS

Regular \$200 for\$159.50
Regular \$250 for\$189.50
Regular \$275 for\$210.00

In addition to those noted above we are offering equally attractive values in coats of Mole, Caracul Viscache, Squirrel, etc. Selection sent on approval at our expense. Write today.

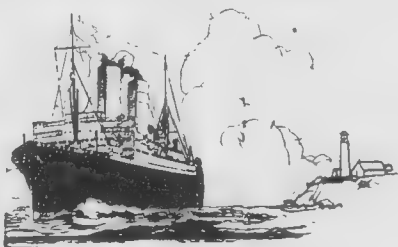
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You may pay for your fur coat on extended payment terms if you wish. No interest charges for this service.

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Canada's Largest Furriers - - Est. 1837

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"S.S. Minnedosa" from Montreal June 8th

AFORDING to former residents of the Island of Lewis, an unusual opportunity to sail direct to their native place (Eilean an Fhraoich).

Travel Cabin, Tourist Third Cabin or Third Class—they all represent comfort and the maximum of service.

The "Minnedosa" will drop anchor off Airinish Lighthouse, June 15th and you will then have the opportunity of witnessing the opening of the NEW TOWN HALL and MUNICIPAL BUILDINGS.

Round Trip (Tourist Third Cabin) \$195.30
Cabin 300.80

For Further Information Apply to any C.P.R. Agent or to
W. C. CASEY - General Agent - Winnipeg

Appointing the Modern Table

Continued from page 36

wonderfully welcome to the industry but it is the element of color which has made all things possible. He showed me a goblet of clear glass and one of colored glass, both priced at the same modest figure; alongside these he placed another piece of clear glass, bearing a much higher cost tag; he then invited me to compare their casually apparent values. Undoubtedly, the piece of colored glass looked much closer to the high-priced clear goblet than to the cheap one. And therein lies the secret of the charming colored glass that is available at moderate prices—for this expert told me that a little color helps out the manufacturer mightily; clear glass MUST be of very fine quality, if it is to look fine, whilst a little color disguises less-fine glass quite effectually.

This does not mean that we cannot get the finest colored crystal as well as clear crystal; but it does mean that if the lines are good, much less expensive glass will look well if it has even a faint tint of color.

WITH glassware quite frankly cutting into its territory, it is well for china that it has kept pace with the modern, lovely—and, we must admit, extravagant—mode. It is quite within memory of most of us, that one had difficulty even in the larger Canadian cities in finding the genuine big breakfast coffee cup; dessert services of any distinction; a fish-platter or interesting salad service. But today, it would be difficult indeed to conjure up a wish that our merchants could not fill for us. My own idea of a thoroughly delightful hour is one spent in the china department of one of our big shops or in the sample rooms of an important importer.

Here, again, we have shaken off all limitations of times and styles; we have them all! Handsome old dinner services—at least, their designs are old although the most modern of potters are making them—display even the characteristic old reds, yellows and blues that characterized so much of the dinnerware made by the first English factories. In those days a special design would be created for some great lord and perhaps for the monarch himself; and some of those very designs are being reproduced for us today.

Equally colorful are other designs that show every type of decorative motif—from a deep conventionalized border to an apparently casual scattering of bright hued flowers. And, of course, the modernistic line, block, and angle, have found their way into china decoration too. Just choose your period.

Whilst, of course, for practical family purposes there is nothing to compare with an open-stock ware, which will permit of additions and replacements at any time, we do not care to limit ourselves to a single pattern of china or porcelain (for of course, many of our most attractive dinner services are what is usually called semi-porcelain), for the successive courses of dinner. The really smart practice introduces a different pattern for each course—or, at least, for several courses, more particularly the salad and the dessert. Usually it is wisdom to plan a governing color scheme—else one will have trouble with the flowers and other incidentals of the dinner table. And, of course, one plans carefully that the bouillon cups, the rimmed soup plates of the formal dinner, and whatever other dishes will be used on them, should harmonize beautifully with the service plates.

One may even have silver services, in this luxurious day; not so frightfully expensive, either, if they are of plate. Very lovely designs have appeared in service plates and so on, and silver even goes so far as to challenge the supremacy of glass, in tall, slender-stemmed cocktail glasses and, of course, in all manner of serving dishes.

Daily Snooze.—The human brain is a wonderful organ. It starts working the moment we get up in the morning, and doesn't stop until we get to the office.—Hardware Age.



Why Stay GRAY?

WHY TOLERATE GRAY hair? No excuse for it when Kolor-Bak, a clean, colorless, scientific liquid, will bring color back to hair, whether blonde, auburn, brown or black! Can't harm the finest hair, nor hurt the most tender scalp. No worry over shade—the one bottle is right for all. Easily applied, with no uncertainty—it is sold on a money-back guarantee. Why use preparations which so often produce that dull, dyed look worse than gray, when there is such an innocent way to secure results without experiment!

For Sale at all Drug and Department Stores

Kolor-Bak

Banishes Gray Hair

Mail This Coupon for Free Booklet on gray hair, and how to use Kolor-Bak.
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93-95 Church Street, Toronto, Ontario

Name..... W-3
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Town..... Province.....

Club Feet



Mary Eloise Laur was born with Club Feet. Photos and parents' letter show result of treatment at McLain Sanitarium:

Our daughter's Club Feet were straightened at McLain Sanitarium in 3½ months. She is now 3 years old and her feet are perfect. Through our home physician we learned of this Institution which we heartily recommend.
MRS. ROY LAUR, Ina, Illinois

McLain Sanitarium (established 1898) is a private institution devoted to the treatment of crippled, deformed and paralyzed conditions generally. No surgical operation requiring chloroform or general anaesthetics. Plaster Paris not used. Patients received without delay. Parents retain full charge of children if desired.

Write for Free Books

"Deformities and Paralysis," and "References," which show and tell of McLain Sanitarium's facilities for treating Club Feet, Infantile Paralysis, Spinal Diseases and Deformities, Hip and Knee Disease, Wry Neck, Etc. Also illustrated magazine, "Sanitarium News," mailed free every 60 days.

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Curry Comb and Collar

Continued from page 28

"Think it over, Barton," he advised as he made a vain endeavor to pat King's head. "My offer holds good until tomorrow night when I leave for the East."

Bryce was tempted to give a definite refusal, but thoughts of the money he owed softened his tone.

"I'll let you know tomorrow after Lady's race," he declared as he rose to his feet. "Come, King, it's time to eat."

Bryce, with King following closely in his tracks, departed for a refreshment booth. He secured a light lunch for himself and a piece of meat and a bone for King. With these he returned to the stall. Sitting in the corner upon a couch of straw, he tossed the meat to King.

The Collie walked listlessly to the offered food, sniffed at it and came back to lay his head on his master's knee.

Tenderly Bryce stroked the intelligent head while Lady pawed the floor in jealousy.

"King, old boy, I believe you know what's in the air, for this is the first time I've ever seen you turn down good food."

With wistful eyes the dog looked into those of his master, then licked his hands passionately, as a cringing attitude bespoke plainly of the canine troubled brain. Contentment had fled from the man and his animal friends. The dog and horse through their affection for their master mirrored his every mood—his dejection lent an atmosphere of gloom within the stall.

THE cool of the evening freshened the air after a sweltering day. The din of the midway continued under the glare of electric lights which came in uncertain rays through the open window. Lady bedded down near the door while Bryce fell into a fitful slumber in the corner with King nestled closely beside him.

At early dawn Bryce was up and brushing Lady Dorne's sleek coat. He put a light exercise saddle on her back and followed by King, who growled at the mare's heels, rode over to the track. Swinging through the large gateway from the paddocks, Bryce set his mount at an easy lope in her morning workout. For half a mile he swung along when King, possessed with unaccountable fury, dashed in from the back-stretch and bit savagely at Lady's hind legs. A burst of latent speed and the mare tore down the track, King's savage yelps beating time with her hoofs as he vainly tried to follow her pace.

Sawing at the reins, Bryce would have brought the mare to an easier gait, but she had got beyond control. Down the home-stretch they raced, and, guided more by training than her rider's hand, dropped to an easy lope when once past the judge's stand, wheeled and came back.

Bryce dismounted and whistled for King, but the dog had found a hole in the fence of the back-stretch and was now lost to view.

Muttering words of salve for the bites which Lady had suffered from the teeth of King, and promises of punishment, the young man led his horse into the stall and rubbed her down. The sores were washed with peroxide and the ani-

mal made comfortable under a cool blanket.

King did not return. Bryce searched for him about the grounds without results. Possibly the dog had become maddened by the heat and was running rampant through the streets of the city. With thoughts of this kind Bryce worried through the forenoon, his eyes ever on the alert for the absent King.

At three o'clock the youth prepared his horse for the race. Twit, who had agreed to ride Lady in the contest, passed a critical glance over her nervous frame.

"Yuh know, Bart, I got a hunch that nag o' yours got more speed than she shows," he ventured. "She got the build and legs of a go-getter. I wonder if it's not because she lacks the stayin' stuff—just a plain case of too yellow to fight when the pace gets tough on the last lap."

Bryce fumbled with the bridle. Odd that he had been thinking the same thing after the burst of speed in the morning.

"Well, you're riding her, Twit," he reminded the jockey. "And I want her brought in if she'll come at all."

Standing by the rail of the track Bryce could hardly restrain himself as he watched the horses fidget about at the barrier preparatory to a break. Of the six horses lining up Lady Dorne was the least popular and easiest controlled. Her owner, though excited over the contest, had little hope of being in the money—the other five thoroughbreds all displayed traits of real seasoned horses which would handle well on the home stretch.

A shot and they were off! Lady leaped ahead with a jerk which almost unseated Twit and landed in third place, her nose even with the second's saddle.

Regaining his balance, Twit plied his quirt, determined to force Lady to hold her place or better it. Around the first bend and the horses held their relative positions—equally matched they circled the track, a cloud of dust drifting towards the spectators as they passed the grandstand.

With straining eyes Bryce watched the horses on the last lap. He saw Lady slowly lose ground despite Twit's flashing quirt until she was fifth in the line, and her owner felt that his last hope was gone.

Then a streak of brown shot across the track and a yelp familiar to the ears of young Barton rang out. Lady shied, and fright giving increased speed, she sprang forward. The dog stopped in the middle of the track and continued barking his warning while Lady Dorne passed all opponents and crossed the wire a winner by half a length.

With a gulp Bryce cleared his throat and when the cheering had slackened, whistled a peculiar note. King scurried back through the hole in the fence and shortly appeared by his master's side. Happiness was apparent in wagging tail and laughing eyes as he leaped about Bryce and licked his clothes, hands and shoes.

"Good work, King," Bryce commended. "You're the first dog I've ever known to win a horse race."

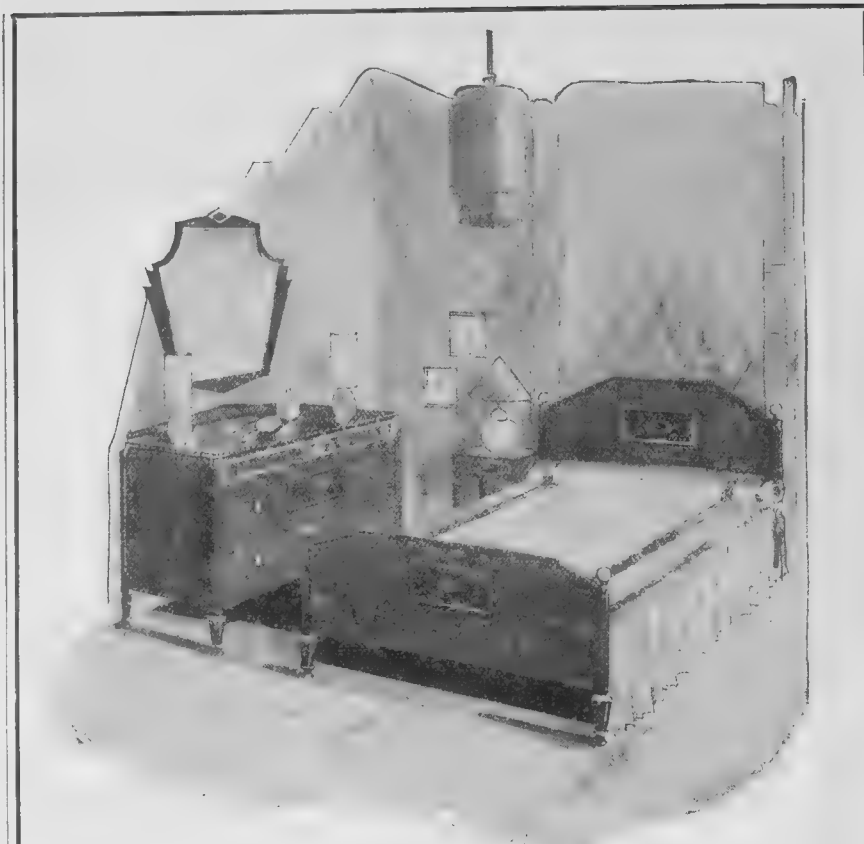
"W'en a Pussy Cat Dies"

You're as stiff an' cold as a stone,
Little cat.
Dey'se done frowned you out an' lef' you alone
Little cat.
I'se strokin' you'se fur,
But you don't never purr,
Nor hump up anywhere.
Little cat—w'y is dat?
Is you'se purrin' an' humpin' all done?

Wy fer is you'se little foot tied,
Little cat?
Did dey pizen you'se tumnick inside,
Little cat?
Did dey hurt you wif kicks,
Or wif big, nasty bricks,
Or poun' you wif sticks,
Little cat—tell me dat?
An' holler wenever you cwied?

Did it hurt very much w'en you died,
Little cat?
Oh w'y didn't you wun off an' hide,
Little cat?
I'se all wet in my eyes
Cos I 'most allus cries
W'en a pussy cat dies,
Little cat. Fink of dat!
An' I'se awfully sorrowy besides.

Dest lay down dere in de sof' groun'
Little cat,
While I put de green grass all roun',
Little cat.
Dey won't hurt you no more
W'en you'se tired an' so sore—
D'est lay twiet,
Little cat—wif a pat,
An' forget all de kicks of de town.
—"Our Dumb Animals"



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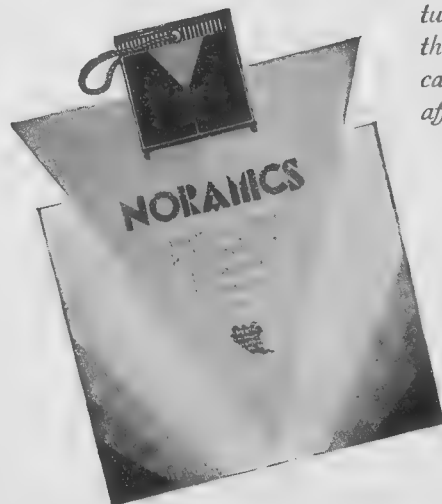
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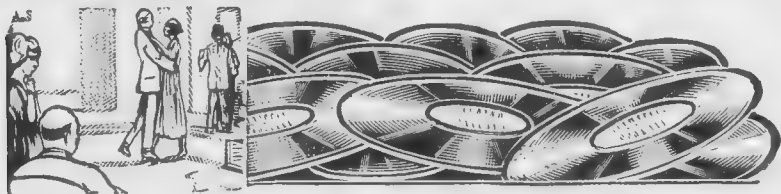
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- Valley of Memory.
- 2407 Girl of My Dreams.
- Dear Old Pal.
- 4180 Blue Ridge Mountain Home.
- Lane of Dreams.
- 4174 Casey Jones.
- Waltz Me Around Again Willie.
- 4183 Just Tell Them You Saw Me.
- Curse of an Aching Heart.
- 2392 Laugh Clown, Laugh.
- I Wanna Sail Away.
- 4131 Wreck of the Old 97.
- Wreck of the Titanic.
- 4135 Rovin' Gambler.
- Little Log Cabin in Lane.
- 2381 Ford Has Made a Lady Out of Lizzie.
- Clancy's Wooden Wedding.
- 4142 Silver Threads Among the Gold.
- In a Garden Rare.
- 4118 May I Sleep in Your Barn Tonight?
- When I Saw Sweet Nellie Home.
- 4117 Where River Shannon Flows.
- Rose From Ireland.
- 4171 Red Wing.
- Waters of Minnetonka.
- 4132 Boy's Best Friend Is His Mother.
- Sweeter than Sweetheart.

POPULAR DANCES

- 1502 Mary Ann.
- Blue Hawaiian Moon.
- 1488 Among My Souvenirs.
- Some Day You'll Remember.
- 1463 My Blue Heaven.
- Found Best Gal of All.
- 1497 After My Laughter Came Tears.
- Carry Me Back to Connemara.
- COMEDY**
- 4002 Flanagan's Second Hand Car.
- Hy and Si and the Line Fence.
- 4004 Flanagan in Restaurant.
- Flanagan's Married Life.
- POPULAR SONGS—Continued.**
- 2323 Get Away, Old Man, Get Away.
- Well, I Swam.
- 4038 Sleep, Baby, Sleep (Yodel).
- Roll On, Silvery Moon (Yodel).
- 4122 When I'm Gone You'll Soon Forget.
- Dear Father Come Home.
- 4127 Tell Mother I'll be There.
- Ben Bolt.
- 4128 Where Is My Wandering Boy.
- Juanita.
- 4151 After the Ball Was Over.
- Do They Ever Think of Me.
- 4167 Preacher and the Bear.
- Sting of the Bumble Bee.

SACRED SONGS

- 4075 Church in Wildwood.
- Voice of Chimneys.
- 4046 Nearer My God to Thee.
- Lord is My Shepherd.
- 4057 Jesus Lover of My Soul.
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INSTRUMENTAL

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- Mrs. McLeod's Reel.
- 4016 Irish Jigs & Reels—1.
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- 4163 Barcarolle Waltz.
- Black Hawk Waltz.
- 4162 Blue Danube Waltz.
- Skaters' Waltz.
- 4063 Arkansas Traveller.
- Turkey in the Straw.
- 4136 Humoresque.
- Spring Song.

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The Easy Art of Home Dyeing

Continued from page 48

vegetable origin, requires cotton dye. It has a great affinity for dyes and does not require quite as much dye for the same weight of material as cotton or linen. Most textile fibres are more elastic when wet than when dry. An unusual feature of rayon is the fact that it loses strength while wet, therefore great care should be used in handling rayon during the dyeing operations. Do not poke it harshly with sticks while in the dyebath nor wring it to remove excess water after dyeing. Press out the water gently between the hands. The original strength of rayon returns when the material is again dry.

When a dyed material has a tendency to crock, it indicates that either too much dye was used or else the material was not allowed to remain in the hot dyebath long enough to fix the color. Excess dye can be removed with warm soap suds or the material can be simmered in hot water for about five minutes and then rinsed thoroughly.

It is essential that the following three rules be carefully observed.

1. Be sure to select the proper dye and the correct amount for your fabric.

2. Choose a dye vessel large enough to allow the material to spread without cramping or bunching.

3. Stir and turn constantly during the entire dyeing process. The goods must not be allowed to sink to the bottom of the dye vessel where the heat is more intense, nor should they be allowed to float on the surface. Keep them in motion all the while.

Badly faded materials should have as much of the old color removed as possible to insure an even result. To remove color from wool, silk or rayon simmer in a bath containing 2 table-spoons household ammonia for each gallon of water, until the water is highly colored. Then repeat the operation with fresh baths until no more color can be removed. For cotton or linen use the same method except that 2 table-spoons of washing soda crystals may be used instead of the ammonia. Then rinse materials thoroughly before dyeing.

When figured goods are dyed, the patterns will almost always show, even when dyed black. It is usually best to remove as much of the color as possible unless you wish the pattern to show distinctly. It is always advisable to dye a sample of such materials in a small pan to determine what the final result will be.

Always dry dyed materials in the shade. Garments dry best when hung on clothes hangers. Knitted garments should be laid flat on clean cloths or papers, pulled into shape and allowed to dry in this position.

Occasionally some difficulty is experienced in obtaining a good black. This is due to the fact that just the right amount of dye is necessary to produce a full shade of black of the proper tone. Remember that a bluish or grayish black is always under-dyed and a brownish or bronzy black has been over-dyed. An under-dyed black should be re-dyed with more black. An over-dyed black should be simmered for 5 minutes in hot water, or washed in rich mild soap suds. This will remove the excess dye from the surface which is not properly fixed and which causes the bronzy shade. A good black cannot be obtained over deep reds or browns unless half package of navy blue is used with each package of black. To obtain a good black on silk use two packages of dye for each pound of material.

Pongee, Tussah and Shantung silks are true silks but because they are woven from the cocoons of wild silk worms, they contain impurities not found in the usual cultivated silks, and they are best dyed with the dyes for cotton, linen or mixed goods. Because of their natural resistance to dyestuffs they cannot be dyed jet black. Practically all other shades can be obtained with fine results.

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The Lure of the Road Camp

Continued from page 20

food; they seemed to know that it was one of my kind who killed their mother. Soon after that we moved camp to another site and left the poor little things to look after themselves. Later in the season we came back here and do you know the dirt had been dug out of the pit and every stone lifted out too. There was only the hide left."

"What animals would have done that?"

"Well, sir, I believe those young bears dug the dirt out and lifted the stones off their mother; a wolf could not have done it—no, nor any other animal except another bear. The wolves probably had a feed, but I believe that the youngsters uncovered her."

"How many years have you cooked for road gangs?"

"This is my eighth summer."

"What did you do before?"

"Chef at hotels and restaurants."

"Isn't that better paying work than this?"

"By the yearly wage it probably is, but I could not save as much as on this job and"—with a sweep of his arm—"look what I would miss."

"Tell me why you come each year."

"I don't think I can explain it. As soon as the snow goes something seems to pull me out here, and I am not contented until I am in the mountains. There is something here, something I can't explain, that I can't find in the cities."

"Peace," I suggested.

"Something more than that, something that fills a man's being. Everything is so genuine—so real. I have cooked for threshing gangs on the prairies but that something is not there. Of course

I can really save more money working eight months a year out here than if I worked twelve months a year in the city. I can't spend any money here; no theatres or other amusements; I need only working clothes, so send my cheque uncashed each month to my wife. Aside from that, however, look at it this way: If I worked in the city I would be scrimping all the time to save enough to be able to spend a holiday up here each summer, and then that holiday would be only for, maybe, a couple of weeks; not long enough to enjoy it as I like to do. Look at the people who go scurrying by in cars trying to see this country in a couple of days or so. Think of the money they spend just for that short visit, and here I live amongst all the beauties and wonders of nature for eight months each year and make a good living too. They have nothing on me—they don't enjoy life like I do—I'll bet. Think I'd trade with them?"

I am convinced that he would not.

"My work is not hard," he continued after a pause. "Every afternoon I have two or three hours in which I can take a book and lie down under the trees; go down to the river and fish, or hike back in the bush and study the birds and animals. When I was in the city I was a machine. Out here I live."

THAT city streets, city buildings, yes, city conventions were so many chains to the soul of my philosopher-cook friend I could not doubt.

I rose, left the cook-tent and crossed to one of the sleeping-tents. The floor was mother earth, the bedsteads pole frames on pole legs, but the springs were steel and, like the mattresses, of good quality. By each neatly made bed a packing-box did duty as a dresser. On

each box stood a lamp, for that many of the men liked to read themselves to sleep was evident by the numerous magazines and books in the tent, therefore each lamp was placed to serve two readers. In this tent were eight beds, four on each side, and in the centre of the tent stood the Sibley heater, the latest thing in camp-heating equipment.

The Sibley heater looks like a large inverted funnel, the six-inch stove-pipe taking the place of the neck. First a hole about three inches deep is dug into the ground. The "funnel" rim is set in this and a little dirt packed around it. There are no grates or bars, just a hinged door in front with an air-draft. Below the door the dirt is cleared away from the rim to allow air passage. The stove pipe rises for one length above the stove, runs horizontally for a few lengths, then turns down and enters the ground. For a few lengths it is buried under eight or ten inches of dirt and thus passes under the tent side to rise vertically once more a short distance from the tent. This arrangement eliminates the necessity of a stove-pipe hole in the roof of the tent and the danger of fire to nil. The heat these odd-looking wood burners give is more than remarkable.

My attention was attracted by a truck driving into the "yard." I wended my steps toward it and found the driver replenishing his gas supply. All gasoline is taken to the road camps in the customary large drums. Some town car owners and the majority of farmers purchase their gas similarly; to see a man drawing gasoline from a drum for his auto or truck is no new sight—the simplicity of the

roadman's methods, however, struck me as ingenious. I have seen other gasoline users laboriously roll the full heavy drums up a skidway onto a raised platform; I have seen others lift them onto platforms, but this roadman did neither. He had first chosen a small hillock and in front of it dug a hole almost as deep as his can stand. The full drums he had dropped from his truck on to the raised ground, faced one in position after inserting the tap, placed his filling-can in the hole and he was all set. When the drum was empty a push of his foot sent it rolling out of the way. Camera in hand I strolled to the highway and over to the gravel pit. Several men were engaged there, loading dump trucks, loosening gravel from the sides with picks, or shovelling big stones from the loosened material to the stone pile.

This particular gang were on a surfacing job, therefore only the finest of material was desired. In some pits gasoline bucket loaders were used; these, however, could not be used at this place on account of the prevalence of large stones. Sometimes singing the refrain of a popular song, at others laughing loudly at some "wise-crack" sprung by one of their number, the workers swung their picks or shovels in steady rhythm. When the only horse-drawn truck in the pit was loaded, the gang foreman invited me to climb aboard and visit with him the scene of the road repairing. After a half-mile drive we arrived at the place.

A truck ahead of us stopped, there was the noise of levers and gears, the truck-bottom opened and, as the driver pulled away he left a neat pile of gravel in the road. Ahead of it other piles, placed equi-distant, stretched for some distance. My companion dumped his load, then drove his wagon to one side of the road and unhitched his team. He next hooked the horses to a one-blade grader, and.

Continued on page 66

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Age 5. Before Virol.



Age 5. After Virol.

The Lure of the Road Camp

Continued from page 65

with another man driving headed for the first gravel heap. With a controlling wheel he raised the blade so that when the horses started it shaved about ten or twelve inches off the top of each mound. Over the long line of gravel heaps the grader passed, then, when the end was reached, turned, and with lowered blades, attacked them again. Several times this process was repeated until after the final trip the gravel was spread neatly from ditch to ditch.

AT SIX p.m. I sat down to another hearty feed, then at its conclusion sought my friend of two weeks previous. I found him reclining on his favorite mossy bank, so stretched out alongside him.

"Let's finish the conversation we began the other Saturday night," I suggested. "Why do you come here each year?"

"Well—first—I suppose I love the open-air life, the peacefulness of everything—can you get this in the city?"

The rippling creek—the mountains—the foliage, everything visible was included in the sweep of his hand that accompanied the words; much that was invisible—much that can only be felt—his tone indicated.

"The work is easy," he continued. "One gets up in the mornings with a feeling of pleasure for and in it; there is no dragging to the 'daily grind' here. Summer evenings I fish the river; I love fishing, and on Sundays Cook puts up lunches for some of us and we follow some stream to where very few people ever get. I tell you it is great to go exploring like that; there is a fascination in finding what is around the next bend of the stream or trail. If it is a beautiful scene, then it seems to me that it belongs to me and my companions by right of discovery; for a time anyhow we have something we do not have to share with others. I am healthier here—did you notice all the food I tucked away today?—and I don't eat like that in the city. Except for my tobacco I spend no money here; I send it all to my wife. She saves enough so that if I don't get a winter job we are all right till Spring. Some of the rich people who ride along the highway in big cars may turn up their noses at the 'poor laboring man,' in overalls, but as far as I am concerned they can keep on doing it, for let me tell you that for eight months in the year I have something all their money cannot buy. Look at the money some of them spend on guides and outfitters to take them back in the mountains to 'rough it' for a time. I'll gamble that with all the money they spend they don't find what I do; they don't have what I have for eight months a year and make a living while enjoying it."

"Coming down to the river, Bud," a younger member of the gang called to my companion.

"You bet your life, Bud answered, then, as he rose, he turned to me saying: 'That kid is a college graduate and this is his first experience in a road camp, but I'll bet he'll be found here next year, you see if he isn't. Why, man, this life has got him already, like it has me. S'long.'"

A little distance away he turned once more to call: "Tomorrow we are going down to the tote-bridge to fish."

As he had said, I found them at the tote-bridge next afternoon; my friend and two younger companions. On an old log-jam they sat, the boys attentive to the sport while the "old-timer" bait-fished with foot on pole and book in hand. The inevitable cigarette hung limply from his lips—Seventh Heaven—he was in it.

Lazily—drowsily—they fished while the gurgling river sang them one of nature's sweetest melodies—the melody that soothes tired, jaded nerves and drives griefs and worries from the human heart. Not that they had worries and griefs to drive away. They may have had, but, as they sat when I came on them, their faces, their attitudes, their speech bespoke contentment and happiness supreme.

"Three blue-overalled, khaki-shirted kings in their kingdoms," I thought to myself. Was I right?



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Auld Maids' Bairns

Continued from page 38

left the group and started down the street at a run in the opposite direction.

Gun in hand, and pausing to regain his breath that the quick journey home and back had shortened a bit, he presently peeped up again into the leaves in search of the grey fur, while the increasing mob of boys fairly danced around him in their excitement.

"Holy gee, Mr. O'Day!—will he be dangerous if you only wound him?"

"Kape quiet, now, th' lot o' yez . . . d'ye think a man could hit annythin' wit' yez all screechin' like this? Shut up now!"

Suddenly Jerry found the grey patch again, and at the same instant raised the automatic and fired into the tree. It was a clean, true shot, for Jerry had been at the war, and knew all about guns, you understand.

Right on the shot, there was a clawing and scrambling in the tree, and in a moment a heavy grey form came hurtling down through the branches and lay on the ground kicking convulsively.

In the very instant that he pulled the trigger, and while the bullet was only half-way toward the grey patch, something told the redoubtable O'Day that he had just made a bad—a very bad—mistake!

Seeing the helpless animal stiffening out before them, the noisy crowd thrust in once more, and Jerry stood uncertainly putting the gun into his pocket.

"Gee, Mr. O'Day!—it ain't a lynx! Its—"

A woman came into the group . . . descended upon it would be a better description! . . . seizing boys and pushing them out of her way right and left in her haste.

"What are you doin', O'Day? — you Irish fool, you! You've killed my cat!"

A lynx, is it? I'll show you what's a lynx!"

At sight of the grey animal she turned upon the exceedingly discomfited constable . . . but we must draw a veil upon the outraged dignity of the Law. Annie Muckleston's Scotch temper seldom flared . . . when it did, someone's hide went on the fence!

While Jerry flustered around, venting his humiliation in a quick, futile scattering of the boys whose furtive grins were as salt in the open wounds of his shattered self complacency, Miss Muckleston tenderly gathered up the body of the big grey Persian, stroking the fur gently, and dabbing at the tears in her eyes.

Then Jerry made a second mistake . . . he offered to carry the dead beast for her! Luckily looks can't kill!

He watched her walk off slowly, stroking the dead animal. "A lynx, indeed!" he heard her say—"the auld fool! . . . Poor auld Alec!—Poor auld pet!"

BUT time heals hurts quickly, and the Irish is a happy temperament. By supper-time the edge of the thing had worn off to some extent, and when Jerry walked abroad for his early evening stroll, and was met by a serious-looking youngster who excitedly told him that a gang of boys were looting Miss Muckleston's orchard, without waiting for a second thought on the thing he accompanied the boy hurriedly in the direction of the lady's house and garden.

"Stealin' th' apples, did you say?" He had much ado to keep up with his eager guide.

"Sure, Mr. O'Day . . . there's a whole lot of them!—Come on!"

Looking into the thick orchard where the dusk of evening was already creating something of gloom, O'Day thought there must be a whole regiment of them.

"Hi, there, you! . . . what are yez doin' in that orchard? Come out of it, I tell you!"

At the first sound of the business-like hail, there was a quick gathering of youngsters in the tall grass under the low-hanging trees, and when Jerry mounted the fence and leaped down on the inside, the gathering became a rout—the boys disappearing as fast as their legs could carry them toward the rear of the orchard, away from the house.

Had Jerry taken a moment to think, or had he been a bit less keen and in-

tent upon the performance of a good turn in a quarter where he had that day done so ill a one, he would probably have been suspicious of that quick, concerted movement of the marauders of Miss Muckleston's apple-trees. The thing smacked of a put-up job.

But Jerry had no time to think—the boys were getting away from him!

Under the laden limbs he ran, dodging trees and ducking his head now and again as he went. His last view of his quarry came as they dodged between the bee-stands that sat in a row toward the end of the orchard . . . then he saw them no more.

He, too, attempted to run between two of the square painted boxes that contained such powerful potentialities, but his foot caught on something in the grass . . . could it have been put there a-purpose, he wondered? . . . and in an instant he had fallen headlong to the earth, with a whack that quite knocked the breath out of him!

Bad enough! he thought . . . but worse was to come. One stand of bees had been knocked from its place, and the bewildered inhabitants sallied forth in quest of someone or something on which to vent their ill-will at this rude disturbance of their evening quiet. A wink is as good as a nod to a swarm of bees. Disturbed in their placid existence, they are no respecters of persons. The Law means nothing here!

There was not much daylight left in the orchard, under the trees, but it sufficed to reveal the disgruntled O'Day, on hands and knees, struggling to regain an erect posture. In an incredibly short space of time he was slapping, pawing and exclaiming wildly at the fierce onslaught of the angry creatures in their massed attack on him. Too bewildered to know which way to turn, he merely stood still and fought back.

In the very hottest of the engagement he became aware of Miss Muckleston standing a little way off, beckoning and calling him to come toward the house. This he did, as quickly as he could, peeling off his coat as he ran, the better to fight the stinging hordes.

By the time Miss Muckleston had helped him to rout out and dispatch the last of his assailants, and had led him into her cosy sitting-room, it was a lugubrous-looking visitor she confronted. Face, neck and hands were simply masses of stings, rapidly swelling, and threatening to close his eyes entirely.

MISS MUCKLESTON was a capable body, as becomes a woman who has passed the first flush of youth without consenting to have a man assume care of her. She knew where to put her hand on a bottle of spirits of ammonia without delay . . . armed with this and some fresh, spotless old pillow-slips that had outlived their usefulness on her beds, she quickly swathed the subdued O'Day almost to the point of total blindness in applications of a character so soothing to his tormented epidermis as to cause him to think he had entered heaven and was being ministered to by a Scotch angel!

Only one eye did she leave uncovered, and crooned . . . positively crooned . . . over the poor tortured fellow while she attended him.

Jerry's optimistic soul began to suggest that perhaps things were not really so bad after all. If it were not for th' ould cat, now . . . however!

She would have been just as kind to a hurt dog, had he only known it!

"What in th' world were ye doin' in th' orchard, O'Day, amang th' bees?"

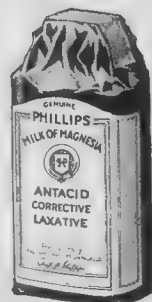
"Sure the's a gang o' byes stealin' your apples . . . I was puttin' them out!" Jerry's mouth was so well swathed that even his voice had an ammoniac flavor to it.

"Boys? . . . 'Twas ma ain twa boys that was pickin' th' apples. I sent them . . . th' twins!"

"Is it twins? It's a dozen o' thim I chased!"

The door opened and in came two boys, sandy-haired and freckled. They gaped in amazement at the mummified figure in the big chair. The two were as

Continued on page 68



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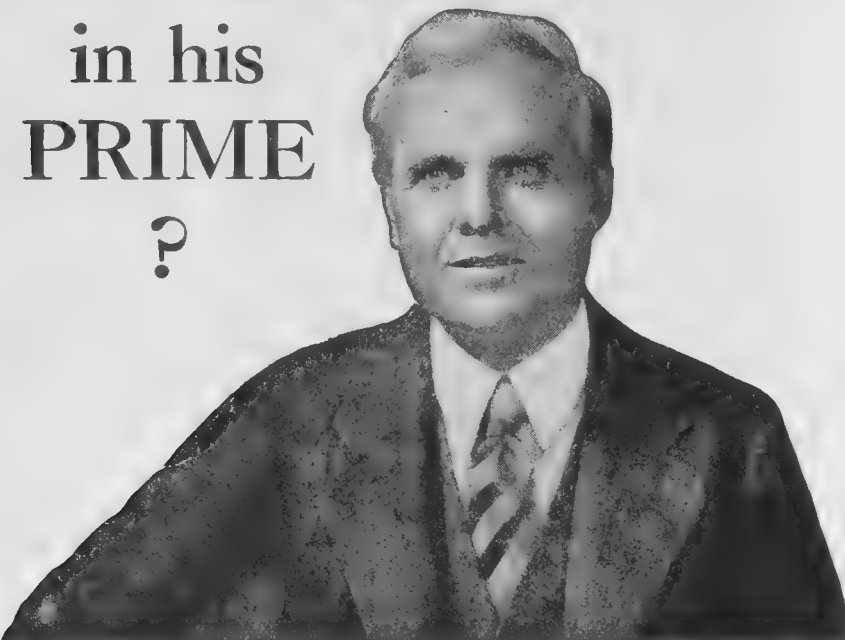
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Auld Maid's Bairns

Continued from page 67

alike as peas. Newcomers always identified one of them by a missing upper tooth at the front . . . the other had them nearly all missing!

"Is it Mr. O'Day, Aunt Annie?"

"It is, boys . . . rin awa' noo, an' get tae yer beds."

"But Aunt Annie—"

"Rin, noo . . . it's Mr. O'Day—he got hurt by the bees!"

O'Day was sitting fascinated, staring basilisk-like with his single eye, at the pair of freckled faces before him. He was having a vision, just as did his ancestors in the bogs on th' ould sod, many a time long before!

In it he saw himself walking down a village street, very much like one he knew, nearby. As he walked, a boy ran toward him and said something to him about a lynx in a tree! Undoubtedly he said "lynx"! and the boy had sandy hair and freckles, and a front tooth was missing! This was the very boy before him now . . . it had never occurred to him to try to remember who told him it was a lynx! . . . and it was Miss Muckleston's boy, and he knew it was a cat all the time!

The boys were reluctantly shouldering each other through the door when Jerry pounced. He seized Pete by the coat, his muffled hands fumbling awkwardly, but holding, nevertheless.

"Here, me bye, I . . . brrr . . . m-m-m . . ." He pawed savagely at the cloths about his face . . . "I got somethin' to say to you! Miss Muckleston, this is the bye that said it was a lynx in th' three this afternoon! Sure it is!"

When Miss Muckleston had professed her profound astonishment, and the reluctant Pete had seen his chances go to zero and beyond, he made the best of a bad job and confessed.

"But I thought Aunt Annie would get there before you got back . . . I never thought you'd go and kill poor Alec!"

There was a sniff or two.

JERRY'S visit, commenced so inauspiciously, had progressed with commendable pleasantness. A bit of a fire in the sitting-room grate had taken the autumn chill out of the air, and a cup of tea and a bite of something on the table had heartened things up a lot. The bee-stings had left off their paining and most of the bandages were removed. The swellings even were commencing to subside a little.

"So poor Maggie died, and left me yon twins. 'You'll be good to them, Annie,' she says, 'an' bring them up like ye'r ain . . . auld maids' bairns is aye well trained,' she says! An' then their faither went an' got himself killed at the war—an' here they be!"

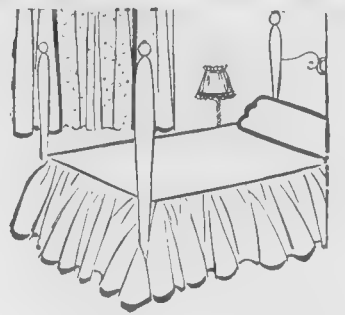
"Well, well, Miss Muckleston, it's a man's job, bringin' up yon twins, so it is!"

Jerry filled the big chair comfortably, and in the lulls of the rather desultory conversation, his visions took on an unaccountably domestic tinge. The boarding-house was all right, of course, but a home like this, with a girl like Annie here now . . . sure that was the way a man ought to live! He was keenly aware that Jerry the injured, swollen and unkempt, had received a warmth of welcome at Annie's hands that Jerry the Constable, debonair and smart, had sought in vain. For pity is akin to love!

"Oh, aye . . . their faither was Irish, too. Never would use their proper names—always called them Pete an' Repeat! It's stuck tae them . . . I call them th' same mysel'!"

It was a late hour when Jerry took his departure. Somehow or other, in passing down the little hall to the front door with Annie, he brushed against the light switch and threw the hall into darkness! It was not lighted again for several minutes; until Jerry had passed out and closed the front door behind him!

"Ould maids' bairns, is it?" he asked himself as he swung cheerfully along toward the boarding-house . . . "Well, glory be, they won't be that for long now, so they won't!"



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Found Dead

Continued from page 11

livery stable smote my nostrils as I climbed in. We set off and went along at a conservative pace—the cabby and I dismounting and walking when it was uphill—and eventually arrived at Mrs. Sinclair's cottage. Her tiny place was about two miles from the station and quite half a mile away from any other house.

I rapped on the door with the iron knocker. The noise made strange echoes and brought back to me that horrible mental picture of Kenneth Sinclair lying on the beach of Dobo with his throat cut. Then I heard footsteps on the verandah at the side of the cottage—and a moment later Pamela appeared. She was not the Pamela that we had both known, but a pitiful, stricken shadow of her. Of course I expected to find her changed, but not to this shocking extent.

For several seconds we stood looking at each other in silence. I couldn't speak. There was a terrible expression of misery and abandoned hope in that poor girl's eyes that kept me inarticulate. She was still beautiful, but all her old courage bearing had gone. She looked fragile and broken and cowed, like a fawn hunted by a pack of dogs to exhaustion and surrender.

At length she came towards me, little shafts of sunlight striking through the climbing roses and falling on her dazzling hair as she walked. She held out her hand and tried to smile, but I saw that the corners of her mouth quivered.

It was an awkward moment. I didn't quite know how to explain why I was there. It suddenly occurred to me that she might resent my well-intentioned butting in in spite of all the years during which Kenneth had been my friend. Anyhow, I spoke of my deep grief for her husband, and tried to express my sympathy for her—it was clumsily done, I'm afraid. I then went on to tell her that I was returning to Dobo after a couple of months' work in Paris and Vienna, and volunteered my services if there was anything I could do for her out there.

"I'm glad you've come," she said. "In another hour, I think I must have gone raving mad if someone in whom I could confide had not arrived. I have not spoken to a living soul since coming here with my baby nearly three weeks ago."

We sat down on the wooden steps of the verandah in the sunshine. It was difficult to think of tragedy in that peaceful, secluded spot. The water of the English channel was blue and still, and far out to sea a ship steamed on her way confidently—perhaps taking other good fellows, like Sinclair, to strange places to meet with violent deaths, I thought.

The sound of Pamela's agitated voice brought these reflections to an end.

"There is no reason why I should tell you all that I am going to do," she said—except that I shall go insane if I don't unburden myself to someone."

I waited for her to go on.

"I must take you back a few years," she began. Kenneth and I were brought up in the same little town in Sussex. I can remember him when he was nineteen and I was somewhere about five. He taught me to ride the very fat and ancient pony which he had ridden when he was a little boy.

The months when he was away at school were dull for me. I looked forward to his vacations like most youngsters do to Christmas. It nearly broke my heart when he came down from Oxford and said he was going away to the tropics for several years. Mother and Father were both alive then, and there were a lot of people at the house having tea after tennis. But I was quite shameless about my childish feelings. I wept bitterly, and in front of them all asked Kenneth if he would marry me when I was grown up. My outburst provoked a good deal of laughter, but Kenneth soothed me and promised that he would. And from that age until I was well on in my teens I never for a moment doubted that we were engaged. Several times I was severely reprimanded by my parents for telling people about it. I couldn't understand why.

"It might have been just an extreme case of hero-worship, but I didn't then—and I still don't—regard it as such. I used to see him in my dreams, after he went away, as vividly as if he were lifting me on to the pony, or teaching me to play tennis; smiling at me with those nice, understanding, blue eyes, and saying whimsical things.

"He remained in the East without coming home till the war broke out. The next time we met he was in uniform and I was almost a woman. He had written me often during the intervening years—the kind of letters a big brother usually writes to his sister—and I think the realization that I had grown up came to him as something of a shock. Then he went to France, but I saw a lot of him whenever he came on leave and on both occasions when he was convalescing from wounds. I was desperately in love, but nothing that he ever said or did gave me the slightest inkling as to whether he loved me or still regarded me as a little girl to be lifted on a pony. It was not until after armistice was signed that he let me into his thoughts. It was at a house party. We had played golf immediately after lunch and were back having tea alone in our host's garden when apropos of nothing at all he said: "You promised to marry me when you grew up, Pamela. Are you grown up now?"

"I shall never forget that moment. Through a haze of joy I could see a tenderness in his eyes which gripped and held my heart. And then I found myself in his arms and my dreams had come to life.

"When I went to the bath before changing for dinner that night I looked at myself in the long mirror and thanked God that I had not given way to the temptations to stray from the path of decency during those delirious days of the war.

"We were married a few weeks later, and two days after the wedding we took the P. and O. steamer east. I adored the quiet calm of the ship, and Kenneth's devotion and close companionship made life very precious for me.

"Kenneth had some business that kept us in Singapore for several days. I was immensely proud of his popularity everywhere. We were inundated with invitations for tiffins and dinners from Government House, planters, and other leading lights of the town. We danced at the Tanglin Club and I didn't even notice the heat. There is something subtly sensuous about dancing in the tropics that makes one forget everything else.

"The East got into my blood like magic. The picturesqueness of it all fascinated me—the bronzed European men in their spotless white ducks, the coolly-clad women, the toy-like rickshaws drawn by powerful Chinese, the wrangling but good-natured Malays in the bazaars, the drowsiness of the atmosphere. And I loved Kenneth all the more for bringing me there.

"From Singapore we went by Dutch boat to Batavia, that quaint place that seemed semi-continental to me on account of its outdoor cafes and groups of people sitting around tables on the streets, drinking unhurriedly. Then we steamed leisurely down to Sourabaya, Makassar, Amboyna, Banda—I had never seen anything so beautiful as Banda—until we reached Dobo. I was thrilled to be on the very spot where the man I loved had worked and lived for years.

"Kenneth had warned me that Dobo was a vile hole and not like any of the other ports that we had seen. The captain of the boat called it the land of 'sin, sand and sorrow.' And it wasn't a bad description. I hated it when Kenneth told me that all those pretty little Japanese girls were there to be hired by divers and Chinamen—and were sometimes under the patronage of white men. And yet they seemed happy. I couldn't understand it. But I didn't mind anything really, so long as I could be with my husband. It was great fun to fix up his bungalow, to entertain his friends, to go over to the plantation or out to

Continued on page 70



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Hemstitcher Co., Box W, Georgetown, Ont.

Found Dead

Continued from page 69

the pearling boats with him in the motor launch, and troll for Barracuda and Rock Cod on the way back.

"As time went on we became more and more inseparable and devoted. Only once during the year that I was there did anything happen to create any sort of a misunderstanding between us. On the rare occasions when Kenneth went somewhere without me that little half-caste, Ali Kei, almost invariably dropped in to see me. About the fifth time that Kenneth came back and found him there Ali smiled self-consciously and said: 'Ah, Mr. Sinclair, you see I make a point always of calling on your lovely wife when you are away. When you are here she has eyes for no one else.' He had been to school in France and probably thought that that was the dashing cavalier sort of thing to say. However, it infuriated Kenneth, who took him by the scruff of the neck and pitched him into the street. I upbraided Kenneth for taking Ali's remark so seriously. He apologized to me and explained that the half-caste's impudence had made him see red for the moment. And that was the end of it.

"I HAD been in Dobo for about eight months when I discovered that I was going to have a baby. Kenneth was overjoyed when I told him. I wanted to go to that splendid hospital in Batavia for the event, but Kenneth wouldn't hear of it. He said: 'A white child should be born in a white man's country. We'll go back to England at once.' And, as you know, we did. We took a cottage on the Thames and waited. Kenneth was indescribably tender and understanding during that trying period.

"At last the big day came and I was rushed off to a nursing home. Towards evening the baby was born. Afterwards I lay in bed listening to subdued street noises and waiting for Kenneth. Soon the door opened and he came quietly into the room—pale and anxious-looking. He tip-toed to my bedside, went on his knees and kissed me. Then he looked about and said: 'It feels as though God might have been in this room.' Then he put his arms around me again and said that we had a boy. I cried a little—I was so happy—so overwhelmingly happy and proud.

"Shortly after that a nurse came in and brought the baby. I almost screamed at the sight of it. It wasn't pink as I expected it to be, but yellow like the colored babies I had seen in Dobo. When the nurse held it close to me I shrank away. I couldn't help it. I was ashamed of this dark child with black hair when Kenneth and I were so fair. Kenneth looked from the baby to me and an agonized expression came into his face. His mouth twitched and perspiration appeared on his forehead, but he said nothing. I knew what was passing through his mind. Then the nurse told him that he must go. He kissed me with ice-cold lips and with shoulders drooping went quietly away.

"I lay awake that night. When the day broke I wondered how it was possible to have suffered such frightful misery and to remain alive. But there were even worse times to come. When Kenneth came to see me that morning his face was white and haggard, and there were lines about his eyes that I had never seen there before. I wanted to hold him close and sob myself to sleep, but he kept away and sat on a chair at the foot of my bed. His suffering tore at my heart-strings. Several times I tried to mention the baby, but somehow I couldn't bring myself to do it. It was so difficult—I didn't know how to start. He went away after about half an hour. I listened and longed for him all that afternoon and evening, but he didn't return. I spent another terrible night in black despair.

"And then followed a hideous two weeks during which baby became perceptibly darker every day. Kenneth came every morning, glanced at the baby, stayed with me for just a few minutes, and then hurried away. He had shrunk to a skeleton by this time, and his eyes had developed an unnatural and frightening stare. And I, instead of growing

Continued on page 71

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Found Dead

Continued from page 70

well, was getting weaker and had lost all desire to live. Without my husband's love I was like a person taken from the sunlight and cast into a lonely dungeon. Time after time I determined to talk about Baby to Kenneth only to fail when it actually came to the point. I suppose that my courage was at a low ebb owing to weakness, and besides, I didn't know how to open the subject.

"I felt that something terrible would happen before long, and it did. Kenneth arrived one morning, trembling and unshaven. He shut the door and came towards me with his face working and his hands stretched out like claws. 'Ali Kei! Ali Kei!' he said accusingly. 'I'll choke you first and then go out and kill the swine.'"

"He took me by the throat. I felt his grip tighten—then relax—and a moment later there was a crash. He had fainted and lay face downwards on the floor.

"A doctor and two nurses rushed in. And when they brought him around he looked at me with the old lover's expression in his eyes. I don't think he had any recollection of what had taken place.

"A few minutes later Kenneth's only living relative, an old aunt, called. I had never met her before, although Kenneth had told me of her. She went in to see the baby and stayed there a long time. When she returned she said very little, but sat looking curiously first at me and then at Kenneth. I hated her for it, and don't know how I prevented myself from telling her to go. Eventually she said good-bye to me, still with that odd look in her eyes, and went away, taking Kenneth with her.

"After she had gone I lay there numb and weary. I thought I was going to die.

"I was dropping off to sleep from sheer mental exhaustion when, to my intense surprise, Kenneth re-appeared. He had never come to see me twice in one day before. He closed the door and came staggering towards my bed like a man on the point of death. I saw then that his expression was no longer one of murderous rage and bitterness—his face showed only unutterable misery and helplessness. He fell on his knees and buried his face in the bed-clothes. I couldn't tell what had happened to bring about this change, but I stroked his head and was almost happy again.

"He remained like that for several minutes, after which he slowly raised his head and looked at me like a poor, beaten dog. And then he told me in a hoarse, faltering voice that he had color in him. He hadn't known it before. After seeing our baby, his aunt had told him that his great-grandfather, who'd lived in the East for many years, had married

a beautiful Ambonese girl. The baby was a throw-back.

"I tried to make him understand that I didn't care. I loved him—and I loved our baby, now that that horrible suspicion as to Ali Kei had been cleared away. I tried to pull his face down to mine, but he drew away and stood inspecting his finger-nails for the tell-tale signs of color in his blood. I told him again and again that I loved him, and begged him to hold me in his arms and forget everything else. But he didn't seem to hear me. He continued to look at his hands and mumble in a dazed sort of way. Then suddenly his mood changed. His eyes flashed, and he cursed the East, his great-grandfather, and all white men who brought half-castes into the world. It was terrible to hear him. Eventually he dropped into a chair and sat there with his eyes closed. My heart was bursting with pity. Poor Kenneth. And yet I was almost glad, because I thought we could now be happy again.

"I held out my arms to him, but he shook his head. He went away, promising to return that evening.

"After dinner he came back, clean and shaven, but he looked dreadfully aged and worn. I burst into tears at the sight of him, and then for the first time since he had seen the baby he held me closely and kissed me. Heaven was mine again!

"He told me later that he was going away; that he wanted to think the thing out. He said that there was an Eastern boat sailing the next day and that he had booked his passage. I begged him not to leave me—I entreated—I implored. But his mind was made up. When he said good-bye there were tears of love and tenderness in his eyes, and he asked me to forgive him for marrying me when he was what he was. I tried to make him see that it didn't matter. I told him over and over again that I loved him and I clung to him until my strength gave out and I fell back exhausted on to the pillow.

"He was gone when I opened my eyes—and I never saw him again. The truth is that he killed himself because he was ashamed to come back to me. Oh God! Oh God! Why did you let him do it when I loved him so?"

The poor girl's cry of anguish, my dear Controleur, was pitiful to hear. Tears were streaming down her face. And the tragic story she told me had so stamped itself on my brain that I have been able to put down her words almost verbatim here.

After a long silence Mrs. Sinclair made a request which I most solemnly beg that you will carry out. "Ask the Controleur at Dobo," she said, "to send Kenneth's body home. The whitest man that ever lived must be buried in a white man's country."

A Few Epitaphs

By H. Reginald Hardy

Epitaph writing in connection with the deaths of reckless motorists is becoming a fine art. The following quatrain, which appeared in a Canadian newspaper, should prove an inspiration for the versatile epitapher:

*They're picking up the pieces
With a dustpan and a rake,
Because he only used his horn
When he should have used his brake.*

All very nice! But I think that Mr. Kipling might have done more justice to the theme by giving us something like this:

*If you had only listened for a minute
And cast a heedful eye along the track;
If you had seen the train, the roaring power
In it,
And kept your head, and held your auto
back;
If you had chosen Reason's course to follow
And scorned to join the list of fools who
laugh,
I would not have to take my pen and wallow
In quarts of ink to write your epitaph!*

While our own Canadian poet, Mr. Service, would have rattled off a little bit in the following style:

*There are strange things done where the
speed-hounds run,
And the traffic is thick and fast;
And each highway long has its own sad song
of the motorists who have "passed".*

*And the crossing can tell of strange things
that befell
The fellow who tried to slip by it;
But although we all weep as we bury him
deep
There's always another who'll try it.*

In his own inimitable style Lewis Carroll probably would have written in the following vein:

*"You were fast, Mr. Blinker," the speed-cop
said,
"And I wondered how e'er you could do it;
But now you are quiet and clammy and
dead . . .
I told you some day you would rue it.*

*You used to roar by like a swift shooting star,
And laugh at the signal lights shining;
And boast how you always could make it in
'par' . . .
Now all your relations are pining."*



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CRAZY**



**THIS STIFF NECK
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A WINK OF
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**I HAVE LUMBAGO
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WORK**



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Pep

By Constance Travers Sweatman

"You are old, Father William," the young man said,
"And your hair has become very white,
And yet you incessantly stand on your head!
Do you think, at your age, it is right?"

THOUGH the young man in the poem queried the ethical soundness of Father William's posture, he might have given the old gentleman credit for the force of character necessary to persist in the "daily dozens" resulting in such agility.

Any man capable of standing upon his white hairs, even intermittently, commands one's interest, if not inevitably one's respect. The performance, might not have caused uneasiness in the mind of the young man of the poem—no doubt it was the persistence which stirred him to question the ethics of the case.

This matter of growing old in an age in which youth is exalted, envied, and imitated for its own sake, becomes a test of sportmanship. The adulation of youth goes on as though no other period of life held pleasing compensations. In saying goodbye to youth, we say goodbye at the same time to dangerous inexperience, and to the doubtful joy of facing all of life's grim lesson to be learned whether or not we are able or willing pupils of Time the inexorable teacher.

Life lets us through gate after gate of experience, usually leaving us with an adequate amount of health to carry on, a manageable amount of hope, and an indomitable desire to go on living indefinitely. Most of us worry through with surprisingly little evidence of the inescapable wear and tear. Yet on all sides we hear, "Oh, to be young always! Young days are happiest days!" This well-known comment is arguable. Youth is capable of suffering intensely over fairly negligible things. Youth has no fixed philosophy. Youth is intensely personal in its outlook. The cosmic quality of most of life's sources of grief makes no impression upon the inexperienced. "Why should I suffer?" youth cries, and suffers more in consequence of that almighty "I." "This is part of my load, the back will adjust itself to the burden and life will become sweet again, in time," is a philosophy of maturity and experience.

The flower of life is rich experience and certain knowledge. Yet we unthinkingly are prone to feel that in exchanging youth for philosophy, we have been cheated.

A man we know, who enjoys the thrill of straight thinking as the most satisfying of indoor sports, remarked, after reading "Alice," (presumably to entertain his child!) "Old Father William must have heard the fashionable rumor that the world looks wonderful from upside down, and that a man who

remains steadily right side up, is missing something very inspiring!" Perhaps. Or it is possible that Father William was just vain-gloriously trying to do something the other old lads couldn't do.

Or perhaps he hoped that no shrewd young observer would notice his bulging blood-vessels, but would get from his amazing effort a superficial impression of great gusto and energy.

Or, perhaps, Father William was attracted to that posture by the fact that, when one's eyes are very close to the ground, the things of earth loom larger than they really are, and for the moment one need not be troubled by visions of the stars one cannot hope to reach.

Or, perhaps, Father William set a great store by that quaint quality so sought after nowadays—that everlasting effervescence known as "pep."

"**DEP.**" Funny little twentieth century upstart of a word! Though our dictionary does not give a meaning for it, we find two words from which it might be derived. "Pepper"—of course, we don't need a dictionary for that—"pepper" means "hot stuff." The other word which interests us, is "Pepo," meaning, "a fleshy, inferior fruit, usually with a hard rind." People we have known for their "pep," might come under either head, according to their years. (The word "age" is fairly obsolete).

We are inclined to believe that poor old straining Father William with his white head, deluded himself into thinking that his demonstration of endurance came under the definition of a "pepper" sort of "pep." But knowing as we do the careless cruelty of confident youth, we sometimes wonder whether the young man in the poem would not be apt wrongly to classify the old gentleman as "Pepo," a "fleshy, inferior fruit," and suspect all Father William's antics to be evidence of a "hard rind."

It need not follow that the hardness of the rind is commensurate with the spectacular quality of the effort to demonstrate unslake and inexhaustible "pep." In reality, it might easily be true that Father William was nothing more unsound ethically than a misguided old gentleman of powerful will, blinded and burdened, and not hardened at all, by an exaggerated notion of the importance of being young.

But even while sympathizing with the tired—and probably tiresome—old synthetically-young Father William, it does seem, after all, that to grow old with a wistful predilection for standing upon one's seasoned head, is to accept the harvest of the years with sadly little grace.

Scribble Sprite and the Mysterious Wasp

Continued from page 14

foot and walking hastily up the path leading to the Palace in the Oak. Turning to take a last look at the little elf, he found he had disappeared.

"Guess I have been dreaming," thought Scribble. He walked on and arriving at the Palace Gate, he saw, to his great astonishment, the little gentleman who was to make him do as he wished, sitting beside the Princess.

"How dare you to speak to my Sovereign without being introduced?" he called in an angry tone.

The Giant Grasshopper hopped toward Scribble and warned him to be more cautious in his manner of addressing the nobleman who was now the guest of Her Highness. Twice Scribble began to express his opinion of "the intruder," and twice he was pushed back by Mr. Grasshopper.

Just at the moment that Scribble was going to say something very cross, the visitor raised his hand, and waved it in the air; as he did so, Scribble floated away, going higher and higher until he looked like a small speck in the sky. The Princess, knowing that Scribble was very much worried, requested that he be invited to return. The stranger made a rapid motion with his left hand, and those looking in the direction that Scribble

had gone, saw a dark spot growing larger and larger, and soon the Knight floated to the ground in front of the oak.

"Now will you be good?" cried the Giant Grasshopper, clapping his wings, and dancing about in great glee.

The Knight seemed very much out of breath, and looked around, saying to those near him: "I have never been so frightened in my life."

"It will take some of your conceit," remarked a small voice.

"Think your being knighted has made you a little vain," said another voice, larger than the first.

"Great honors breed great arrogance," said a third.

Scribble, hearing the last remark, replied that he did not have much of anything left after his sky voyage, and that the stranger certainly must have told the truth, when he said he could direct the fate of all living things.

Scribble, sitting on the grass, felt grateful that he had not gone so far out into space that he could not find his way back. But he lamented that, just as he was to become the greatest person in Fairyland, of course excepting the Princess, along should come a little man possessed of a mysterious power which he could employ at will.

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28-58

Why Robin Has a Red Breast

By Gertrude E. Walker

"MOTHER," Jack turned from the window where he had been watching the robins breakfasting on the crumbs he had spread for them, "why do robins have a red breast?"

"That, son, is a story of long ago"—his mother's voice took on a tone that meant something well worth hearing—"and takes us to a country very different from our own and to a people whose views were not the same as ours."

"It was a Friday. The night before there had been a mockery of a trial, a prisoner had been sentenced, and in the early morning we see Him toiling up a long hill. On His back He carries a heavy cross, the one on which He is to be crucified, but the burden He carries is heavier far than that, it is the burden of your wrong doing and mine—about Him what was left of a purple robe, and, on His brow, as He staggers up the long hill, there is a crown of thorns. Beside Him the crowd jeer and call 'He saved others, Himself He cannot save.' A few men and women follow who would have helped if they could. As He toiled up the steep hill a tiny robin lighted on the cross, then, as if ashamed to add to His load, hovered about Him for a moment, suddenly with a swooping motion it flew at the thorn crown, trying with all its wee might to pull out a thorn. It took more than one pull but at last the longest and most cruel looking thorn was safely in its bill and, as it flew away, it saw that the tiny breast which had been so brown a moment before was red with the life blood of the saintliest of men, the Son of God, and ever after robin wore his red breast as a token of remembrance."

There was silence for a moment, then Jack turned from the window, his face very solemn. "That was Calvary Mother, and I'm glad the robin helped HIM."

A Diverting Hour on An Open-Air Rink

Continued from page 30

down on my friend—who was guiding his partner very carefully backwards down the rink—and unable to halt her momentum the hefty one crashed into them with a force that brought a gasp from all the onlookers. Just behind the group two flappers were slowing up perceiving the imminence of a collision. But alas, too late were they. Down the whole bunch went in a grand melee and from the throats of all the small boys a shout of joy went up. At this moment a stout and puffy individual who looked like an overfed bond-broker was coming round the curve and as luck would have it the toe of his skate caught in the fat lady's scarf which was outspread on the ice and down he went too—on top of the others. More lusty applause from the small boy contingent.

The instructor came speeding up and proceeded to sort them apart, not without difficulty. He got the women to their feet and then assisted my friend. The stout man had arisen and was glaring at the Englishman whom, apparently, he blamed for the whole episode. The latter, to judge by his dazed expression had just witnessed a star-shower of some magnitude and was in no condition to conduct an argument.

"We might all have been killed!" moaned the fat lady, as she endeavored to pin together a long strip of fur that had been torn from her coat in the scrimmage.

"Oh no, hardly that," returned the teacher, cheerfully, "It's a safe world but you gotta know the combination—that's all." To us he remarked sotto voce: "Gosh, I'm glad she fell on somebody else this time!"

He sped away through the throng, weaving a deft route toward a row of school-girls headed by a tall, thin preceptress, all of whom were fitted with brand-new skates and eager to essay the blue-white, snow-powdered sheet of ice that rang so joyously to the music

Continued on page 74

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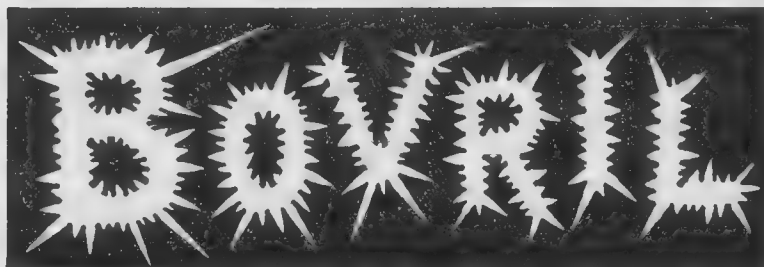
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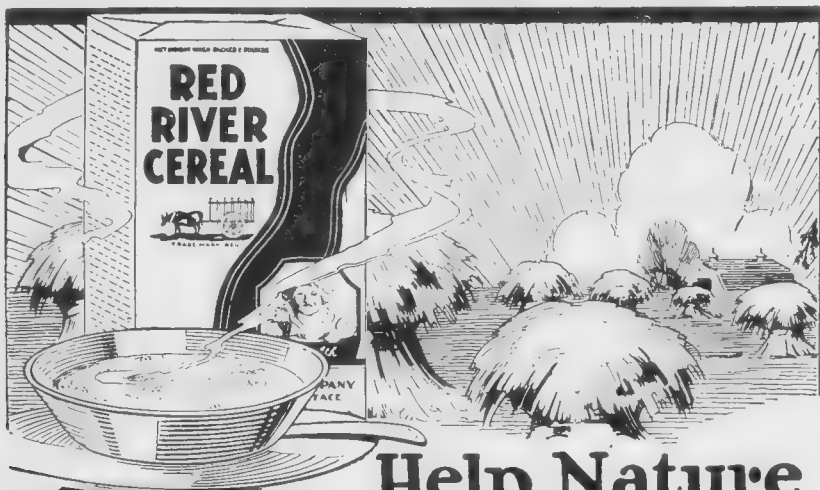
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A Diverting Hour on an Open-air Rink

Continued from page 73

of other steel-shod feet. They were all waiting for their initial lesson. The teacher knew his etiquette however. He took the preceptress out first. She was a rather timid-looking maiden lady with incredibly slim ankles and a habit of blinking rapidly. At the very first turn she threw both arms about his neck in an abandoned gesture and allowed her feet to skid from under her, like an early-Victorian lady going into a swoon. They retired in some confusion, followed by much razzing from the bystanders.

Meanwhile the fat lady, animated by a do-or-die determination, was navigating about like a rudderless ship in a heavy gale. She had regained possession of her broom—which at the instant of the recent collision had shot from her grasp and struck one of the ice-cleaners full in the face—and again armed with this combination bulwark and weapon she was making little runs and dashes from point to point. Her manner was slightly upstage. It is really rather difficult to appear dignified when one is learning to skate but somehow she managed it. The other skaters now markedly avoided her and her aloof bearing and look of cut-offness might have been pathetic had it not been so humorous.

Then a gallant small boy, who surely must have been a scout endeavoring to perform his daily kind deed, skated up and doffing his cap offered to "go round once" with her. It was a hero's gesture and the crowd cheered. Leaning therefore on this featherweight support the large lady moved off, looking like nothing so much as a huge unwieldy ship being towed out to sea by a tiny tug-boat. For a time they got along very well and the bystanders continued to cheer, partly in tribute to the lad's hardihood but mostly in anticipation of more comedy. However, in rounding the third turn Lady Luck deserted them. The little chap had been sturdily hauling his giant companion along by her coat-sash but here he decided to facilitate matters by giving her a swing and in so doing he lost his balance and fell forward on his nose. She catapulted ahead and bumped sans ceremony into the person of the instructor himself who was engaged in escorting two school-girls back to the rest-bench. All four went down. Happily, as it turned out, nobody was seriously injured, although when the teacher rose there was a ruddy stream pouring from his nose. A dozen handkerchiefs were immediately proffered.

"Anyhow she's a dead game sport," he maintained even while he encrimsoned four of these. "I like to see 'em persevering and she sure keeps right at it I'll inform the listening universe." Having thoroughly demonstrated that there was nothing anaemic about his blood supply he drew on his mittens again and prepared to skate off once more. The Englishman regarded him with increased admiration and some sympathy.

"I say how do you stand it, what?" he remarked. "Should fancy this comes under the head of hazardous occupations you know."

"Aw, it's all in a lifetime," returned the young man easily. "If a guy don't get bumped off one way he will another. Still, not knocking the sport you understand I guess maybe you're right. I kinda think I'll make a change next season and go in for teaching this here anaesthetic dancing or whatever they call it."

Trifling Deposit

She: "There's Madge Bahr. I understand she bought that dress by instalments."

He: "I suppose that's the first instalment she's wearing."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Roped and Branded

Maud: "So you married your employer. How long did you work for him?"

Myrtle: "Until I got him."—Montreal Star.



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Dorothy Ray, 646 N. Michigan Blvd., Suite 335 Chicago

The Greater Woman

Continued from page 13

She had forgotten to give the particular direction, the town of Athabasca. With sick horror clutching her heart Clarice let the letter slip from inert fingers. She slumped back and weary-eyed lay gazing up at the unresponsive ceiling.

As she lay there it all came back—the memory of that hurried writing, addressing and mailing of his letter months before. She had been out late the night before at a dance. On reaching home she had suddenly remembered his warning words about the closing dates for mail to those far northern posts. A glance at the calendar had shown her that to be safe her letter must leave on the morrow. So slipping off her evening clothes and into a kimono she had written until the first faint streaks of dawn came creeping through beneath the blinds. The letter finished, she had searched in her writing desk for the little slip of paper upon which, the night before his leaving, he had written his address, but it was not to be found. After a moment she had discontinued her search, confident that the address was firmly engraved in her mind.

And she had blundered! In her hurry she had left out the word Athabasca, of all words the most important.

Now, after what seemed to her an endless space, she drew herself up, and again glanced at the clock. She looked casually, then sharply. It was only nine-thirty. Her movements stirred the letters as yet unlooked at, bringing back memory of her hope. "There would be none from him now," she thought a little bitterly. Yet hope stirred. "Yes; he still might have written." Eagerness crept back into her actions. She began thumbing over the envelopes. At the third one a glad little cry escaped her. A glitter, hungry, febrile, desirous, leaped in eyes a moment ago listless and dead. Fierce fingers ripped the stout envelope from end to end; her eyes gazed upon handwriting most loved.

She spread out the folded sheets, searched the first page with glance of one long hungry who suddenly sees fulfilment of all desires.

"My lost one," she read. Some of the eagerness faded. She stiffened as one stricken with strange disease. Drawing the sheet closer, her eyes sped down the lines. On and on she followed words that stabbed with the numbing power of some Arctic blast, frost-tipped and terrible with all the collected cold from the very apex of frigid pole.

She finished, then read it again. This time slowly. Then, wide-eyed, tearless, she threw herself full length upon the bed, burying her face in the pillow, her whole being shaken with slow, convulsive moment of great inward sobs.

Then, after a long time: "Oh! Oh! If I could only cry!"

But no tears came. The pain was too deep for that. Something had burned out within.

However, Clarice Marsden had too much of the blood of her self-made father to give way long to grief. Action was as much a part of her as it was that of parent, twice a millionaire. A wrong had been done through her carelessness. It must be righted. Not for the mere sake of righting, but because every fibre of her was longing for that man out there in the wilderness. She loved him; nothing else mattered in all the wide world! Now his love must be returned.

Following this thought, her first quickly come numbness passed. She smiled—a little wanly, perhaps—but still it was a smile. What a foolish boy he was!—Impetuous, forgetting to allow for possible mishaps; but she knew that he would be eating out his heart there in the wilderness, waiting for word from her, for her explanation and petition for forgiveness. Her mind filled with these thoughts, his letter seemed less terrible. Her smile brightened, for, after the strange way of women, the very thought of his unhappiness brought to her a queer sort of pleasure. He was being unhappy over her!

This would make the reconciliation all the better, she mused, as she rose and began hastily dressing, resolving as she did so to start immediately and go to him and explain in person.

But Clarice Marsden was of the city, a creature without knowledge of the way of that wilderness which lay so far to the north and west of her. A visit to the big downtown railway office, where one could buy a ticket to almost anywhere, revealed the fact that it would be useless to attempt to leave until the end of April when navigation began to open in that lonely land.

And this was February! Clarice bit her lip with feeling deeper than mere vexation, for her desire to travel was no ordinary one. Her disappointment was deepened by knowledge that there was no help for it; that telegrams were useless; that even letters were vain: she could reach him before the arrival of either. So she went back to her beautiful home, suddenly changed into an irksome prison, and waited.

FROM Golden City, U.S.A., to Fort Confidence, Mackenzie Territory, is a long, long way,—thirty seven hundred miles, nine hundred of which offered no Pullman accommodation.

But Clarice Marsden was the child of her father—resourceful, unafraid. Without embarrassment, even enjoying most of the trip she travelled by canoe and trail that long nine hundred miles of wilderness.

Late on the twenty-fifth afternoon after leaving the end of steel, her two half-breed guides pointed out the Post far ahead down the coulee. All these slow miles through the late spring days she had planned the climax, planned with all a woman's love of the theatrical. Now, with the stage all set for the final act, she had no desire that these two aliens should view the scene. It was hers alone.

So she bade them wait. "You come in one hour," she said holding up a single finger, after the amusing fashion of new-whites in the wilderness; for though she had heard these same swarthy men speak almost perfect English for nearly a month now, and had addressed them as Fraser and MacDonald, she still could not rid herself of the habit of addressing them as though they were actually the figures which literary tradition had for so long made her believe in.

Leaving them oddly wondering she went on alone down the long gully toward the little Post snuggling in the lee of the coulee's side. The northern world, freed from the long bondage of the frost, was a riot of color, a mad display which strove by very madness and profusion to make the best of so short a summer.

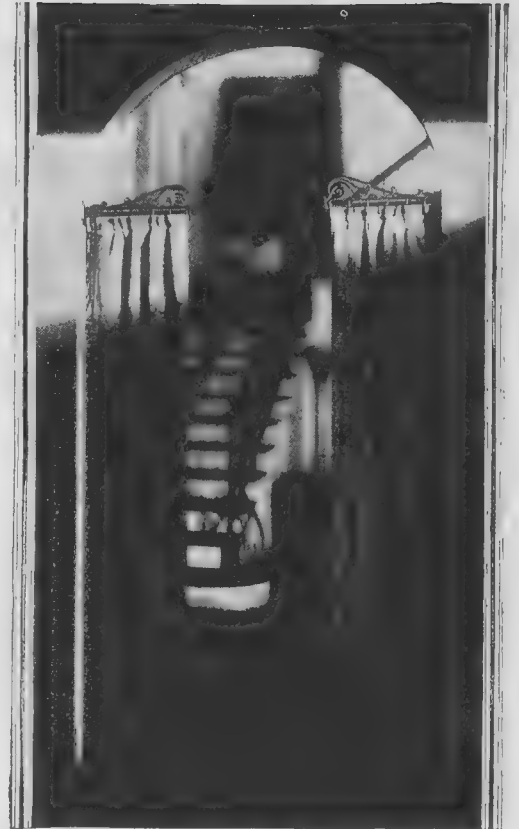
As she drew nearer, Clarice noticed smoke drifting lazily up in the quiet air. Once a rabbit scuttled among the poplars, startling her momentarily, but her heart was already thumping without this little fright. It was almost time for her call; the stage was all set; the footlights glowing. Yet, with every nearing step she felt more afraid, like an amateur before the initial rising of the curtain. But again the self-possession of her sturdy forebear came to her aid, and by the time the Post was almost reached her heart was less loudly.

Within a hundred yards of the house she made a detour into the poplars along the coulee's side, for fear he might glance out the facing window. It was clean woods and silent at this time of the year. Unhampered by underbrush she made her way quickly to a point opposite the end of the house. Here there was no window, allowing her to approach and reach the wall unseen. Cautiously she stepped to the corner and peered around. The door was a little ajar; but there was no sound save the low crackle of a wood fire, and the soft glimmering of a slowly boiling kettle. The one window upon this side of the house was on the side of the door away from her. She noted this with relief; all the properties were

Continued on page 76

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LACO MAZDA LAMPS

The Greater Woman

Continued from page 75

placed as if made to fit in with her scheme.

She took a quick step forward, reached the door, shoved it open and stepped within. Almost straight in front of her was Barker sprawled in a rough, home-made chair, his feet resting upon the edge of the bunk. He looked up from an ancient magazine to stare with eyes that would not believe. Close to the stove, on the floor, cross-legged and silent at her moccasin mending, Nagos suddenly turned to stone, even her limpid eyes, softly brown, became hard.

Entering as she did, Clarice's eyes fell only upon the man. Her arms reached towards him, she took one quick forward step. "Harry!" There was everything in that one word.

Like an uncoiling rattler, Nagos half rose, without changing the crossed position of the legs. "Namoyi! Namoyi!" came fiercely from her lips; but something she saw in the man's eyes chilled her. She dropped back, sat very still, watching with eyes that burned.

As if struck, the white woman whirled half around, her arms dropped, her face went very white. A seeming eternity she looked down on this other woman sitting so quietly there in the light of the fading day.

At last Clarice turned toward the man, in her eyes a dumb stricken appeal, a despairing, hopeless entreaty that he might deny this relation, even while she knew it to be true. Only the space of a quick-drawn breath it lingered, to die into expression emotionless, etiolated and cold. She had come penitently with arms eager to beg forgiveness. Now, at sight of this other woman, something froze within her, as on the day of his letter's arrival. And though she only said it very low and quiet, in her best drawing-room manner: "I'm very sorry I intruded," there was the sting of sixty below zero in her words.

She started to turn away, only to halt as Barker sprang to his feet with a little cry of negation.

"Wait." He moved towards her. "Nothing matters but you," his words came quick and eager. Within arms reach of her. "Nothing matters but you," he repeated—very low, very humbly, in his eyes a great appeal.

Seeing the questioning light that strained to break through the coldness in her eyes, he added: "No; not that; only Indian fashion." Conscious of her softening, he hurried eagerly on: "She's only a native; they forget quick." He came closer, his arms open, inviting.

But, though he was all her life, and she wanted him so, she was not ready yet; so she held him off with: "Didn't you know I loved you?"

He nodded, penitently.

"Then," she went on, "you might have waited a little longer rather than—this!" She glanced more sadly at Nagos sitting there so still, without motion, without sound, without expression, seeing her world, her life dream, fade as smoke before the wind, and accepting it with the stoic, unmoved calm of the Indian, who, realizing defeat, accepts without protest, without question, dully silent.

"When your letter didn't come," he took up the conversation; but stopped there, as if the unsaid part were too bitter, beyond repetition.

"Ah; yes; the letter! That's it—that's all your man's face was equal to! You couldn't allow for anything—give me a little latitude!"

"Well," he said defensively, almost defiant, "a year!" His eyes went momentarily hard at memories: "A year's a long time."

She winced at this, then laughed, but without humor; rather it was an expression of the cry that would not come, and her voice throbbed with it as she went on. "Ah, it was such a little thing to give me up for. You don't understand, you're only a man, and they—why—why—I don't think they can love the same! I loved you and that was all. Everything to me. Nothing else mattered! The future—life—eternity itself, became little countless things beside my love for you. And yet just because my letter went astray you turned to—this!" her gesture was toward Nagos, but her eyes did not deign to follow.

"Then you did write?" A wondrous thrill was in his words. Again his arms, that had dropped, were extended hungrily inviting.

And then, seeing the light in his eyes, and because she ached so for those arms, she said tremulously: "Of course, I wrote, silly boy!" As she spoke she came to him, was smothered in a wonderful embrace.

"And you'll give up this silly, romantic police job, and go back with me, and take your rightful place in the world?"

"Yes," he said; adding a bit humorously, "it's kinda different in reality from what you imagine by reading in the magazines. Still, I haven't been extravagant. I've even saved nearly enough to buy myself out." Suddenly, remembering Nagos, and a little contrite at this show before her, they broke away, together faced in her direction. But she was gone. Under the spell of their emotions neither Barker nor Clarice had seen the girl slip back to the wall, quickly grasp something hanging there and pass out into the gathering dusk.

Questioningly the lovers eyed each other; it faded to fright as from without sounded a sharp detonation. With one accord they wheeled about, all fierce emotions banished in the face of this unknown thing. Rushing out they almost stumbled over Nagos—a wistful huddled heap lying a few steps beyond the door.

"Nagos! Nagos!" Barker's voice was vibrant with pain as he knelt over the body; but the big police service "Colt 44" had done its work thoroughly. Out from the high, narrow forehead a slow stream ebbed, deep purple in the fading light.

Very wearily Clarice turned to Barker, all the hauteur, all the contempt of her white pride, all the assumption of superiority over this simple savage woman was gone. In its place was a great sympathy, a heavy sadness of a woman's understanding of woman, and, too, a humble homage that was near to envy.

"You see!" she said queerly, "you men don't know. She was only a native—but, how she cared! Ah, native though she was, she was greater than I!"



ILLUSTRATION BY I. LEANOR CAMPBELL

Mr. Rodders New Job

Continued from page 15

front window. The crowd stopped pushing and assumed, to the best of their ability, high-principled expressions. The spectacled gentleman stared very hard at Mr. Rodder and then left the window. A moment later a housemaid opened the door. Only by instantly putting on the chain did she stop the rush of the high principled. Then she called through the aperture.

Mr. Dobson wants to see the red-haired young man who's hanging to the railings, and no one else."

One or two of the applicants so far forgot themselves as to elbow Mr. Rodder as he made his way to the front. A gentleman with a much-flattened nose declared aloud: "I'm waiting, I am. He'll never take on a skunk like that. Why, you could pick three dozen better in the Zoo monkey-house if you went in blind-fold."

Ignoring the protests of the unsuccessful, Mr. Rodder entered the house, and was ushered by the housemaid into a well-furnished dining-room.

"Good morning!" said the stout old gentleman. "Do you mind standing there, just where the light falls on your face? I was struck by your countenance. People of your coloring are generally frank and open."

Mr. Rodder bore the old gentleman's scrutiny with comparative calm.

"H'm," said Mr. Dobson, "you are a young man of high principles?"

"None higher, sir," replied the youth confidently.

"You are, of course, a total abstainer?"

"Certainly, sir," said Mr. Rodder, suppressing the fact that the financial stringency had compelled total abstinence for two days.

"And a non-smoker?"

"Certainly, sir," replied Mr. Rodder, hoping that the scent of his last cigarette did not cling to him.

"You do not use opium, or morphia, or any other drugs?"

Mr. Rodder's denial of being a drug fiend would have convinced an Old Bailey barrister.

"Suppose," continued the old gentleman, "that you were offered a hundred pounds in gold to betray your employer's secrets, what would you do?"

Mr. Rodder inwardly wished that he had the chance of such an offer, but he explained that he would treat such a proposal with all the virtuous indignation it deserved.

"I think you will suit me," said Mr. Dobson. "I require a discreet young man to execute confidential commissions. What salary do you require?"

"If two pounds a week, sir," began Mr. Rodder cautiously, ready to drop down to thirty-five shillings in case he saw doubt in the employer's face.

"The laborer is worthy of his hire," said Mr. Dobson, solemnly. "Let us call it four pounds a week. The first payment to be made on Saturday."

Mr. Rodder accepted the offer enthusiastically, though he felt in his heart that he ought to have asked four pounds in the beginning. Then the kindly old gentleman might have doubled that.

Your first duty will be to affix a paper outside the front door stating that the vacancy is filled. You may sign your name to it and add the words private secretary."

Mr. Rodder did this with great zeal. The crowd greeted the appearance of the notice with hisses, and the gentleman with the flattened nose expressed an intense desire to assimilate Mr. Rodder's nose to his own. Then Mr. Rodder returned to his employer.

"Take a seat, my young friend," said Mr. Dobson. "You will begin work at once. You know Liverpool Street Station, of course."

"Yes, sir."

"You will go to the main entrance precisely at two o'clock. As the clock strikes, you will say the word 'Peckham' in a loud voice three times. If anyone gives you a message or makes any remark, come straight to me and report it. There is a half-crown for your expenses. I strongly recommend a vegetarian lunch."

"I'm a lifelong vegetarian, sir," explained Mr. Rodder.

"Good! I see that I can trust you. Now not a word of this to any living person. You can call here at four o'clock to report progress."

MR. RODDER spent a pleasant morning. He called at the old office and amazed the clerks by the story of his new position as private secretary at eight (Mr. Rodder exaggerated a trifle), pounds a week. Half were frankly envious, and the other half skeptical. But when Mr. Rodder left without attempting to borrow money and announced that he intended to pay off all loans on Saturday, skepticism gradually faded away and bitter jealousy reigned. Then to pass the time away, Mr. Rodder had a steak, a bottle of stout and a fourpenny cigar. At last two o'clock arrived and prompt to the moment he stood in the main entrance of Liverpool Street Station.

"Peckham! Peckham! Peckham!" he called three times.

A passing porter said:

"If you wants a Peckham bus, you'll get one outside. It's no good calling for one here."

No other response came to his cry, and Mr. Rodder moved away slightly puzzled. However, he had done his best, and at four o'clock he returned to report to his employer.

Mr. Dobson rubbed his hands when the porter's words were repeated to him.

"Very good, my young friend—very good. I can see that you are to be trusted. As a mark of appreciation I present you with five shillings. One little service more and your day's work is done. Here is a letter. Take it to St. Martins-le-Grand and post it. It is essential that it should not have a suburban postmark. That is all today. But call at ten o'clock for your instructions."

Mr. Rodder took the letter. It was a long envelope, apparently full of tissue paper, and it was addressed to "Absalom Clitterback, Esq. (to be called for), Post Office, Walham Green, W."

He posted it in due course, and went home puzzled. Was his benevolent employer an anarchist, German spy, or private detective? Several times, as he was trying to pick tomorrow's winners out of the evening paper, his mind wandered to the question: How much did the War Office pay for the arrest of spies? Still, he felt that was a matter to be considered seriously in the future. At present the situation promised to be easy and lucrative, and he could afford to await developments.

At ten o'clock next morning he arrived punctually at Penryn Square.

"Ah!" cried Mr. Dobson. "Punctuality, it has been well said, is the politeness of kings. Today you are to be entrusted with more important duties. This morning you will go to the eastern side of New Bond Street. You will wait there until a gentleman comes along with a long, conspicuous yellow beard. Take hold of his beard with one hand and whisper, 'Is it time?'"

"Er—he will understand, sir?" inquired Mr. Rodder dubiously.

"Perfectly. That is the arranged sign."

"You will excuse me, sir, but it's nothing against the Government, is it?" asked Mr. Rodder, feeling patriotic twinges.

"In the days to come, young man, England will bless you for your action. There is half a crown for your expenses. I am glad that you are a vegetarian. It keeps the brain clear and keen."

Mr. Rodder stood about New Bond Street all the morning. He saw moustaches, whiskers and chin-tufts of all types, but no beard sufficiently long for his purpose. He went and lunched, and then returned to his post. At last, about three o'clock, he saw a tall man with a stately yellow beard approaching him. There could be no mistake. This was the person indicated. Mr. Rodder stepped forward, took the stranger tenderly by the beard, and whispered: "Is it time?"

The stranger, with exceeding promptitude, hit Mr. Rodder fairly and squarely on the nose, and breathing out threats of further assault, moved on. Mr. Rodder

Continued on page 78



Cleanser and Home Beautifier

Amazing — modern — time-saving! Now a cleanser as well as a beautifier — the magic polish for all finishes — help for your everyday dusting and cleaning. And, oh, so easy to use. One-two-three and you're through. Hours of work accomplished in minutes of time. Use on furniture — woodwork — tile — to remove the "ring" in the bathtub — on everything you want gleaming with newness and beauty — without the least trace of greasy film. At all dealers.

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Leaves no greasy film. Won't soil even a white kid glove.

Sold by hardware, drug, grocery, and department stores everywhere — 4 oz. bottle, 30 cents; 12 oz. bottle, 60 cents; Combination Package of 30c Glove and 60c bottle, both for 75 cents. Liquid Veneer Corporation, Buffalo, New York, and Bridgeburg, Ontario, Canada.

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THE NEW LIQUID VENEER

dusts cleans beautifies LEAVES NO GREASY FILM



Can You Sew?

Send 25c in silver or stamps for our up-to-date Spring & Summer 1929 Book of Fashions, showing color plates, and containing 500 designs of Ladies' Misses' and Children's Patterns. A concise and comprehensive article on dressmaking, also Some Points for the Needle (illustrating 30 of the various, simple stitches) all valuable hints to the home dressmaker.

The Western Home Monthly, Winnipeg, Man.

Mr. Rodders New Job

Continued from page 77

retired into a back street till the bleeding was assuaged, and then returned to his employer.

"I did just what you told me, sir, and he hit me straight on the nose."

Mr. Dobson gave a sigh of relief.

"Then it is not yet time," he explained. "Here is half a sovereign. Continue to be faithful and assiduous and your position here is safe for life."

Mr. Rodder went away wondering whether in such a case it would not be advisable to wear some sort of nose protector. Still, the half-sovereign was a considerable consolation, and he was quite prepared to be assaulted for a suitable recompense.

The next morning when he appeared, Mr. Dobson beamed upon him.

"Faithful and true!" exclaimed the employer.

Certainly, sir," responded Mr. Rodder. "There is most important work today, my young friend."

"Begging your pardon, sir, I hope it has nothing to do with whiskers. Gentlemen are a bit touchy on these points, and a wounded nose makes a fellow a bit conspicuous."

"Thanks to your courage, we know that it is not yet time," replied Mr. Dobson. "Therefore, today must be devoted to other things. I have prepared here a list of bridges from the Tower Bridge up to Putney Bridge. Go to each bridge and with this piece of blue chalk draw a small circle in the middle of the eastern parapet."

Mr. Rodder hesitated a moment.

"Excuse me, sir, but I hope that you are not going to blow them up. It's not that I've any personal objection, except that, lodging as I do in Camberwell, it would be very awkward if I had to go down to Woolwich, or up to Kew whenever I wanted to cross the river."

"We are both Englishmen," returned his employer, "both devoted to the interests of this enormous empire. We are builders rather than destroyers. When you are admitted to the full secret you will understand. Perhaps, tomorrow, I may think of it, but at present I feel that we are watched and spied over. Go to your duty, my friend. Here are five shillings for your expenses. And report to me tomorrow morning."

Mr. Rodder, still puzzled, but at the same time gratified that he had to do with passive objects like bridges, rather than active objects like bearded men, set off for his day's work. It passed off comparatively peacefully, and he went home full of joy. The next day was Saturday, and on it he would draw his screw. Perhaps the old boy might double it. There were infinite possibilities and he lost eight shillings eleven pence at solo whist without turning a hair.

SO IT was with a certain cheerful expectancy that he went to Penryn Square the next morning. When he knocked at the door he said, amicably, to the housemaid:

"Mr. Dobson waiting for me, Mary?"

"Mr. Dobson has gone away," said the girl hesitatingly.

She saw the consternation in Mr. Rodder's face and hastened to soften the blow. "But his nephew, Mr. Henry, is here taking charge of things."

The world brightened once more to Mr. Rodder. No doubt the uncle had entrusted the nephew with the important duty of paying salaries.

"I'll go and see him," he said brightly.

Mr. Henry Dobson looked up from his newspaper when Mr. Rodder entered the room. He was a hard-faced, snappy looking person, and he glared at the newcomer.

"And who the deuce are you?" he demanded.

"Good morning, sir. Your uncle's private secretary, sir."

"Well, he don't need you any more. We've got him certified as a lunatic at last and in safe keeping before he'd got rid of all his money."

"Mad, sir?" cried Mr. Rodder.

"Of course he was mad. Anyone but another lunatic would have known it at once. And look here! What's he been employing you for? Has he been sending you to pay away money for him? He drew two hundred and fifty pounds

in notes from his bank on Monday, and he won't say what he's done with it."

"No, sir, he never gave me any money to pay away for him—except a few shillings a day for expenses."

"Right. Be off with you then."

"But what about my salary, sir?"

"Your what?" roared the hard-faced nephew.

"He engaged me, sir, at a salary of four pounds a week, payable every Saturday."

"Then he's madder than I took him to be. Have you got a letter of engagement?"

"No, sir."

"Then be off with you. I'm not going to take your word for it."

"But," persisted Mr. Rodder, "I've got only one-and-nine in the world, and I need the money very badly."

"Try and get it through the County Court, then. You can't get much law for one and ninepence, my friend. So just clear out. You'll get no money here."

Mr. Rodder, the picture of despair, descended the steps of the house. The avaricious nephew glared after him from the front window with a kind of "I'll call the police" expression. He walked off slowly in dreadful gloom. And then a sudden light broke on him.

An aged hansom, one of the last left in London, crept around the corner.

"Hey," cried Mr. Rodder to the driver, "will you take me to Waltham Green Post Office for one-and-nine?"

"It ought to be two-and-six," murmured the driver, "but in with you."

Mr. Rodder was in a maze as the cab drove along. He didn't even notice when the hansom had reached its destination.

"Here you are," said the driver, looking down the slit.

"I'll pay you when I come out," said Mr. Rodder.

"I'll have it now. There may be a back door," said the driver dubiously.

Mr. Rodder paid the money, and in an utterly penniless condition walked to the post office window and said to the lady clerk in charge:

"Any letters for the name of Clit-terback, please?"

The girl picked out a long envelope which looked familiar to Mr. Rodder.

"What Christian name?" she asked, in the true post office tone of suspicion.

"Absalom," gasped Mr. Rodder.

She passed him the letter with an air of haughty indifference. Mr. Rodder stepped to one side and tore it open carefully. He nearly howled when he saw that it contained twenty-five ten-pound notes. To the amazement of the postal clerks, Mr. Rodder step-danced out of the office.

"A year's salary and expenses instead of notice!" thought Mr. Rodder. "That is a bit all right. Well, no more London for me."

He paused for a moment, and a poster caught his eye. "Ah! Canada! There are openings there. Canada it is."

So now Mr. Rodder is a prop of the Empire, and the distinguished proprietor of a highly successful drinking-place in Calgary. Yet such is human ingratitude that he has never sent a reward to the Newmarket correspondent of the Sporting Herald, who, by giving what is technically known as an "also ran," started him on the road to fame and fortune.

A Western Interest

OF INTEREST to Western investors is the annual statement of Western Homes Ltd., a Winnipeg company dealing in mortgage investments. The company has now a record of fourteen years, showing a substantial advance year by year. In 1928 the increase over 1927 amounted to \$279,700.00, meaning a net profit for the year of \$93,576.95—or a little more than 8% of the paid-up capital. This splendid increase was largely attributed to improved conditions in the West as reflected in the interest collections for the past twelve months.

The company has as its Managing Director a progressive and capable business man in the person of M. Willis Argue, with a Board of Directors of well known Winnipeg commercial men.



Dry mouth and parched throat are grateful for the refreshing coolness of Wrigley's Spearmint.

Wrigley's whitens teeth, sweetens the mouth, clears the throat and aids digestion, while the act of chewing calms and soothes the nerves.

WRIGLEY'S



Children's COUGHS COLDS ended in a night!

Head colds and persistent coughs are quickly and soothingly relieved. For 50 years Vapo-Cresolene has demonstrated its usefulness. The healing vapors will bring relief and refreshing sleep to your child tonight. No drugs to upset the stomach.

Vapo-Cresolene

EST. 1879

Sold by druggists—Write for booklet 19-B
VAPO-CRESOLENE COMPANY
Leeming-Miles Bldg. - - Montreal, Que.

A Word to the Wise!

Watch the expiry date of your subscription to Canada's Greatest Magazine

THE
Western Home Monthly

"I LOVE TO WEAR THIS DRESS"

"It fits me perfectly and my friends all say it's the prettiest dress I ever had. It looks like an expensive store model. You'd never think I'd made it myself for only \$11.85. It's really easy to make smart, becoming clothes when you know how to cut, design, fit and finish."

No matter where you live, you, too, can learn right at home in spare time to make all your own clothes and hats at great savings, or earn \$20 to \$40 a week at home. The Woman's Institute will show you all the important secrets that make the professional dressmaker so successful—how to plan becoming costumes—how to fit all types of figures—and, above all, how to make clothes that are distinctive for their smartness and style.

Just mail the coupon and we will gladly tell you all about the Woman's Institute and its home-study courses in Dressmaking and Millinery.

WOMAN'S INSTITUTE (Canada) Limited
Dept. C-22 Montreal, Canada

Without cost or obligation, please send me complete information about your home-study course in the subject I have checked below:

☐ Home Dressmaking ☐ Millinery
☐ Professional Dressmaking ☐ Cooking

Name _____
(Please state whether Mrs. or Miss)

Address _____



CAMEO VELLUM

Thoughtfulness is a trait subtly revealed in letter writing—for the writer usually realizes that "what is written remains" and to no less a degree the choice of paper creates an impression that is lasting.

Cameo Vellum is worthy of your best sentiments.

Barber-Ellis Limited

Makers of fine Stationery since 1876

Toronto Montreal Brantford Winnipeg
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A few drops well rubbed in bring prompt relief

for Rheumatic Pain

Absorbine Jr

THE ANTISEPTIC LINIMENT

At all Druggists' 125



COLDS

Go after that cold with Minard's Liniment. Put Minard's on chest and throat. Take a half teaspoonful mixed with syrup. Also heat and inhale Minard's. No cold can stand that treatment.

Minard's is excellent for grippe, influenza, bronchitis, asthma and all similar ailments.

The Great White Liniment

MINARD'S

"KING OF PAIN"

LINIMENT

The Mystic Teachings Of The Ancients

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MAPS

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Acids In Stomach Cause Indigestion

Create Sourness, Gas and Pain.
How To Treat.

Medical authorities state that nearly nine-tenths of the cases of stomach trouble, indigestion, sourness, burning, gas, bloating, nausea, etc., are due to an excess of hydrochloric acid in the stomach. The delicate stomach lining is irritated, digestion is delayed and food sours, causing the disagreeable symptoms which every stomach sufferer knows so well.

Artificial digestants are not needed in such cases and may do real harm. Try laying aside all digestive aids and instead get from any druggist some Bisurated Magnesia and take a teaspoonful of powder or four tablets in water right after eating. This sweetens the stomach, prevents the formation of excess acid and there is no sourness, gas or pain. Bisurated Magnesia (in powder or tablet form—never liquid or milk) is harmless to the stomach, inexpensive to take and is the most efficient form of magnesia for stomach purposes. It is used by thousands of people who enjoy their meals with no more fear of indigestion.

A Reminder for the Home Dressmaker

Easter is just round the corner. Now is the time to stock up the spring wardrobe with simple but fashionable garments made with the aid of The Western Home Monthly Pattern Service.

Iceland the Kingdom of the Nordics

Continued from page 22

poetry dedicated to these four-legged heroes.

IT IS in the rural districts that one gets the truest picture of the life of the country. The early settlers of Iceland brought with them a type of domestic architecture, which, though considerably altered, still prevails in the majority of farm homes. The walls are built of alternate layers of turf and stone, and are usually about six feet thick. The front of the house is finished with boards on the outside, topped by from four to seven gables usually painted white. In the summer time these white gables form an attractive contrast to the green sod roof and walls. Here and there daisies and other native flowers peep out of the cracks and crevices. The Icelandic farm house or "baer" comprises under the same roof, not only the living quarters of the family, but also shelter for the live stock. The abode of the latter is separated from the human dwelling by a narrow passage.

The main entrance to the building is in the centre of the front of the house and on either side are the gabled walls of the parlor, living-room, store room and smithy. The main door opens into a long narrow passage extending frequently the entire length of the building, and from which are entrances to the various rooms. The parlor, or "stofa," generally comes first along the hallway. It is in most cases a pleasant room with walls of unpainted boards. Beautiful plants tenderly nursed by the housewife are invariably found in the windows, while on a chest and a table stand rows of photographs of relatives, friends and the departed. Colorful rugs, often of dyed sheepskin, are on the floor. There is a marked absence of glaring colors; it is as if the color scheme within the homes were in harmony with the beautiful blending of tints that is such a factor in the mystic loveliness of Icelandic scenery.

The living-room or "badstofa" is the most important room in the house. It is long and narrow and along the walls stand the beds for the women of the household, while at one end the bedroom of the farmer and his wife is partitioned off and at the other is the room set aside for the children. The very pulse of Icelandic home life is to be found in the "badstofa." It is there that the family assembles during the dusky winter afternoons and long evenings, each person has his own appointed task: the women spin, knit, weave and sew, while the men make and mend tools, card wool and frequently carve many of the beautiful objects that adorn Icelandic homes. One person, the reader of the household, occupies a seat of honor right under the light. He reads aloud the classics of Iceland, the Sagas and Eddas, or perhaps from some modern books, native or foreign. Many Icelandic homes boast a large number of English books as well as Icelandic or Danish. The reader is often so well versed in the latter language that he can translate it at sight, with very little hesitation. Sometimes the entertainer sings one of the numerous Icelandic ballads and the audience joins in the refrain, the women working their

spinning-wheels in tune to the music. It is in the "badstofa" that Icelandic children receive their most effective training and it is rare indeed to find a farmer boy who has not read the Sagas and Eddas at the age of twelve. "Baby talk" is unknown in Iceland and the language of the children is singularly free from slang. Iceland, indeed, knows no dialects, and when the scholar wishes to express himself in the most classical Icelandic he endeavors to copy the ordinary diction of the farmer, for nowhere is the language as pure and free from foreign innovation as in the country districts. Here it is that the many hours in the "badstofa" bear fruit.

ON THE whole, the Icelandic matron leads a busy existence in the country districts. She not only supervises the management of her home, but also the food and clothing of the family, she has charge of the education of her children until they reach the high school age. She is assisted somewhat in this task by a tutor who goes from house to house. The fact that the Icelandic children enter the high school at the same age and as well prepared as in this country is a striking testimony to the ability and devotion of Icelandic mothers as teachers.

Judged by the flapper standards of present-day America the Icelandic girl is probably somewhat old-fashioned. A very important part of her education and training for life consists of a thorough course in her mother's kitchen. To be a successful wife and mother Icelandic standards demand that she be a good cook, understanding how to prepare meat and fish in a variety of ways, how to make the delicious soups for which the northern nations are justly famed, and above all how to brew that favorite beverage of the country—coffee, the home-brew of the Icelanders, for when the dogs, the advance news agents in the Icelandic home, announce the arrival of guests, it is always a sign for the coffee kettle to be placed on the fire and its singing strikes a merry note of hospitality as one enters. It is also essential that the young lady should be adept in using milk, which forms such an important part of the diet of the Icelanders in the form of "skyr," a concoction of curdled milk, cream and sugar which is the ice-cream of the Icelanders. She must know how to fry fluffy doughnuts and waffles, also the "leaf-bread," cut in a most intricate pattern and the "ponnukokur," a large pancake, thin as paper and served with jam and whipped cream. The Icelandic maid must be no less skilled in use of the needle than in the arts of cooking. Sewing, knitting, spinning and weaving must be second nature to her and every ambitious girl is skilled in beautiful fancy-work—hardanger and lace-work and the exquisite embroidery on the national costume.

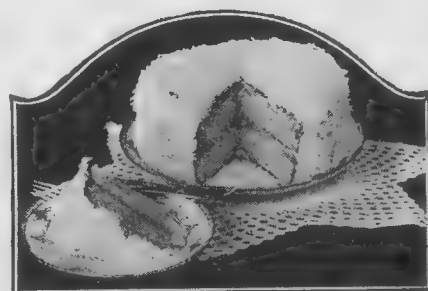
Possibly the Icelandic girl has a craving for other forms of self-expression than these domestic ones, and is disturbed by psychoses and complexes, but if she is she hides such emotions under a very calm and happy manner. She looks upon marriage as a very serious business

Continued on page 89



An Icelandic Wedding

for Tempting Treats



Try delicious Baker's Coconut with this splendid, new recipe for coconut cake and get a real surprise. Any coconut dish is more tempting when Baker's is used—because all the rich, full flavour of finest coconuts is kept always fresh for you by the Baker special packing. In packages, tins and by the pound.

TRY THIS RECIPE

- 2 cups sifted Swans Down Cake Flour
- 2 teaspoons baking powder
- 1/8 teaspoon salt
- 1/2 cup butter or other shortening
- 1 cup sugar
- 3 egg yolks, well beaten
- 1/2 cup milk
- 1 teaspoon vanilla
- 3 egg whites, stiffly beaten

Sift flour once, measure, add baking powder and salt, and sift together three times. Cream butter thoroughly, add sugar gradually, and cream together until light and fluffy. Add egg yolks, then flour and milk alternately, a small amount at a time. Beat after each addition until smooth. Add vanilla and fold in egg whites. Bake in two greased 9-inch layer pans in moderate oven (375°F.) 25 minutes. Put layers together with Coconut Cream Filling and cover top and sides of cake with Coconut Frosting.

BAKER'S COCONUT



Write for free Booklet of delicious recipes to Franklin Baker Ltd., Sterling Tower, Toronto.

A1-29-M

Paris sends news of Spring Chic

6405	6304	6416	6422	6421	6428

6405—Cut in 6 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. A 38-inch size will require $4\frac{5}{8}$ yards of 40-inch material. The jabot of lace or contrasting material requires one-third of a yard 18 inches wide or wider. The width of the dress at the lower edge with fullness extended is $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards. Price 25c.

6422—Cut in 4 sizes: 14, 16, 18 and 20 years. A 16-year size requires $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 40-inch material. For yoke portions, belt and bow of contrasting material $1\frac{1}{8}$ yard 40 inches wide is required. Price 25c.

6416—Cut in 3 sizes: 16, 18 and 20 years. An 18-year size requires 4 yards of 39-inch material. The width at the lower edge with fullness extended is about $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards. Price 25c.

6421—Cut in 4 sizes: 6, 8, 10 and 12 years. To make dress as illustrated in the large view will require 2 yards of figured and $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards of plain material. Without the collar $\frac{5}{8}$ yard less is required. Price 25c.

6428—Cut in 5 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. A 38-inch size requires $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 39-inch material. Price 25c.

6304—Cut in 6 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. A 38-inch size requires 1 yard of lining 32 inches wide, for the underbody and 4 yards of material 39 inches wide together with $\frac{3}{8}$ yard of contrasting material. The width of the dress at the lower edge with plaits extended is about 62 inches. Price 25c.

"How a tiny Package brought Me POPULARITY"

Popularity is no longer a mystery—to this girl who found the clue. Here is her story, just as she told it to me.

By Mme. Jeannette de Cordet

"'Why, why, is she so much more popular than I?'"

"I suppose thousands of girls are asking themselves that question, just as I asked it of you. Won't you, dear Mme. de Cordet, tell them how your booklet and Beauty Sampler helped me find new happiness?"

"When I read your fascinating booklet I thought hard for a few moments. Then I began to realize that, just as you said, every really striking woman is a *type*. Gloria Andrews... Helen Raymond... the girls who outshone all the others at every party... were more than merely pretty. They were striking *types*."

"And you promised to help me find *my* type! Eagerly I opened the little Beauty Sampler. The tiny vials fascinated me. The Pompeian Powder contained in each was so soft, so fine, so fragrant."

"Almost holding my breath, I tried the shade the booklet said was mine. I was amazed to see the change in my complexion! How mistaken I had been to use a pinkish powder! This new, golden powder seemed to melt into my skin... to give it the tint and texture of amber velvet."

"That night I knew I looked well. I did not need Jack's words, whispered as we danced, 'Golden, golden girl...' to tell me that I had discovered my own, true type."

For you—the same vital beauty knowledge



The little booklet and tiny package that taught this girl her greatest beauty lesson are yours if you want them. The booklet is a catalogue of the different types of beauty, with enchanting illustrations in color. Somewhere, in this booklet, you will find yourself. And there you are told what shades of Pompeian rouge and powder will best emphasize your type. The Sampler contains five exquisite shades of Pompeian Powder. You can try your shade, the instant you find your type in the booklet.

Fluff on the powder. See how adorably it softens the texture of your skin. How delicately it scents your face. How it brings new freshness and radiance to your complexion.

Send the coupon for Booklet and Sampler. Only a few cents, only a few minutes, and the way to new beauty is opened before you!



This coupon will bring you valuable beauty information!

Mme. Jeanette, Pompeian Company, Dept. B-3033, 64 Natalie St., Toronto 8, Ont.

Please send me your Beauty Sampler and booklet, "Your Type of Beauty." I enclose 10 cents (coin or stamps) for packing and postage.

Name

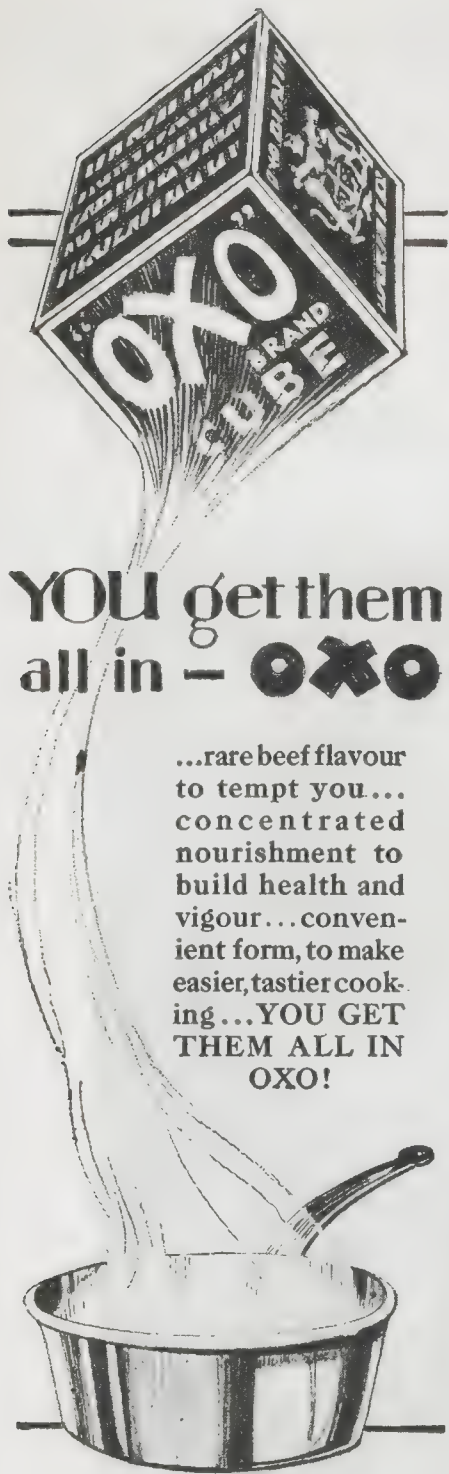
Address

City..... Province.....

The Firemen's Garden

How They Say it With Flowers in Port Arthur

By Rev. Andrew Roddan



...rare beef flavour to tempt you... concentrated nourishment to build health and vigour... convenient form, to make easier, tastier cooking... **YOU GET THEM ALL IN OXO!**

OXO is indispensable in the home—for the children—for invalids—for quick, easy, economical and tasty soups, gravies and savoury dishes.

in tins of 4 & 10 cubes



The Goodness of Beef

WHEN we think of firemen and fire brigades, we picture in our minds the dashing of horses, the clanging of bells; or the roaring of motors and the howling of sirens.

This is a story of Blue Bells and Canterbury Bells, and it suggests a picture of loveliness and peace.

Jack Miner, the Canadian bird man, tells the story of his experience with the unruly motorists, who rush past his home and raise clouds of blinding dust. He planted flowers along the highway in front of his home for a considerable distance, and now the trouble makers slow up to admire their beauty, and in this way Uncle Jack (as the boys love to call him) dodges the dust.

In 1910 right in the heart of the progressive city of Port Arthur at the head of the Great Lakes, and right in front of the Central Fire Hall lay a great sand heap, which was an eyesore to all passers by. The firemen sitting around (waiting for a fire to turn up) stared at this ugly barren place, and the people scowled at it and passed on. It was like the weather situation about which Mark Twain once remarked: "Everybody talks about it, but nobody ever does anything." At last one citizen thought it was time for a change to be made, and Mr. A. Robarts, President of the Chamber of Commerce along with Mr. Walter Russell of the Russell Lumber Company interested the Firemen in the idea of beautifying the place, and making it attractive. The men, under Chief R. McLeod, caught on to the plan and after many years of patient endeavor, they have literally made the "desert blossom as the rose." All the work has been done voluntarily, on duty and off duty, but, let it be remembered that not a minute is ever lost when an alarm is turned in.

The men drop their rakes and hoes, and grab their axes and helmets and they are ready for duty. It is a rare combination of recreation and service for the men.

They are fortunate in having on the staff a man who was a gardener in the Old Country and he gives the boys their lessons in horticulture.

Each year they have added to their stock of flowers, and now they have many fine examples from many different countries, and the experience of growing them has been a real education.

The City Council, seeing the value of this fine bit of work to the community, makes a grant each year for the upkeep of the gardens. In the very early Spring the men are out in the greenhouse, long before the snow has gone, preparing for the next Summer. Now, the Firemen's garden has become one of the sights of the city. American magazines have

told the story to their people of the good work. The Northern Navigation Company while conducting their parties of tourists around the city showing them with pride the largest elevators in the

world, the great Thunder Bay and Provincial Paper Mills, always remember to include a visit to the Firemen's Garden. Right along the side of the street, and over the windows, and doorways of the fire hall, wherever they can find a spot

Each year at the Horticultural Society's Exhibition the Firemen have a very fine display of fruit, and flowers, and vegetables, but not for competition, only for display.

Chief McLeod and his assistant, Alex.

Hope, and the citizens of Port Arthur are justly proud of what the men have done, and pass on the suggestion to other cities, that where there are vacant spaces, or room for a few flower beds, the men of the fire department be encouraged to follow the example of Port Arthur.

This year again the men are preparing for the summer display. New designs and arrangements are being planned. Seeds, plants and bulbs from the Floral Park in New York, Philadelphia, Ottawa, Winnipeg, Edinburgh, Scotland, St. Albans, England, Holland, and New Jersey as well

as Vancouver, will all make their contribution to beautify the gardens and give delight to all who visit them during 1929.

Rows of wonderful sweet peas three deep and one hundred and ten feet long, will be one of the features this year, and from them thousands of the finest blooms will be given away.

Because of the warm days and the cool nights the climate of Port Arthur produces a luxuriant growth, and a delicacy of tint that cannot be equalled anywhere in Canada.

In a modern fire hall you may find men representing different trades, and even professions, and one of the men who is an electrician helps to beautify the place with colored lights, so that in the evening they remind you of fairyland.

From the Gulf of Mexico to the City of Port Arthur is a far cry, but the little humming-birds will find their way back to the window-boxes of the fire hall, where they will dart in and out never heeding the roar of the engines.

Thousands of photos have been taken by visitors from all parts of the world, and the men are always on hand to press the button, so that the whole family might be in the picture.

How true it is, that whether it be a humble geranium in an attic window, a beautiful rose in the city garden, or a splendid bouquet of "mums" presented by a dainty maid to some prima donna, flowers serve a noble purpose and what would the world and life be without them? At Skibo Castle the late Andrew Carnegie had a beautiful rose garden. There were thousands of red and white and yellow roses blooming there, and the villagers were free to saunter in the garden to their hearts' content.

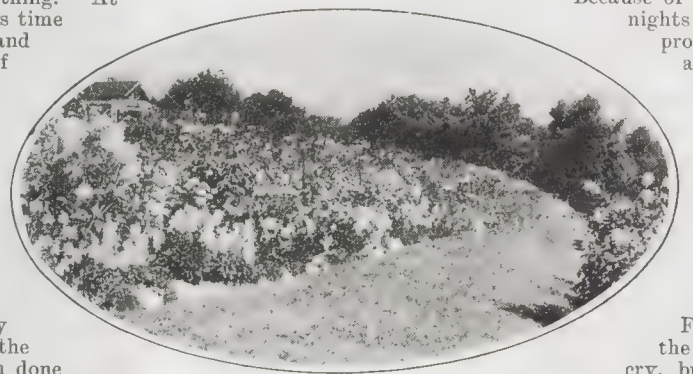
One day the head gardener waited upon Mr. Carnegie.

"Sir," he said, "I wish to lodge a complaint."

"Well?" said the master, and the gardener complained that the village folk were denuding the rose trees. "Ah," said Mr. Carnegie gently, "my people are fond of roses? Then you must plant more."



The Port Arthur Fire Hall beautified by flowers—Wherever they can find a spot for a box or pot there is a blaze of color



The Firemen's Garden—One of the sights of Port Arthur

that combination, and reveal their best in beauty and color to charm the eye.

Then, the Firemen say it with flowers in a very practical way—no one is ever refused a bouquet or a buttonhole.

The hospitals are kept supplied with



A few years ago this was an ugly sand heap; now it literally blossoms as the rose

flowers, and all shut-ins are well looked after in this matter; thus they spread sunshine and happiness all around, and their work becomes a work for the good of others.

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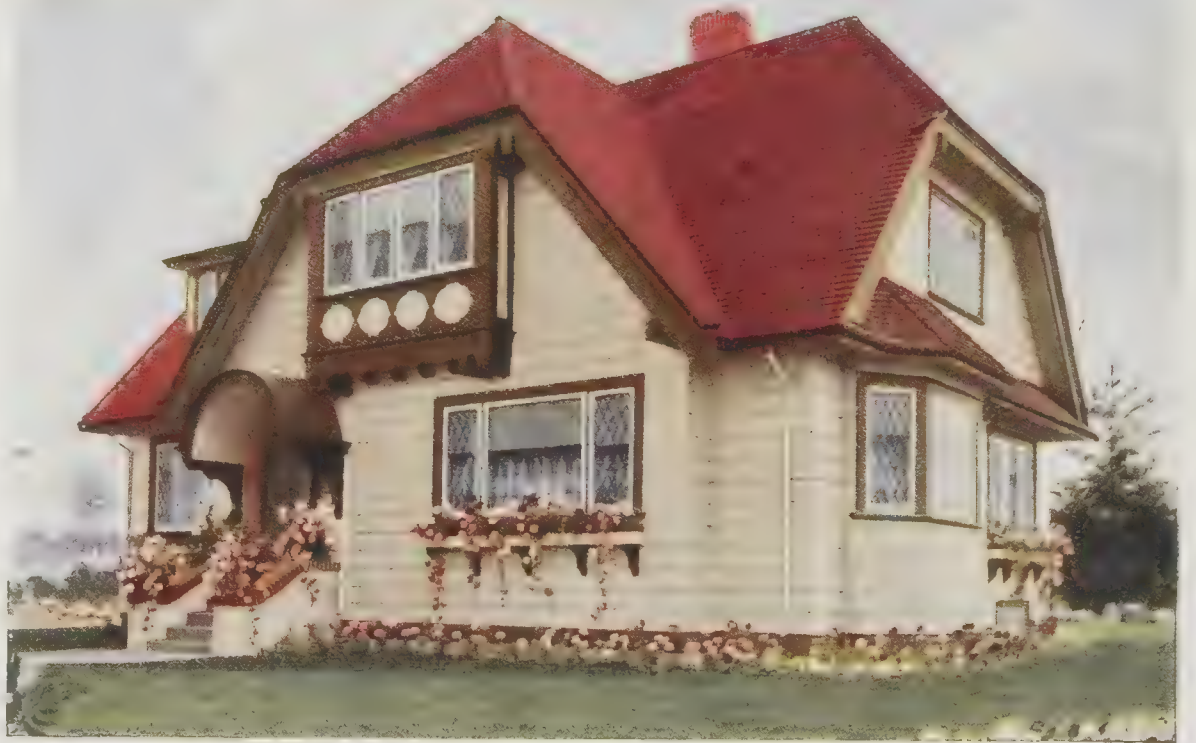


The Attractive Simplicity of Colonial Design

For those who prefer this ever-popular type of Colonial house, this will require no commending. The living-room on the ground floor is larger than usual, while both dining-room and kitchen are of generous proportions. On the second floor are four bedrooms all with closets, good bathroom and two linen closets. This is design No. 23, size 36 x 26 feet. Your Home Town Lumberman has complete plans.

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A Well Planned Home of Distinctive Design

This unusual and attractive design, together with the well-planned lay-out makes an ideal home. Large living-room, with bay window, sunroom adjoining, also large dining-room and kitchen down-stairs. Upstairs, three good size bedrooms, with bathroom and clothes closets. Complete plans can be secured from your Home Town Lumberman—ask for Design No. 2, 36 x 24 feet.

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CHOCOLATE LAYER CAKE

$\frac{3}{4}$ cup of butter (scant). $2\frac{1}{2}$ cups pastry flour.
 $1\frac{1}{4}$ cups fine sugar. $2\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoons
 $\frac{1}{3}$ eggs. Magic Baking Powder.
 $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon vanilla extract. $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt.
 $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon almond extract. 1 cup milk.

Cream the butter and sugar thoroughly, beat in the eggs one at a time till very light, add flavoring. Sift flour, baking powder and salt 3 times and add to first mixture alternately with milk. Turn into 3 greased layer cake pans and bake in moderate oven for 20 minutes.

Make a butter cream, add melted chocolate and beat well. Put between layers, then spread thickly round sides; hold cake between hands and roll in minced walnuts, now spread chocolate butter cream on top and cover with the nuts. Decorate with cherries and walnut halves.



JELLY ROLL

3 large eggs. 1 cup pastry flour.
 1 cup fine sugar. $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon salt.
 $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon lemon extract. 2 tablespoons cold water.
 1 teaspoon Magic Baking Powder.

Separate eggs, beating yolks and sugar together till quite thick; add extract, then add lightly the stiffly beaten egg whites. Sift together 4 times flour, Magic Baking Powder and salt; fold very lightly into egg mixture alternately with the cold water. Turn into a jelly roll pan, which has been lined with well greased paper. Bake in moderate oven for about 10 minutes; turn out on a clean, slightly damp cloth. Remove paper; cut crisp edges from sponge, spread with preserve and roll quickly while the sponge is still warm. Sift fine sugar on top.

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DOUGHNUTS

2 eggs. 1 tablespoon melted butter.
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar. $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon salt.
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup milk. $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon nutmeg.
 2 level teaspoons Magic Baking Powder. 2 cups flour.

Beat eggs till light, adding sugar gradually; sift together flour, Magic Baking Powder, nutmeg and salt; add to beaten eggs and sugar alternately with milk and melted butter. Roll out the soft dough, cut with cutter, drop in boiling fat and fry a golden brown. Roll in sugar if desired.

COCOANUT LAYER CAKE

$\frac{1}{2}$ cup butter. 2 cups pastry flour.
 1 cup sugar. $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon salt.
 2 eggs. 1 teaspoon flavoring.
 2 teaspoons Magic Baking Powder. $\frac{1}{4}$ cup milk.

Cream the butter and sugar thoroughly together, add flavoring; beat eggs very light and gradually beat them into the butter and sugar. Sift flour, Magic Baking Powder, and salt, add lightly to first mixture alternately with milk; turn into greased layer cake pans and bake in moderate oven from 15 to 20 minutes.

*Butter Cream Icing Recipe and method of
 applying coconut sent on request.*



Better Cookery

When We Honor Saint Patrick

By Gertrude Dutton

Grapefruit With Cherries

Cut the grapefruit in halves, remove the seeds, add sugar if wished, and on top of each half place a green cherry. The green cherries come in small bottles like Maraschino cherries, but are colored a deep green instead of red. Grape-fruit fixed in this way is particularly attractive as the first course for a formal meal.

White and Green Cocktail

In cocktail glasses put a mixture of white fruits, grape-fruit, white cherries, white grapes, canned pears, with their juice, and sweetened if necessary, and top with a green cherry.

The Meat Course

Paddy's pig in some form would be entirely suitable, whether for a dinner or luncheon, or as a sandwich filling for a tea or evening refreshments. Ham, boiled or baked, or roast pork are always liked. Chicken either creamed, in pie, or in shortcake, or veal would provide a white meat. Parsley and peas may provide the green garnish. Or green peppers are good with chicken. Apple sauce may be nearly white to accompany the roast pork, or may be tinted green. Irish stew is always good.

The genuine Irish way to serve the "praties" is in their jackets. For the informal home meal, they might be scrubbed and merely boiled till soft. For the nicest of formal occasions, they may be baked, cut in halves, seasoned and reheated in the half-shell. However they may be prepared; green parsley should be added.

Shamrock Rolls and Biscuits

The bread may be either biscuits or made of bread dough. In either case it is baked in muffin tins. Roll the dough into small round balls, like large marbles, and put three in each muffin tin, either moistening or rubbing with butter one of each two sides that touch each other. When baked, each roll will be in the form of a clover or shamrock leaf.

One can readily estimate how much dough should be used for each little ball.

Shamrock Salad

Green peppers will be needed for this salad, preferably fresh ones. Cut off the stem, remove the seeds and membrane, and let stand in slightly warm water for ten or fifteen minutes. Mix a little cream, salt and pepper, with cottage cheese. Pack the pepper full of the prepared cheese, taking care not to tear them. Put in a cold place till ready to serve. With a sharp knife, cut across them in thin slices, and arrange three on a bed of lettuce or shredded cabbage on each salad plate, so that they will look like a shamrock leaf. Serve with it, boiled dressing, not too yellow, to which has been added finely chopped green pickles.

Shamrock Salad II

Set a green jelly in a large shallow dish. If wished, mold in it white fruit or vegetables. When ready to serve, with a cookie cutter cut out a shamrock for each salad. Put on a bed of lettuce, and serve with dressing.

Sandwiches

Lettuce, pickles, olives, cheese tinted green, apple jelly with mint flavor and green coloring, will make suitable fillings for white bread sandwiches.

Desserts

Cookies may be cut with a shamrock-shaped cookie cutter, and decorated with green frosting. White cake may be decorated

THE Seventeenth of March is an excellent excuse for a jolly celebration, either large or small. It comes long enough after the Christmas holidays and before the Spring season, for us to enjoy it. There are so very many ideas which we may use in decorations, etc. Green and white are almost the prettiest colors we can find for foods and decorations.

There are so many suitable centrepieces for a table. An Irish cabin may be easily made from cardboard and covered with green crepe or tissue paper. Inexpensive toy animals may be put around it in the "yard." A large Irish hat or a coal hod may be used for the centre of the table, filled with suitable candies. Shamrock, Irish harps, clay pipes, may be used to advantage in several ways. So many people now have lovely green glassware for the table, which should most certainly be used on such occasions. Tiny Paddy's hats made of cardboard and covered with green paper, will hold candies or nuts at each place.

There is no lack of foods which will give the green color. Peas, green peppers, green cherries, mint, lettuce, parsley, may all be used.

For a dinner or a luncheon, the menu might be selected from grapefruit with green cherries, grapefruit-mint cocktail, white and green cocktail, cream of pea soup, cream of spinach soup, creamed chicken, chicken shortcake, roast pork, with apple rings or apple sauce, potatoes in any of several forms, spinach, or peas, or asparagus, or green string beans, shamrock salad, or a green salad, shamrock biscuits or rolls, green olives or green pickles, white cake, cookies, white or green frozen dessert or gelatin dessert, white or green candies, and, of course, tea.

We are no longer afraid of the harmless green vegetable coloring now to be had, which is almost sure to be made from mint or spinach.

Cream of Pea Soup

Peas 1 c.	Milk 2 c.
Water	Sugar 1 t.
Onion 1 slice	Flour 1 tb.
Butter 2 tb.	Salt and pepper.

Drain and measure liquid from peas, and add enough cold water to make it 2 c. Add the peas and sugar and simmer for 15 or 20 minutes. Rub through a sieve and add to it the butter and flour rubbed together, and the milk which has been scalded with the onion, then the piece of onion removed. Add salt and pepper to serve, a spoonful of whipped cream may be put on top of each serving, or a sprinkling of chopped parsley.

Cream of Spinach Soup

Canned spinach 2 c.	Flour 2 tb.
Butter 3 tb.	Salt and pepper.
Hot milk 3 c.	

Chop the spinach and rub it with its juice through a sieve, add to it the milk and butter, and the hot milk, and season.

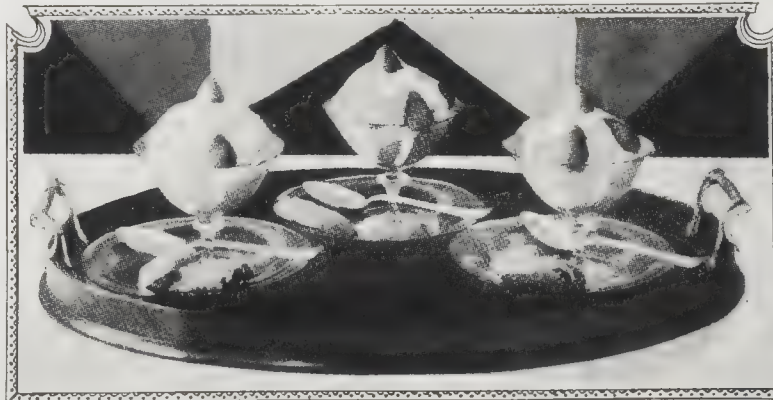
Any white cream soup, such as celery, potato, cabbage, etc., may be used. Chopped parsley on top gives a touch of green.



Baked Apple Rings.
Light Apple Cake.
Fig-Raisin Tarts.

Grape-fruit-Mint Cocktail

Cut the grape-fruit in cubes, being careful to keep all the juice. Add enough sugar to sweeten it, and put in cocktail glasses, with four or five mint leaves arranged around the glass at regular intervals, with the tips of the leaves at the rim of the glass. Sprinkle chopped mint leaves over the top of the fruit. This combination is especially cool and refreshing, particularly if cubes of orange are used with the grape-fruit, when it does not interfere with a green and white color scheme.



Apple tapioca topped with whipped cream makes a favorite dessert

Continued on page 86



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suitably, and served with a white or green dessert. Pistachio flavor is made by using one part of almond extract to twice as much vanilla. Pistachio nuts will give a pretty shade of green as well as their own delicious flavor.

The Fruits of Winter

No longer do we think of fruits as a luxury which many of us cannot afford, but know that they are essential to a well-balanced diet. For this reason, thousands of quarts are canned every season, for use during the months when fresh fruits are not so readily available. We are learning to make a much greater use of the dried fruits, too, which are much superior to those obtainable a few years ago. We never tire of apples, and fortunately they are to be had for so many months of the year. Oranges should be used as often as we can afford them. Very fortunately, our health will not suffer from a lack of fruit, if our purses are not long enough to buy any, when the vegetables we all may have, will answer the same needs.

"An Apple a Day"

There are so many, many ways in which we may use apples. The skins may be eaten by those who need plenty of "roughage" in their diet, and by the women who are trying to "reduce." For little children, they should be cooked.

Baked Apples

Everybody has her favorite method of baking apples. Perhaps a little variety might be desirable. The apples are cored but the skins usually left on. If baked in a covered dish, the skins will not scorch. It is better to have the apple fall to pieces than to keep it whole and have it not cooked enough. Fill the cavities with sugar, mixed with cinnamon, and pour hot water to the depth of an inch in the pan. If the pan is uncovered, baste the apples occasionally. An hour or longer will be required to cook them. Allow $\frac{1}{2}$ c. of sugar to each 6 or 8 apples according to the size. If cooked covered, uncover for the last part of cooking, and sprinkle with a little more sugar.

A little piece of butter may be put on top of the sugar in each cavity.

Brown sugar may be used occasionally in place of white sugar, butter added, but spices are not needed.

Fill the cavities with sugar and seeded raisins.

To the white sugar, add a little nutmeg and grated rind of lemon.

Serve either with or without cream, whipped or plain.

Apple Sauce

The sections may be either kept whole, or the apple sauce may be mashed up and free from lumps. For the first, make a syrup of sugar and water in the proportions liked, put in a few pieces of apple (which have been pared, cored and cut in quarters, sixths or eighths), after boiling the syrup for five minutes, let them cook gently until clear, and then carefully skim them out, and repeat with more pieces of apple until all are done. Strain the syrup over the apples.

The pieces will be broken, if the apples are first stewed with a little water till soft, then sugar added while the sauce is still warm enough to melt it. For some people apple sauce is improved if a little lemon extract is added after it is cool, or if a piece of lemon rind is cooked with the syrup.

The mashed apple sauce if served very cold, in sherbet glasses with a little whipped cream on top, is a good dessert. Spices may be added if wished.

Baked Apple Sauce

Cut the apples in pieces, put in a covered earthenware dish, such as a bean jar or casserole, add sugar and water, if it is needed, and cook very slowly in the oven. The apple sauce will be a rich dark reddish brown color.

Apple Pudding

Apples 6 small	Flour $\frac{3}{4}$ c.
Butter 4 tb.	Currants 3 tb.
Eggs 3	Milk $\frac{3}{4}$ c.
Sugar 6 tb.	Lemon extract 1 t.

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Make a custard of the milk, sugar, butter, flour, stirring over hot water till thick, and hot, pour over the beaten egg yolks, fold in the lemon extract and stiffly beaten egg whites. Pour over the apples in a buttered baking dish, the apples having been pared, cored, and the cavities filled with the currants. Bake an hour in a moderate oven.

Apple Tapioca

Pared and diced apple 1 c.
Dates (cut) $\frac{1}{2}$ c. Minute tapioca $\frac{1}{4}$ c.
Salt $\frac{1}{4}$ t. Sugar to taste $\frac{3}{4}$ tb.
Lemon juice 1 t. Boiling water $2\frac{1}{2}$ c.

Cook the dates and apples in the boiling water till nearly soft. Add the tapioca and cook till clear, in the double boiler. Add the sugar, salt and lemon juice. Cool and serve with cream.

Apple Sherbet

Sweetened apple sauce 4 c.
Lemon juice 1 t.
Raisins, chopped, 1 c.
Nut meats, chopped, 1 c.
Mix all together and freeze.

Apple Cake

Make a light cake and bake in layers. Put together with the following filling: In a double boiler or in a saucepan on an asbestos mat, put $\frac{3}{4}$ c. sugar, 1 tb. flour, the juice of 1 lemon, 2 tb. water (cold), one egg, beaten, 1 large apple, cored, pared and grated. Stir over the fire till the mixture is thick enough to spread.

Deep Apple Pie

In a buttered bake dish, put slices of apple, in alternate layers with either brown or white sugar, using about 1 c. of sugar to a good-sized pie, and dot with a tablespoon of butter, sprinkle over it 4 tb. of water and 2 tb. of flour. If wished, with the white sugar use 1 t. of cinnamon. Cover with a piece of pastry and bake. Serve it with either whipped cream or cheese.

Apple Corn-Bread

Corn meal 2 c. Baking soda $\frac{1}{8}$ t.
Sugar 3 tb. Egg 1
Baking powder 3 t. Milk 1 $2\frac{1}{2}$ c.
Salt $\frac{1}{4}$ t. Apples 3

Mix and sift the dry ingredients, add the beaten egg, the milk, and the apples pared and cut, in small pieces. Bake in a greased shallow pan.

Apple Ginger Bread

Apples 3 Egg 1
Shortening $1\frac{1}{3}$ c. Flour $2\frac{3}{4}$ c.
Hot water $2\frac{1}{3}$ c. Soda $1\frac{1}{2}$ t.
Molasses 1 c. Salt $\frac{1}{2}$ t.
Ginger 1 t.

If wished, a little cinnamon or cloves.

Melt the fat in the hot water, add the molasses, beaten egg, then the sifted dry ingredients. Pour over the apples which have been pared thinly sliced and spread over the bottom of a shallow greased pan. Bake in a moderate oven. Either eat as cake, or for dessert, serve with a spoonful of whipped cream on each slice of warm ginger-bread.

Applesauce Cake

There is no other cake which has the appearance of being very rich but at the same time actually being simple and digestible, and inexpensive, as it has no eggs, some recipes call for no shortening, and it should not be frosted. This is one of the many recipes there are:

Butter $\frac{1}{2}$ c. Chopped nuts $1\frac{1}{3}$ c.
Sugar $\frac{1}{2}$ c. Molasses $\frac{1}{2}$ c.
Raisins 1 c. Salt $\frac{1}{2}$ t.
Soda 1 t. Thick applesauce 1 c.
Flour 2 c. Spices

The applesauce should be unsweetened. To the creamed butter and sugar add the molasses, raisins, and nuts if

they are used but the nuts may be omitted, then the applesauce, and the sifted dry ingredients. Any spices that are liked may be used, such as 1 t. cinnamon, $\frac{1}{2}$ t. of nutmeg, etc.

Dutch Apple Cake

Spread a good baking powder dough on the bottom of a flat pan. On the top, lay slices of pared and cored apples, having the rows symmetrical and close together. Press down into the dough. Sprinkle with cinnamon and sugar and dot with butter. Bake in a rather hot oven, and serve warm, with lemon pudding sauce.

Apples in Salads

Apples for salads may occasionally be left unpeeled if they have a pretty red skin. There are a number of things with which they make excellent combinations, such as cabbage, celery, nut meats, bananas, dates, oranges.

Apricot Pie

Make a filling of 1 c. apricot pulp, 1 c. juice or juice and water mixed, 3 tb. flour, $\frac{1}{2}$ c. sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ c. grated cocoanut, 2 tb. butter, and cook till slightly thickened. Pour into a pie shell, cover with the upper crust and bake.

Apricot Roll

Apricots $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. Sugar 4 tb.
Biscuit dough Butter $2\frac{1}{3}$ tb.

Soak the washed apricots over night, cook, sweeten and drain, saving the juice. Spread the fruit on the biscuit dough which has been rolled out in a sheet. Roll up like a jelly roll, spread over the roll melted butter, and bake in a hot oven, 15-20 minutes. To serve, slice, and use with it a sauce made of the juice, thickened a little, and with a little butter added.

Jellied Prunes or Apricots

Prunes or apricots $\frac{1}{2}$ lb.
Sugar $\frac{1}{2}$ c. Gelatin 2 tb.
Lemon juice 1 tb. Cold water $\frac{1}{2}$ c.
Liquid 2 c. Egg whites 2

Soak, cook and sweeten the fruit, and drain it. The lemon juice need not be used with the apricots unless one wishes it. Dissolve the gelatin after soaking it in the cold water, in the hot liquid, which may be part juice and part water. Line a mold with the fruit dipped in the soft gelatin (remove the pits from the prunes). When the jelly stiffens, fold in the stiffly beaten egg whites and pour into the mold. Serve with custard sauce.

Raisin-Prune Pie

Prunes $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. Raisins 1 c.
Sugar $\frac{1}{2}$ c.
Grated rind and juice of 1 lemon.
Meringue or whipped cream.

Soak, cook, stone and chop the prunes, add the raisins and sugar and rind and juice of the lemon. The sugar should be added to the prunes while warm enough to melt it. Pour into a baked pie shell, cover with meringue and brown in oven, or pile whipped cream on top. This pie is delicious enough for special occasions.

Apricot Sauce

Grated rind of orange 1
Apricot juice 1 c. Cornstarch 2 tb.
Sugar 4 tb. White of egg 1

Mix the sugar and cornstarch and add to the hot apricot juice. Cook in the double boiler a few minutes. Remove from the fire, add the orange rind and juice and pour over the beaten egg white. Serve hot, on any suitable pudding.

Apricot Whip

Apricots $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. Egg whites 2
Sugar $\frac{1}{2}$ c. Salt $\frac{1}{4}$ t.

Soak and cook the apricots. Drain off the juice and mash and sweeten them,

Continued on page 88

Facts About Tea series—No. 1.

Tea - its origin

Five thousand years ago a venturesome Chinaman, so we are told, penetrated the forests of Assam in India and discovered the tea plant. He took it home and planted it... and so the story goes. This is legend but ancient writers of China tell us definitely that tea was growing in China in 2700 B.C.

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or skim some fruit out of a kettle of apricots already stewed. Add the salt, fold in the very stiffly beaten egg whites, sweetened a little. Pile in sherbet glasses and chill. Whipped cream may be used in place of egg whites.

Oriental Salad

Dates, pitted and stuffed with cream cheese, arranged with two-inch sticks of celery on beds of lettuce with a little salad dressing on the lettuce, and sprinkled with broken walnut meats.

Fig-Raisin Tarts

Chopped figs 1½ c.
Flour ½ c.
Water 2 c.
Salt ½ t.
Sugar ½ c.
Raisins ½ c.
Juice of 1 orange
Meringue
Pastry

Mix together and cook till thick, the first seven ingredients, and put in pastry shells in muffin or patty pans, and bake till the pastry is done. Put meringue on top of each and return to a slow oven to brown the meringue. This quantity will make 15 to 18 tarts.

Cabbage and Raisin Salad

Mix together very finely shredded cabbage and about one-fourth as much seedless raisins and moisten with cooked salad dressing.

Date-Tapioca Pie

Minute tapioca ¼ c.
Milk, 1 pint
Sugar ½ c.
Salt ¼ t.
Eggs 2
Dates ½ pkg.
Vanilla.

Cook the tapioca in the milk in a double boiler till almost clear, add the sugar, salt, beaten egg yolks and dates, and continue cooking till the eggs are done, cool, add the vanilla and pour in a baked pie shell, and put the meringue on top, using the egg whites and a little more sugar.

Dried Peach-Custard Pie

Dried peaches 1 c.
Sugar ½ c.
Salt ¼ t.
Milk 1 pint
Eggs 3
Flavoring

Wash the peaches and soak them over night. Cook slowly in the water in which they were soaked. Scald the milk, add to the beaten eggs, sugar, salt and flavoring, add the peaches, drained and cut in pieces. Pour in an unbaked pie shell, and bake.

Prune-Date Salad

For individual servings, put salad dressing on lettuce leaves on plates. On each place two or three prunes, stewed, pitted and stuffed with cream cheese. Alternately with them place dates pitted and stuffed with pieces of walnut meats. On each plate scatter plumped raisins.

Peach Betty

Stewed drained peaches 2 c.
Bread crumbs 2½ c.
Butter 4 tb.
Sugar ½ c.
Cinnamon ½ t.
Peach juice 1 c.

Mix the crumbs with the melted butter, and arrange in alternate layers with the peaches cut in pieces, in a buttered baking dish, sprinkling each layer with the sugar and cinnamon. Have a layer of crumbs on top. Pour over it the juice. Bake in a moderate oven for an hour, and serve with lemon sauce.

Fruited Rice

On boiled or steamed rice serve a sauce made of stewed drained apricots cut in pieces, dates and raisins cut, cooked in twice as much water, sugar to taste, a little lemon juice, and two tb. of cornstarch to each cup of water. Cook in the double boiler till thick and serve hot. It is wise to cook the cornstarch and water and sugar for a few minutes before adding the fruit, which may be in equal, or any like proportions. Add the lemon juice last.

Upside Down Cake

Some form of upside-down cake has grown very popular as a rich dessert, lately.

Butter ½ c.
Brown sugar 1 c.
Stewed apricots 2 c.
Eggs 3
Sugar ¾ c.
Flour 1 c.
Baking powder 1 t.
Apricot juice ¼ c.

In a heavy frying pan, melt the butter, spread the sugar evenly over this, and the apricots on top of the sugar. If canned apricots are preferred to dried ones, lay them with the cut sides uppermost. Mix the batter like any cake, folding in the whites last. Pour over the mixture in the frying pan, and bake in a moderate oven. To serve, put on a large round plate with the fruity side up, and serve with whipped cream. A frying-pan 11 or 12 inches in diameter will be required.

Shortcakes

Delicious shortcakes may be made from any of the winter fruits, just as well as with strawberries. Use rich biscuit dough and between and on top, place sections of oranges, or oranges and bananas, stewed figs, or apricots or peaches.

Orange Filling

This filling is delicious between layers of a cocoanut cake.

Butter 2 tb.
Sugar ½ c.
Egg 1
Orange juice 1 c.
Flour 3 tb.

Mix the sugar and flour, add to the melted butter, then the orange juice and beaten egg, and cook in the double boiler, stirring constantly, till thick.

Orange Pie

Use your favorite lemon pie recipe, substituting orange juice and grated rind for the lemon, and put in a baked pie shell. A teaspoon of lemon juice emphasizes the orange flavor. Put a meringue made of the egg whites on top.

Orange Pudding Sauce

Orange 1
Lemon juice 1 tb.
Cornstarch 1 t.
Hot water 1/3 c.
Sugar 1/3 c.
Egg 1.

Mix the sugar and cornstarch, and add the hot water, boil till clear. Pour on the beaten egg yolk, add the lemon juice and the juice of the orange. Fold in the stiffly beaten egg white and serve warm.

Orange Cake

Make a plain cake of 2 eggs, ½ c. sugar, ½ c. flour, and 1 t. baking powder, and bake in a flat pan. When ready to serve, spread slices of orange over the top, and sprinkle them with sugar if necessary. Over all pour custard sauce or whipped cream.

Orange-Date Salad

On individual plates, arrange sections of orange, radiating from the centre, alternating with dates stuffed with walnuts. Sprinkle with shredded cocoanut and serve salad dressing with it.

THE ORPHANS

There's a cave in the rocks where the pine trees grow,
And two little cubs, too young to roam,
Are waiting for food, while the blizzards blow;
The food that their Mummy will soon bring home.

There's a big skin stretched at the Trapper's hut,
To dry in the sun and wind and rain;
In the cabin there's bear-meat, freshly cut.
Mummy will never come home again.

—L. Bullock-Webster in Lariat Poetry

Iceland the Kingdom of the Nordics

Continued from page 79

and exerts herself to make it a success. No doubt Icelandic husbands and wives have their differences and the course of true love does not always run smoothly. but there is a very widespread sentiment of loyalty between married couples of this country which makes them loath to discuss their difficulties in the divorce courts or with their neighbors.

There have been numerous changes in Icelandic homes lately, some making for improvement and others the contrary. In some cases the Icelanders have been perhaps over-eager in adopting foreign customs and discarding their own. Certain square cement boxes have, at times, replaced the picturesque old homestead, or "baer." However, there is a movement afoot to preserve the color and beauty of the old houses without many of its discomforts, built of durable material such as cement, but preserve the time-honored external appearance of the homes, whose pointed gables seem to fit in so well with the peaked mountains of Iceland.

Since the beginning of the century, Iceland has undergone many changes; It has become proportionately a great exporting country, especially in fish, whereas formerly the towns were negligent and livestock farming was the chief occupation of the people.

proof that the people are law-abiding. The navy of the country consists of two battleships, Thor and Odin, which serve as police patrol boats, protecting the fishing interests. The cost of this navy is largely maintained by fines paid by foreign encroachers, especially British and German. Thus the Icelanders teach a valuable lesson in economy to the larger nations; the guilty parties pay for the means which enforce their own punishment. These fines reach such proportions annually that within a few years the Icelanders hope to be protected by all the Norse gods in the guise of police patrol boats.

The art of Einar Jonsson, the Icelandic poet-sculptor, has long since become internationally famed. Essentially a child of his environment, he interprets the culture of the Icelandic race and the striking beauty of the country to the rest of the world. Wood carving has been part of Icelandic life for a thousand years; at times the carver has made beautiful things with the crudest of tools. The leading exponent of this art at the present time is Rikard Jonsson, whose skilful work mirrors Icelandic life and environment. Painting, a fairly recent art in Iceland, has made rapid strides lately, and the arts of the home are extensive.



A view of Reykjavik and the Harbour

The change is most apparent in Reykjavik and the other towns take their cue from that city. Reykjavik is proportionately the largest capital of Europe, inasmuch as it has within its confines one-fourth of the population of the whole country. Sky-scrapers are non-existent, but there are many striking public buildings such as the National Library with its 100,000 volumes and 20,000 manuscripts. One finds there numerous other very attractive public buildings, as well as handsome private homes. The names of the streets reflect singularly the life of the country; there are some named after the favorite flowers of Iceland, others after the birds, some after Norse gods, others bear the names of the favorite heroes from the Sagas and down by the harbor are several streets labelled according to various sea-faring terms.

Reykjavik has its "400" no less than New York; dignified banquets where ladies appear in evening dresses from the Rue de la Paix and men in full dress suits. Paris specialty shops are scattered through this northern capital. Public balls and dancing in private homes are a common form of entertainment. On the whole, life moves in a leisurely manner in Reykjavik; the writer was astonished one afternoon about three entering one of the leading business offices to find every desk deserted and finally eliciting the information that it was "coffee-time," and all business was temporarily suspended.

THE Icelanders were renowned as fighters a thousand years ago, but now they confine their fighting instincts to verbal broils which seldom lead to assault or any form of open conflict; the well-known fact that Icelandic jails are empty most of the time is a pretty strong

Iceland is a fascinating combination of the old and the new; the austere beauty of the country has been celebrated in song and saga; the smiling slopes, grim lava-fields, fragrant birchen groves, thundering waterfalls, mighty glaciers and smoking hot-springs offer an unsurpassed variety. There the natives converse in the language that Leif Eriksson spoke when he landed on the shore of America in the year 1000, but aeroplanes, automobiles and the radio strike a modern note. Isolation can no longer be applied to Iceland, seeing that boats from Hamburg, Leith, Copenhagen and Bergen are weekly visitors, besides pleasure cruisers that come there every summer in increasing numbers.

A very marked interest is being displayed in the Millennial Celebration by the 40,000 people of Icelandic birth or extraction who reside in Canada and the United States. They are planning to visit the land of the Sagas in large numbers in 1930 and for that purpose have arranged with a steamship line to have a direct sailing from Montreal to Reykjavik, connecting with the celebration, in early June. They, along with others who wish to pay a tribute to the cradle of modern democracy; the mountains and fells of Iceland will echo the songs of well-trained choruses and sturdy athletes will compete in sports handed down from their Norse ancestors, peculiar to Iceland alone. The descendants of the Vikings will extend hospitality to hosts of visitors from distant parts of the world, who, by their presence, pay tribute to the country long known as the "Hermit of the North Atlantic." but now closely linked with the rest of the world through modern facilities of transportation.

The Sick Wind

"Why is the Wind so ill tonight?
What makes the Wind complain?
In Bed I lie, and hear him sigh,
Outside the Window-pane.

"Around the House, around the House
He makes his weary Moan;

The night is cold, the Wind is old—
A tired old Wind and Lone.

"He goes and comes with silent Feet,
He sobs amid the Rain:
Dear God, be kind to this sick Wind,
And make him well again!"

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Federated Women's Institutes

IMMIGRATION OF BRITISH FAMILIES

By Elizabeth Bailey Price

FOR some years the Federated Institutes of Canada have been interested in the Navy League of Canada. They have contributed to the support of Sailors' Homes and Institutes, from coast to coast, also helped orphans and widows of sailors, who lost their lives in the Great War.

The Navy League of Canada has now consummated arrangements in the Old Country, whereby it is in a position to assist families migrating to Canada—ex-naval men and other reputable breadwinners who would be willing to work on farms.

It is for this latter reason that the sympathies of the Women's Institutes, which are largely rural organizations is solicited. If each Institute would provide for one family per annum, the Navy League feels it could settle 3,000 families yearly in Canada. The families would arrive in the early spring, and the Navy League pleads for one year's engagement on farms, providing the man is satisfactory.

Appeals to Institutes

This plan was explained to the national president, Miss Annie Stewart, who attended a gathering of this organization. She has sent out an appeal to the Institute members throughout Canada, urging on those who have farmer relatives needing help, to give this scheme a fair trial.

The question has been brought up that ex-naval men would never work on farms as "hired men," as they would be so unaccustomed to this work. The Dominion Secretary and Manager of the Ontario Division, Col. C. G. Williams, came to Canada direct from the sea and worked as a hired man on an Ontario farm. He has never been out of work a day since he came to Ontario. In answering a question as to his success, he says "I owe everything to the fact I early learned to obey and do as I was told." These men too all have splendid physiques, these so necessary to farm work.

Applications should be made directly to Col. Williams, 166 Lakeshore Boulevard, Toronto 3, and should be sent as early as possible in order that all arrangements may be made to enable the families to leave and arrive in Canada about the middle of March.

B.C. Encourages Handicrafts

In order to assist rural women to augment their incomes, the Women's Institute Branch of the Department of Agriculture is endeavoring to promote various handicrafts, notably those of rug and quilt making. The latter are chosen because the necessary equipment is simple and inexpensive and the materials are near at hand. In order to get all information possible, W.I.'s were asked recently to arrange home-made quilt and rug exhibits at the local fairs, these to be placed in charge of women, who would take the names of skilled workers in the various districts.

The Chinook W.I. has made some beautiful rugs of rag and home-spun yarns, in patterns adapted from the tribal patterns of native Indians, who have a rich store of traditional designs. Other suggestions from Mrs. V. S. MacLachlan, Superintendent of the B.C. Institutes, are exhibits of old and modern quilt patterns, wool-filled comforters, braided coverlets, hooked, crocheted and woven floor mats, hand-knitted articles, gloves, crystallized fruits or any home-craft, which it is possible to commercialize.

Establish Exchanges

Nova Scotia Institutes have established four handicraft exchanges—at Port Maitland, Bridgewater, Amherstand, Upper North Sidney, at which beautiful hand-woven rugs and linens are sold principally to the many American tourists, who travel so much in this part of the country. The trade-mark for posters, signs and labels is a full-rigg ship, with initials W.I.N.S. (Women's Institutes, Nova Scotia).

Campaign for Better Teeth

Manitoba Institutes are helping the Canadian Dental Hygiene Council with the mouth-health campaign, which is being conducted February, March and April. This society is greatly concerned

over the decay in teeth that exists today, and will make an effort to lessen the amount that will exist ten or twenty years hence. They will accomplish this by getting in touch with the mothers and children. They will promote a campaign of cleanliness and brushing the teeth regularly through the schools. Through lectures effort will be made to get in touch with prospective and nursing mothers to include in their diet food that will contain enough lime to make good teeth.

Organization of Hot Lunch

Manitoba also passes along this splendid organization scheme for the serving of hot lunches at the school. The Institutes there have learned from experience that if the hot lunch is to become a part of the school programme it must be organized from within by the teachers, and at the request of the parents and trustees. The teacher should be consulted as to taking charge. The trustees should purchase the equipment and all staple supplies. The mothers in turn should supply the perishable foods. This has been worked out most successfully.

Alberta Notes

Fort Saskatchewan has asked the town and municipal councils to help with the beautifying of the cemetery.

Walsh W.I. celebrated its sixteenth anniversary recently. This branch has had the same president all these years, Mrs. L. Sinclair, and she has only missed three meetings in all that time. She is beginning her seventeenth term.

Westward Ho has purchased a first-aid kit for the school.

Carstairs is buying new books for its library.

Wembley has voted \$80.00 to help the school fair.

Camrose sponsored a children's clinic at which 21 babies and 21 children of pre-school age were examined.

Foremost has supplied \$50.00 of playground equipment for the school.

Hesketh members are providing soup for the school children's lunches.

Cluny has been helping to put over the "skating rink".

Wainwright has placed six first-aid kits in the surrounding schools.

Tomahawk is giving efficiency prizes to the school.

Munson is arranging with a dentist in Drumheller to put on a dental clinic there. The annual oration contest is on in March.

Rugby W.I. enjoyed a radio concert recently.

Sundre is raising funds to help with the new cemetery.

Wayne is considering arranging an eye clinic for the community.

Taber is purchasing playground equipment for the school.

Botha used the proceeds of the annual bazaar to beautify the cemetery.

Jasper presented three pictures to the school.

Stettler voted \$20.00 to help the I.O.D.E. library.

Delia had a "Made in Alberta" sale that netted \$50.00.

Fort McMurray W.I. collected enough money during the summer to finance the building of sidewalks to the school.

British Columbia Notes

Summerland voted \$20.00 to the Otho Scott Endowment Fund and \$20.00 to the Crippled Children's Fund. Mrs. Robert Sutherland interested the members deeply in a demonstration in the making of felt and silk flowers, and Mrs. Stark gave a splendid demonstration in making glace fruits and nuts.

Langley Prairie replenished the school first-aid kit and made a satisfactory balance from the sale of their quilt. Mrs. Royston has undertaken sole charge of the Travelling Library for the coming year. The election of officers took place, Mrs. K. H. Green continuing to act as Secretary.

White Rock Institute was organized on November 9th, with a membership of twenty-five, Mrs. M. M. Murphy being made Secretary. The meeting having decided to hold a flower show in the Spring, Mr. J. W. Beilby and Mrs. H. T. Thrift who are keen horticulturists gave some very valuable advice. The good wishes of all the Institutes go out to the twelfth New Institute formed in 1928.

Victoria held their annual meeting in December, when Mrs. W. Peden became Secretary in the place of Mrs. F. Campbell. On behalf of the Institute, the Provincial President, Mrs. J. D. Gordon, presented silver cake dishes to Mrs. W. Peden and Mrs. Laird in appreciation of their services during the past year. At the next meeting an address will be given on State Health Insurance and Maternity benefits.

Agassiz received most satisfactory reports at the Annual Meeting, and plans were made for the New Year. Mrs. A. M. Probert was again elected Secretary, and Mrs. H. Focks was unanimously re-elected President for her 19th term of office.

Strawberry Vale received satisfactory reports at the Annual Meeting, and it was decided to continue card parties if possible, and ask Mrs. Spofford to speak on Civics and Citizenship.

Qualicum Beach has started a class in folk dancing for boys and girls at Hilliers, the teacher being a member of the Institute.

Shaunigan Lake have decided to bear the whole expense of providing hot cocoa for the school children's lunches.

Cobble Hill have decided that each Convener should give a ten minutes' talk at one meeting during the year. It was reported that \$50.00 had been raised for the Solarium, by means of raffles, and another \$42.00 as profit on the joint concert of the three schools. The Librarian reported that the Library contained 190 Institute books and 75 Travelling books. Card parties, which include a room for the children to play in, are to be continued on Friday evenings.

South Salt Spring voted another \$100.00 towards the reduction of the Hall mortgage, making a reduction of \$430.00 in the year. A letter of thanks for three cases of jam was received from the Solarium.

Otter and District have elected Mrs. Klick as Secretary in place of Mrs. A. R. Steele, who has resigned. At the Annual meeting \$8.70 was collected for the Vancouver Crippled Children's Hospital.

Terrace have re-elected Mrs. Hall as President and Mrs. Haney as Secretary for 1929. The Institute voted \$25.00 towards improvements in the sidewalks round the school.

Chilliwack has closed one successful class in Dressmaking and is starting two more under the able tutelage of Mrs. Chell. A social afternoon which had been planned was cancelled as a mark of sympathy for the death of Dr. W. V. Davies.

Summerland voted \$10.00 towards reference books for the High School Library, and \$15.00 for an extension lamp for the Hospital.

Lazo has held a satisfactory year. Donations during the year have been voted to the Solarium, the Crippled Children's Hospital, the League of Nations Society, the Canadian Council of Child Welfare, Barnardo's Homes, London, the memorial cairn at Sandwick and assistance has been rendered with some children's hospital expenses. A Hallowe'en party, whist drives and the usual Christmas tree have been held, the members providing the refreshments and meeting all expenses. Potatoes and fertilizer was purchased in the Spring and the Institute won third prize at Vancouver Fair as the result of their labours.

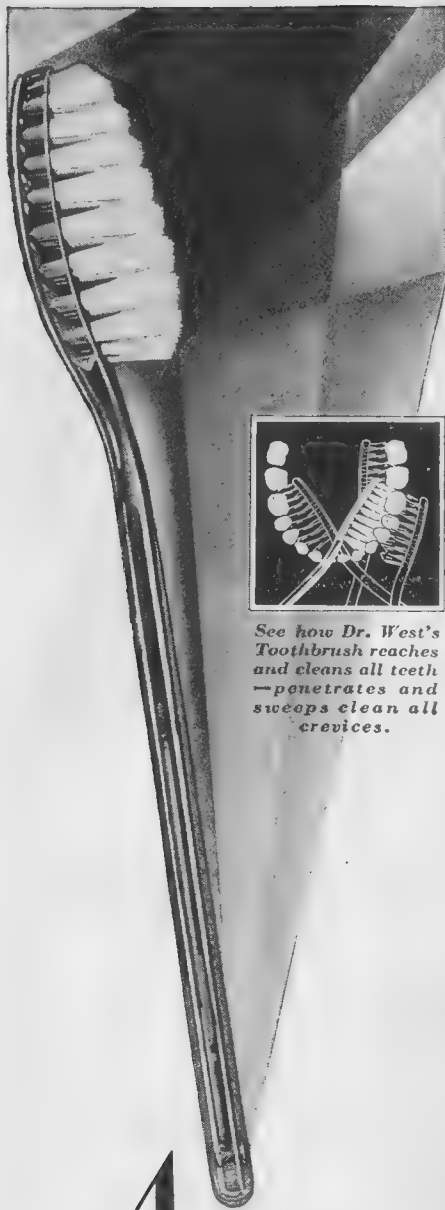
White Rock are planning a sale of work and a flower show.

Aldergrove received a most satisfactory report on the work of the past year, and re-elected last year's board of Directors by acclamation. \$5.00 was voted to the Solarium.

Keremeos has decided to purchase \$40.00 of bonds from Victory Hall Society.

Nelson held the best Annual Meeting they have ever had, eighty paid-up members were present and voted.

Point Grey received the secretary's and Treasurer's annual report with enthusiastic applause for exceptionally splendid work. The Sick Convener and Immigration Convener also gave good reports. A china-painting class of 24 lessons has been arranged, through the school of Decorative Arts, and a bridge and whist party is to be held in aid of the blind. The retiring President, Mrs. J. S. Wood, was presented with a handsome suede hand-bag.



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—polishes teeth amazingly white by cleansing more thoroughly.

Spring

By S. W. Winson

WHENCE comes the Spring that gives to earth the gladness of new growth?

If Winter came down from the North-lands, the green season should return from the South.

Shelley thought the goddess was down there somewhere as he asked the Winds if she was far behind.

Certainly she seems to fly northward up the long American continent on the wings of the birds and the leaves.

But there must be some waywardness about Her Garlanded Highness seeing how she favors the Pacific Coast and runs over the Islands before unlocking prairie gates; and wings over to the Western foothills in green gaiety while the Montanas and Dakotas are left in icy suspense!

Perhaps the poets were straining their eyes too eagerly and too enviously towards the warmer regions. They thought the verdant goddess lived with the torrid Kings of the Tropics and only came northward a-visiting. They concluded she came with the birds, instead of reflecting that the birds might be returning because they knew she was here!

It may be that the older Greeks were more accurate in their fancy. They built the romance of Pluto and Persephone.

Persephone was the daughter of Ceres, or Harvest, and every year was taken by Pluto or Hades to live six months in the centre of the earth, and always was released in Spring, when she came up from below wreathed in flowers and with singing birds about her shoulders.

These ancient observers, logical and acute, saw the springing flowers, the rising grass, the out-creeping insects under their feet. To them the magic thrill which awakened seed and bud, was vibration from below.

The impulse came from Pluto, the Earth God, and was from beneath upward, and this thought must have spread northward to Saxon and Goth, for they named the time "Spring," the "opening" of earth, the upspringing of living-ness.

The tree-lover feels the truth of this view. Long before the burst of the emerald buds from the tawny and topaz sheaths, the earth tremor has sent its vibrations through the soil.

No soft south wind or penitent sun-beam brushed its soft lashes over the tiny rootlets, deep down below the frost. Those delicate root-nerves were quickened other where when the time to awaken came.

Through their minute veins went the fluid which brought a glow to the bud, a brilliance to the twig, a glossy brightness to the outward branch.

A million tingles quiver from the root hairs, gather in great waves at the trunk and are re-divided by branch and branch-let to a million sleeping buds.

That tidal wave of rising sap is tapped in maple, or gushes away in birch and alder from the woodman's axe. It is a life-stream of tremendous power, of import and volume seldom reckoned.

A forest tree in its prime lifts over a hundred gallons a day. In fact, more than this escapes from its leaves by summer evaporation, when all its myriad cells are supplied.

The thrill of the soil changes the roots of the shrubs, the herb and the bulb, and all the lace-work of the fine-threaded sod. Green spears are strengthened in sheathing blades; new spurs are hardening to pierce the upper earth. Bracken buds swathed in white wool force their way lightward, the protecting wool taking the brown stain of the soil before it emerges.

Science may yet find some germ or bacterium which gives the rootlets the rousing touch. Certainly the soil is full of life microscopic, which tears up dead tissue and feeds it to the quickened roots. What wonder of wonders if Spring should be a spirit with a fairy wand so small that lenses miss it! However, the alarm is sounded, the nerve of the root-let hears, and sends forth the pulsating life sap to open the green windows of Spring, letting in the light and life of a new-rising Earth!

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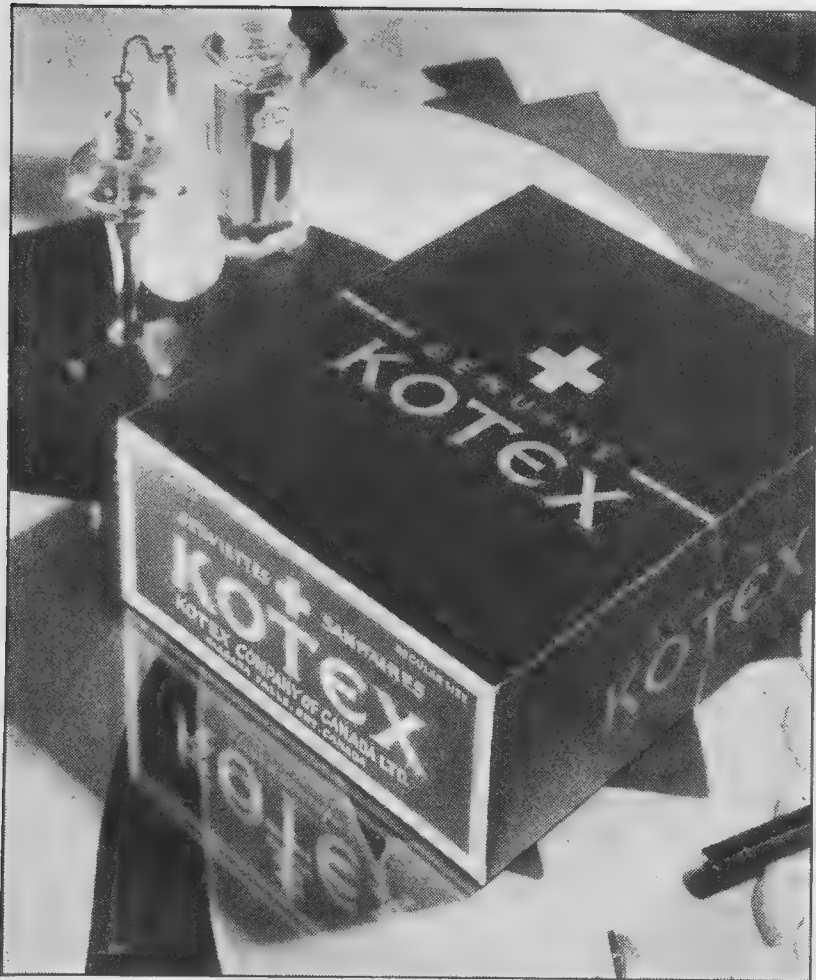
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For these reasons Kotex is better

Its fluffy, delicate filler, Cellucotton absorbent wadding, is soft as down and five times more absorbent than cotton. Fine, specially treated gauze is used to cover Kotex. The corners are rounded and tapered to make it fit perfectly and to leave no awkward bulkiness under any costume.

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Super-size Kotex offers the many advantages of the Kotex you always use plus the greater protection which comes with extra layers of Cellucotton absorbent wadding. Disposable in the same way. Doctors and nurses consider it quite indispensable the first day or two, when extra protection is essential. At the new low price, you can easily afford to buy Super-size Kotex. Buy one box of Super-size to every three boxes of regular size Kotex. Its added layers of filler mean added comfort.

WHM 3



Spruce Up

WHEN you were young and most attractive physically, think how you dressed up when your beau was coming. With what pains you combed your hair; how your eye sparkled; what a smile you wore!

It is insufferable egotism for you to think that a man will love you always unless you keep yourself at least somewhat attractive for him. Do not let yourself slump. Do not grow lazy and run down at the heel.

Tonight, when you know HE is coming home, put on a glad gown, arrange your hair the most becomingly, and greet him with a merry smile. Every decent man will be true to a woman if she loves him enough to put her best foot forward for him.

Aunts for Hire

"Universal Aunts, Limited" is a regular institution in England, and might well be utilized in all countries. They are not merely the indulgent aunts, rhapsodized in Riley's "Out to Old Aunt Mary's," but their pockets have silver linings, because of their auntly relationships.

They perform, for hire, many little services for young nephews and nieces. They take them for a walk and let busy mothers have a chance to attend a club meeting or do their housework. They keep them over night, if Mother is out of town for a day. They keep house for two days while Dad and Mother go to a convention or a week end house party.

They mend and dry-clean little odds and ends for college girls nieces. They shorten a skirt. (It used to be lengthen one.) They help with the company-meal, take the baby out for its daily airing, meet a child at the train and see him safely on his bus for grandmother's house.

One of their greatest conveniences is the care of the small child when mother visits the city. She wants to take the lad along, but she doesn't know what to do with him while she is in the meeting or attends to business. An Aunt can show him a good time then, take him to the movie or the museum, and he can join mother when her duties are over.

If you are a rather lonely woman with plenty of time and little money, set up a business of Aunt-hood. When your happy relationship becomes well known in the community, you will find all the aunting you can do, for there is need for a filler-in in every neighborhood.

Mental Clinics

We have long been familiar with physical examinations for school children, to determine whether there is any physical ailment which is handicapping the child. We are now developing the mental clinic, which will detect the beginning of mental troubles.

These, if discovered in time, may be nipped in the bud and the person grow to be normal. If undiscovered, these mental ailments will develop and the individual afflicted may later become a criminal or a candidate for an insane asylum.

There are nearly five hundred of these mental clinics for children in the United States. Last year they examined and treated more than 40,000 children.

If your child seems eccentric, take him to the mental clinic and have him given the once over. The probability is that you will find him normal, but that you did not understand how to treat him. In that case, the instruction to you will be worth the effort. There are times, in the careers of all mothers, when we think our children must be "queer," though no one else would dare suggest it. A mental examination of every child, as well as of every adult, would go far toward emptying the insane hospitals of tomorrow. The bet-

ter understanding of child psychology, which mothers would gain, would be a valuable by-product.

Window Shades

Soiled window shades will mar the effect of your beautiful, clean windows. But the shades, too, may be washed. If they are the old fashioned type of shades, lay them on a flat surface; dust them well and go on over them lightly with a damp cloth. A little soap or cleaner may be used gently on that particular dirty streak which marks the line to which the shade is usually unrolled.

If the shades are of the newer type, they may be scrubbed on both sides with a stiff brush. In either case, when the shades are washed, wipe them as dry as possible with a soft cloth, rehang them and pull them down full length to dry.

If broken or worn at the lower edge, remove the shade from the roller, turn the shade upside down; make a hem on the good end, wide enough to hold the stick, tack the worn end to the roller; and replace the shade at the window. It will wear almost as long as a new one and the worn end will be rolled up most of the time.

Serving Grapefruit

If you wish to serve each guest a half grapefruit, you may cut it in halves with a sharp knife, then remove the seeds and centre of each half, by the use of sharp scissors to snip the tough, white lobe-skins.

Should you have only one grapefruit and three persons to serve, cut the grapefruit in halves, scoop out the pulp and juice, add a little water and serve in a sherbert glass.

Oranges and grapefruit may be easily peeled by scalding them as one does tomatoes. Put them in a pan and pour boiling water over them and let them stand three minutes. This will take off all the inner lining with the skin. If the fruit is slightly warm, let it cool before serving. It will not taste bitter unless really cooked.

Household Hints

A half teaspoon soda is the regulation amount to use with a cup of sour milk. A teaspoon of baking powder is called for with a cup of flour.

Drain the water from potatoes into the gravy. It saves the mineral salts dissolved out from the potatoes and gives a richness to the gravy.

Have you seen those flour sifters which sift the flour twice instead of once?

Healthgrams

The more white bread, the sooner you're dead.

If you want lime, use milk and buttermilk.

Worry kills more folks than work; yet more folks tackle it.

Do not indulge in an "organ recital," that is, in telling your symptoms.

Hot Hamburger Sandwich

Fry brown one onion, in two tablespoons of butter or bacon fat. Add one pound of hamburger, a tablespoon of minced parsley, salt and pepper to taste. Stir smooth a tablespoon of flour with a little milk; add it to the meat and cook a minute; then add more milk to make a thick creamy mixture. Serve this hot on slices of hot buttered toast, or bread warmed in the oven.

Lemon Toast

Grate the rind from a lemon, mix with sugar and add enough juice to make a spread. Spread on hot buttered toast and place under the flame just long enough to melt the sugar. Orange toast may be made in the same way.

Smiles

Will Rogers, asked to recommend a certain make of pianos, wrote: "I guess your pianos are the best I ever leaned against."

Junior and Lingerie Modes



6426. On this party frock the small girl may have a flounce, which forms a graceful curve on the front. A ribbon bow in a favorite color forms an attractive finish at the neck. Printed taffeta was chosen in this instance. One could have crepe de chine, or chiffon; with pipings in self or contrasting color.

The Pattern for this dainty frock is cut in 5 Sizes: 2, 3, 4, 5 and 6 years. To make a 3 year size will require 2 yards of material 32 inches wide. The bow of ribbon requires $\frac{3}{4}$ yard.

Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

6418. Printed chiffon or taffeta, crepe de chine or georgette are suggested for this design, if made without sleeves, for dance or party wear. With sleeves, velvet or wool crepe, would be pleasing. The front shows soft fullness at the shoulders. The skirt is gathered between the printed scallops of the waist. The sleeve pouches attractively above a narrow band.

The Pattern for this pleasing model is cut in 4 Sizes: 4, 6, 8, and 10 years. To make the Dress for a 10 year size without sleeves, as pictured in the large view, will require 2 yards of material 36 inches wide or wider. If made with sleeves, as shown in the small view, $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards will be required. To finish neck and armseye edges as illustrated will require $4\frac{1}{4}$ yards of bias binding.

Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

6413. Rayon, crepe, crepe de chine, satin and radium silk are suitable materials for a garment of this kind. The front is finished with a lengthwise tuck, at the underarm seams, which widens and forms plaits below the hip line. This model is dart fitted. The width at the lower edge is 58 inches. A simple finish of stitching is suitable for this style, or lace edging or banding may be used.

The Pattern is cut in 4 Sizes: Small, 34-36; Medium, 38-40; Large, 42-44; Extra Large, 46-48 inches bust measure. To make the Slip for a Medium size will require 2 yards of 40 inch material. Straps of ribbon will require 1 yard.

Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

6414. Batiste, crepe, crepe de chine, rayon or radium silk may be used for this model. The Bandeau has comfortable fullness at the underarm seams. The Bloomers are made with a yoke and panel extensions and with full leg portions, that are finished with wide bands. An elastic band run through a casing confines the fullness at the top. Shoulder straps of ribbon hold the bandeau.

The Pattern for this design is cut in 4 Sizes: 14, 16, 18 and 20 years. To make the Set for a 16 year will require 2 yards 40 inches wide.

Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

6425. Flannel was chosen in this instance. If desired the Waist may be of madras, broadcloth or Indian head, and the Trousers of flannel, tweed, jersey or velveteen. Kindergarten cloth, checked or striped madras or crash, are also suggested. The Waist may be made with an opening at the centre as illustrated or at the side under the tuck. The trousers are cut with wide leg portions, and are shaped at the top.

The Pattern for this style is cut in 4 Sizes: 2, 3, 4 and 5 years. To make the Suit in one material for a 4 year size will require $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 40 inch material. The Trousers of contrasting material will require 1 yard 40 inches wide. The Waist $1\frac{1}{4}$ yard.

Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

The Western Home Monthly, Winnipeg.



When he comes to your house...

he comes to *SERVE*

He is the authorized, bonded Representative of the Singer Sewing Machine Company—a world-wide organization of service to women who sew. He is one of 10,000 in the United States and Canada alone. But each is a local representative. The man who calls on you is a resident of your community. He is as much interested in serving you as your neighborhood banker or merchant. He is building a permanent business and he knows that one of his greatest assets is the good will of enthusiastic customers. Therefore his first concern always is to serve you honestly, faithfully and intelligently.

He has been carefully selected for his work. He has been trained by experts. When he comes to you he is qualified to discuss your needs and problems and to demonstrate to you the advantages, the enjoyment and the economies of the modern way to sew.

The modern Singer Electric has simply revolutionized sewing in the home. Once you sit down before it, once you feel its instant response to your slightest wish, you will realize that it is utterly different from any machine you have ever used.

But you must make that test to know. And so the Singer man in your community comes to invite you to take any modern Singer into your home and use it without the slightest obligation. He comes to show you how you can find real enjoyment in planning and making clothes for yourself and the children and curtains and draperies for your home, how you can make a dress in a fraction of the time it used to take, how you can do quickly the deft finishing you thought must be done by hand. You will find that the magic means to this modern way to sew can be yours at surprisingly small cost. For the Singer man is authorized to make you a generous allowance on your present machine and arrange for the balance to be paid in small monthly sums which your Singer will save over and over again.

So if your home is one where the modern Singer Electric and the delights of modern sewing are not yet known, welcome the Singer man when he calls on you. His coming can mean the beginning of a new experience that you will enjoy and profit by all through life. SINGER SEWING MACHINE COMPANY

SINGER ELECTRIC Sewing Machines

Singer Machines are sold only through Singer salesmen and the Company's own shops, located in every community and identified by the famous red "S".



If the Singer man has not yet reached you, phone the nearest Singer Shop and ask for a machine on the Self Demonstration Plan.

Factory: St. Johns, P. Q.



When Mother's Nerves Are Healthy

What a joy are children to the healthy mother!

What an irritation they are when mother is weak, nervous and excitable!

So many thousands of women have found health and happiness by using Dr. Chase's Nerve Food to restore the run down nervous system that there is no question as to the efficiency of this treatment.

Gradually and naturally the nutritive qualities of the blood are increased and the exhausted nerves fed back to health and vigor.

Soon you rest and sleep well, enjoy your meals and realize once more the joy of healthful living.

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food
The greatest of Nerve restoratives

Good Results So Sure

You do not have to experiment with Eno's "Fruit Salt." Millions have, in the past sixty years, proved its worth as a non-habit-forming health beverage. There is only one Eno. Resolutely refuse substitutes.



18

A CORRECTION

Owing to an unfortunate error in our advertisement in the February number, the price of used pianos appeared \$325 instead of \$235

The Winnipeg Piano Company, Ltd. Winnipeg

The Gentleman King

Continued from page 44

"Here you gardener, you cross-eyed dreamer! Get out to the horses!" A fat wine-soaked landlord appeared at the doorway and kicked Peter very hard with a very large boot. Peter was in no mood for it. He hated this bad-tempered fellow, who was so servile to his customers and such a brute to those in his power. Peter could bear a good deal, having served an apprenticeship under Gabriel Clos; but he was older now and he feared no man. He was sick of life. He turned, snatched the man's cane and fell to beating him, crying: "You fat bully! To the horses, eh? You'll wish you were a horse before—"

"Oh Mary! Stop! Aie! Stop, I say!" But Peter went on jabbing him and banging him. Having already barred him from the house, he now drove his master out to the street. No man came to the landlord's rescue; they peeked through keyholes and windows of the inn and pretended not to hear.

Peter was ruthless. "By heaven, I'll hammer some manners into you. I'll smash some of your insolence out of you!" He was beyond his head a little. Misery poisoned his emotions, made him nervous, irascible. A village crowd gathered.

"Drub the rogue another five minutes for a piece of silver, boy! To him, boy! Ah, well placed, well jabbed!"

It was a stranger's voice and since the landlord was grovelling at his feet, Peter leaned on his staff, panted, looked up at the bronzed face of a horseman. A long red scar across his right cheek from forehead to chin, fierce bloodshot eyes, a black beard gave the rider a sinister appearance. His smile was humorous but grim. Among the folds of a black riding-cloak Peter caught the glitter of steel, and saw two pistols hanging at his belt.

"What? Tired so soon?" the devilish eyes mocked Peter. But just then the stable-boy, the chambermaid, and the landlady, seeing that the thrashing was over, rushed from the inn to the rescue of their master.

"Seize him! Hold him fast!" cried the landlord, struggling to his knees. "He's a cursed son of the devil—a no-man's brat! Roast him! Bind him up, Suzanne! Slither his ears!"

Peter retreated against the horseman, whom he felt to be his friend. He stood at bay, waving his stick threateningly. Three other serving-men arrived. They stood chattering in front of Peter, planning to rush him.

"Come on!" cried Peter. He was insane at that moment. The horseman leaned over.

"You're a fool," he said. "They'll get you in another minute."

"Well, let 'em. They won't get much." "Perhaps not. But maybe you will serve me."

The voice was like iron. It suited Peter's mood. "I would serve the devil to get out of this," he said sullenly.

The rider laughed aloud. "You shall, boy! You shall! You hit it that time. The devil, eh?"

Just then the three serving-men and a waitress charged.

"Catch my stirrup!" cried he with the scarred face.

Peter caught the stirrup, throwing his stick into the faces of the attackers. The horse jumped forward, swerved, and charged them. They scattered with frightened cries. Then Peter, his legs scarcely touching the ground, was whirled down the street, led out of the village.

"Wait a minute!" he cried. "Stop, can't you?" The horseman looked down. "Afraid, boy?"

"Hell, no! Go past the cemetery over there. Peter pointed down a side street. "I have something there I need."

The man was puzzled, though he slackened his pace. "We've got to get out of here before they raise a cry," he said. "I can't afford to be caught, boy."

"Well, you won't be caught. My sword is buried there."

"Is that all? Lord, I'll give you a dozen swords."

"No, I won't go without this sword!" Peter left the stirrup and stopped. The rider drew rein.

Continued on page 95

A New Spring Model



A very neat and attractive hat, one of the new advanced styles shown for Spring. It was selected from Hallam's Fashion Book of Ladies' wearing apparel; this book will be gladly mailed to any of our readers free on request. Address: Hallam Mail Order Corp'n, Ltd. 268 Hallam Building, Toronto



DEAF HEAR AGAIN! THROUGH NEW AID

SO SMALL! SO LIGHT! SO CLEAR

After twenty-five years devoted exclusively to the manufacture of scientific hearing aids, our scientists have perfected a New Model Acousticon that represents the greatest advance yet made in the re-creation of hearing. . . . This latest Acousticon is small, light and inconspicuous, and featured by a tiny earpiece no larger than a dime. Through this device, sounds are clearly and distinctly transmitted to subnormal ears with wonderful benefit to hearing and health alike.

SPECIAL TEN-DAY FREE TRIAL

For a limited time, we shall gladly send, prepaid, a New Model Acousticon to your home for a ten-day demonstration without charge or obligation of any kind, for we want you to know the merits of this wonderful instrument before you invest one penny in it. . . .

Merely send your name and address to Dept. 216, The Canadian Acousticon, Ltd., Room 1204, 45 Richmond St. West, Toronto, Ont.

PLEASE REMEMBER

That notice of change of address must reach this office one month previous to issue date.

**The Western
Home
Monthly**
Winnipeg Manitoba

The Gentleman King

Continued from page 94

"You don't care what happens to you, do you?" There was a trace of admiration in his voice which Peter did not fail to notice.

"Can't say as I do," said Peter, playing out the part, confronting this new master with his most stubborn expression. "So long." He turned and walked toward the street that led to the cemetery.

For a moment the scarred rider watched his back, then looked anxiously in the direction of the inn where a crowd was talking, gesticulating. Then he laughed. Just as Peter disappeared down the side-street he put spurs to his horse and followed him.

"Grab my stirrup again!" he cried. "You stubborn brat! We'll get it if you'll serve me with it."

"I'll serve you," said Peter simply. His feet whirled again as the rider sped for the cemetery. Here, just at the edge of the plot, Peter dug with his hands in the soft earth and very soon drew forth a sword wrapped in cloth.

"Jump up behind me!" cried the horseman. "They're at us."

A crowd of fifty or sixty persons turned the corner, led by the fat innkeeper, brandishing sticks. The rider leaned forward, Peter clung to the cantle of the saddle. They charged straight through the crowd and into the open street and thence into the country.

"They won't think it worth-while to follow a horse-boy with the military," said Peter.

"So you are a horse-boy, are you?"

"Yes, sir."

"What do you think you are now?"

"God knows," said Peter. "Do you?"

"I think you are damned impudent," said the horseman. And presently he stopped.

"See here, now, what's your name?"

"They call me Peter."

"Well, get down from this horse."

Peter did so.

"Now, my boy, I'll come to terms with you. What was your job at the inn back there?"

"I tended the horses, and rode post sometimes, and helped in the kitchen when the house was busy."

"You can do that same for me. I want a horse-boy, though, you'll keep out of my kitchen, by God. I have a chateau up in the mountains yonder." He pointed to a blue ridge faintly discernible on the southern horizon. "You can stay with me until you get hanged."

Peter looked up at him without moving a muscle of his face.

"You promised to serve the devil, boy. My last fellow was hanged. But now see here! No airs! You're a horse-boy still, not a chevalier, and you won't find it healthy to knock me around the way you were doing to your other master."

"No," said Peter. "I probably wouldn't try."

"Run along at my side. With this, the owner of the chateau put on considerable speed. He was obviously amusing himself, riding faster and faster, never turning his head. Peter kept running until his feet were bruised, his lungs sucking great gasps. He sensed that there was a game to be played here. At length his strength failed, he dropped to the roadside, struggling for breath. The horseman stopped a few paces further on.

"Why didn't you quit before, boy?" he asked, turning to look at Peter curiously. There was always a kind of humor woven into his face.

"Well, I said I would serve you," gasped Peter.

"Do you see that town?" He pointed toward low red and grey roofs through distant trees. "Kennel there tonight. In the morning meet me outside the gates on the other side. Here's money." He threw Peter a small piece of silver. "Now don't try to follow me and don't ask anyone who I am! You'll play hell if you do." He glared at Peter a moment, then turned and set spurs to his horse.

As the horse-boy watched his new master vanish among the distant roadside trees, he was overcome by a sense of fate. He had suddenly got possession of something—whether good or evil. The scarred rider, Peter felt, was going to save him from utter poverty and misery, so that he would not be a horse-boy all

his life. He would become, perhaps, a king!

And yet, as he trudged toward the village, the pleasure of his new discovery was tinged with sadness, remembering the beautiful things he had left behind him in Ardente. Surely it was not possible to live in this world without seeing Mademoiselle Renée again! without looking into her eyes, without noticing the falling of her golden hair over her shoulders! His love for her was exalted, and yet so tender that all life seemed alien and harsh by comparison. And how was it possible ever to see her again? Not for years, certainly. After he had learned English and fought in the wars and become a famous soldier—even a king!—he might perhaps return to Ardente; he might put himself at her mercy; he might say: "This glory I have won for you, Mademoiselle Renée; this glory I return to you. He would kneel before her and ask to be forgiven for what he had done to her brother. And she would forgive him—he knew that.

But would she still be the same, then? Would she still be at Ardente, years hence?

Again, as he loitered outside the town, waiting for night to fall, his thoughts of Renée were tarnished by a premonition that his life with the scarred rider would not be a good life. He suspected that he would have to earn his freedom and his greatness, under this general, by evil means. And was he entitled to do that? Would Mademoiselle Renée, who was so good, want him to be great if his greatness were won dishonorably? No . . . No . . .

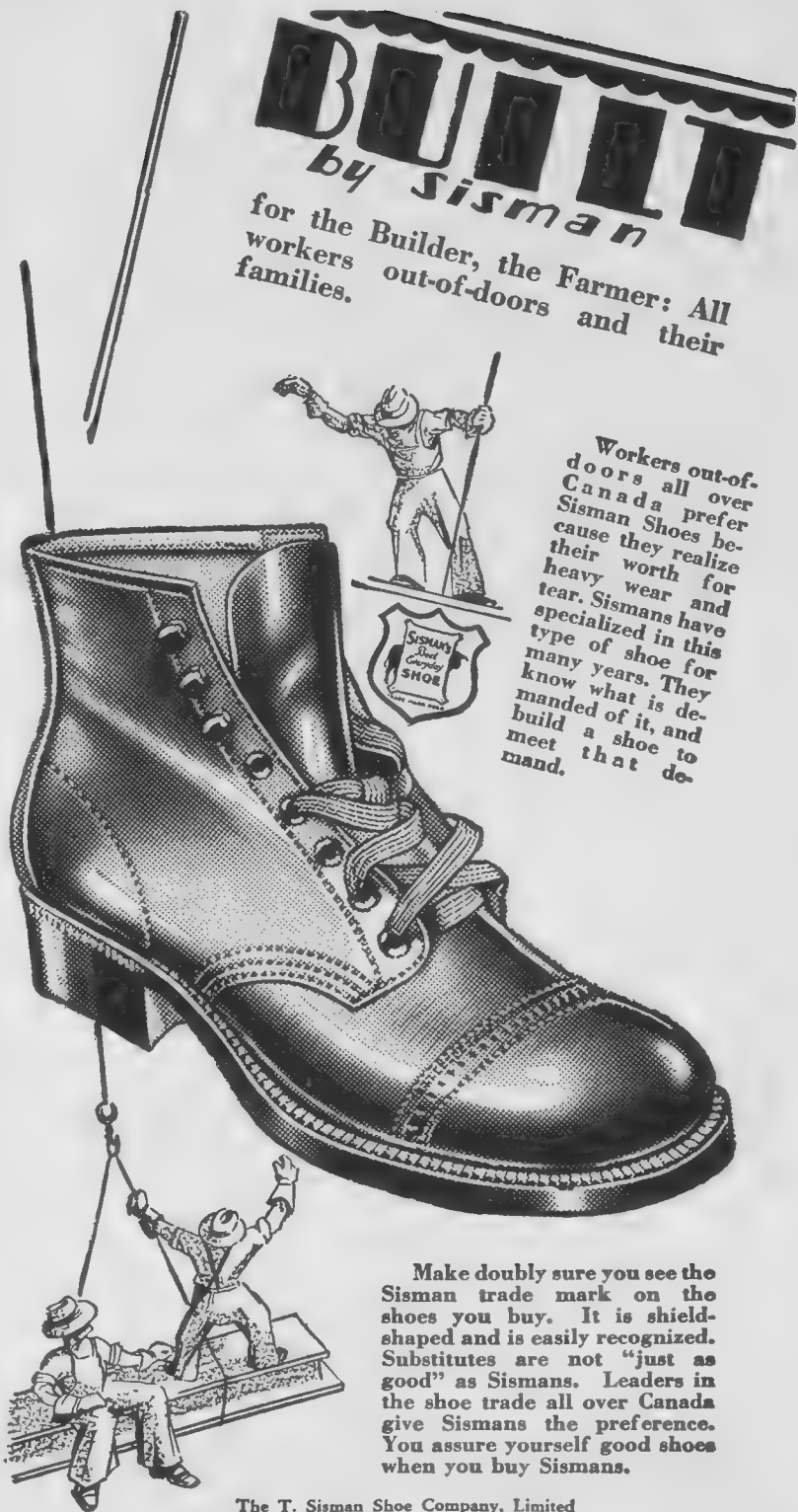
The evening star grew brighter and was joined by its thousand attendants. A young moon sank below the hills. Night passed across the bosom of France, and Peter stole into the town. He was determined to win his freedom at any price. "At any price," he kept muttering to himself. His secrecy in passing through town was necessitated by his sword, which would have caused suspicion. He hid it under his cloak as he passed along the narrow streets, reaching finally the gate at which he was to meet the scarred rider in the morning. He walked through the gate unmolested by guards and townsmen. He walked a quarter of a mile into the country, buried his sword by the roadside, then turned back and entered the town once more. He found an inn, purchased a late supper, threw himself upon a heap of straw in the stable, slept.

NEXT morning he met the scarred rider, who brought an extra horse, which Peter mounted, relieved that he would not have to suffer the physical exertions of the day before. They exhumed Peter's sword and then travelled south-eastward, riding always toward that low blue ridge, whose proportions increased as they advanced. They crossed the Saone by ferry. Toward evening of the second day, instead of halting for the night, they rested their horses and had supper. Then they pressed on into the mountains. Peter conjectured that they were near the French border. It grew dark and the moon rose. Having reached a cross-roads the rider stopped and whistled a few bars of a song, whereupon several others emerged from the shadows of a group of trees. Peter could see them in the moonlight. They were at once disreputable and fully armed. Their cuirasses were rusted and dented, the plumes of their large slouch-hats were hacked, their beards bristled. One of them had no ears, but only little holes in the side of his head. Peter's master seemed to command them. He gave them an amusing account of how Peter had joined "the devil." They laughed and talked with Peter, so that he felt at ease.

The party started up a steep trail that led directly up the side of a cliff, so that Peter felt as if he were suspended in the air. It was a dangerous trail, especially since there was much loose stone upon it. Peter rode in the rear. Since his horse was not used to the trail, he dropped farther and farther behind. At last the three drew rein and waited for him.

"Thought you told me you could ride."

Continued on page 96



BOOTS
by Sisman

for the Builder, the Farmer: All workers out-of-doors and their families.

Workers out-of-doors all over Canada prefer Sisman Shoes because they realize their worth for heavy wear and tear. Sismans have specialized in this type of shoe for many years. They know what is demanded of it, and build a shoe to meet that demand.

Make doubly sure you see the Sisman trade mark on the shoes you buy. It is shield-shaped and is easily recognized. Substitutes are not "just as good" as Sismans. Leaders in the shoe trade all over Canada give Sismans the preference. You assure yourself good shoes when you buy Sismans.

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The Gentleman King

Continued from page 95

"Well, I can," replied Peter. "I would have lost my seat long ago otherwise. You were cheated by the fellow who sold you this horse."

Such was the attitude, Peter felt, that most impressed his sombre highness. Peter expected the indulgent laughter that followed. "Well, now, just get on a good horse, Peter—there's a regular church steeple ahead. Henzau will ride yours."

So he changed horses with the man who had no ears. Peter took a good look at him and shivered. When he was mounted on Henzau's horse, his master said: "We'll just close your eyes for a few hours. Maybe you'd get dizzy and fall off up here." He produced a large black scarf and the three of them tied it over Peter's eyes.

It was no use to demur. They led his horse up the cliff, over a stream, up again. Peter was thinking. Plainly he had taken service with a band of outlaws. This did not disturb his conscience in any way, but it made him wonder whether he was at the end of his ambitions, and whether, having once resorted to brigandage for a livelihood, it would be possible to live beautifully. What else but brigandage was left him? Certainly he would rather be an outlaw with a stolen freedom than to serve fat inn-keepers for a few irregular sous. Brigandage was far removed from knighthood, yet it contained some elements of knighthood. You led a glamorous life.

His thought went further. He discovered that he wanted to become a brigand because brigandage was just the reverse of honorable adventure. You were a devil instead of a saint. But in either case you were imaginative. A kind of glamor characterises a man of extreme dishonor, in the same way as divinity does an honorable man. This was a new discovery for Peter. Satan, he remembered Father Gaspard's having said, had once been the greatest of the angels. And it seemed obvious, blindfolded here at the top of the mountain, that a life of great evil was more desirable than one of little good.

Peter's emotions pushed his mind to this conclusion. Some evil desire emerged from his sub-consciousness, became conscious and formal. And yet there was the bottomless doubt that lurks beneath every human decision. Did he really wish to be evil? Who would teach him English up here, who would help him read? How was he to rediscover his lost father and his lost heritage? How was he to accomplish what he had set himself to do?

There was the jewel-hilted sword clinking at his side. It seemed dead now. In the light of Peter's mind, in this new diabolical light, the sword was stripped of its flesh and blood, so that it hung like a skeleton—the skeleton of honor and renown.

Presently he is forced to conclude that his ambition to do great evil is another phantom. I think he is looking back upon this blindfolded ride when he writes, later in his life: "The qualities of things can be called opposites only when a similarity between them has been discovered. To say that east is the opposite of the west, we must first assume the existence of a space in which east and west are one; to comprehend how good is the opposite of evil, we must first see the human soul which includes them both. Thus every extreme is an illusion until it is combined with its own contradiction . . . It is impossible to understand the truth with the eyes blindfolded." Fundamentally he is still that strange unknown being whom they call Peter—unknown to himself and a waif to the world. He has no name, for he does not believe in names. In choosing to join the outlaws he has chosen an existence which is called evil. And yet he is not evil. He does not belong to the devil, but rather the devil belongs to him. Peter has not given himself. He cannot give himself. He cannot give himself to these men, any more than to Monsieur Philippe, because he does not know what he is, and because he longs to be worthy of Mademoiselle Renée.

BECAUSE of the revolt of Bourbon, in 1524, and the consequent degeneration of the morale of France, numerous bands of brigands were to be found preying upon the peasants and unfortified nobles. King Francis was busy with foreign wars and could not check them. In particular there was a band who called themselves the Thousand Devils. If any one should ask of one of them: "Whence do you come?" he would reply: "From the devil!" "Whither are you going?" "Why, to the devil." And this was the troop to which Peter had been led. The leader of the Thousand Devils was a banished noble, Renè Auguste, Baron de Riancourt, and was the same sinister rider who had rescued Peter from the revenge of the fat inn-keeper. He was known by his subjects as "Baron" and he was served as a king. His word was for life or for death, until he should be hanged. In his command were many other outlawed nobles, as well as common robbers, murderers and disbanded soldiers. Almost every one had been scarred or branded by the public authorities—some had had a hand cut off, one had no nose, another, Henzau, lost his ears as a punishment for listening to a plot against the life of a noble. Henzau had escaped from prison. There was a learned scholar from Padua. There were debtors and gamblers and rapers; refugees from justice, enemies to the peace.

They led an exciting, a picturesque, even a pleasant life in their mountain retreat, going forth from time to time on expeditions, to return with uncounted spoils. They lived richly on the best wines and the best food. Their castle was spacious, draped with expensive tapestries, carpeted with noiseless rugs, ornamented with gold and silver ware. Twenty or thirty women resided in it. Besides this, living in a religious age, they had a small chapel just opposite the castle, where these men dared to worship before a statue of the Virgin, whom they called "Our Lady of the Mountains." A disgraced priest lived among them and held services! And there was a faded blue and golden shrine outside the chapel where each man knelt to pray for success before setting out upon his lawless adventures.

The castle, the church and the numerous buildings around them were situated upon a plateau on the top of a mountain. There was only one passable trail—that by which Peter had just arrived. Guards were posted upon a needle-rock just at the head of this, with instructions to shoot whoever failed to give the password. On every other side the sheer cliffs made it impossible to reach the castle. You could not even go down by them.

It was good times among the Thousand Devils when Peter arrived. They were feasting to profusion. Carcasses of chamois and deer, split in half, were roasting before the great fires. In the castle several cooks were preparing delicacies. Wine-skins filled to the throat were passed around amid singing and dancing. Peter stood among them studying their faces.

And next morning Henzau, who was the Baron's lieutenant, instructed Peter in his duties. He led him to the stable, which was perched on the very edge of the cliff. Along the back of the stable ran a ravine which was several hundred feet deep and about fifty feet wide. On the other side of the ravine the sheer spur of a mountain seemed poised above the stable and the plateau. Henzau put the Baron's horse in Peter's especial care, and then said:

"You can eat and drink and talk with us, but you can't ride with us. You aren't one of the Thousand Devils till you have killed your man."

"Um," said Peter, wondering just how this would happen.

"You see, it's this way," said Henzau, regarding Peter with fatherly indulgence. "We aren't any of us going to live very long—you nor nobody else—and it doesn't make much difference to us whether we shoot a few fat burghers in the meantime. See? The way these burghers hang on to their money is terrible. The only way we can keep a healthy respect in their minds is to kill every one of



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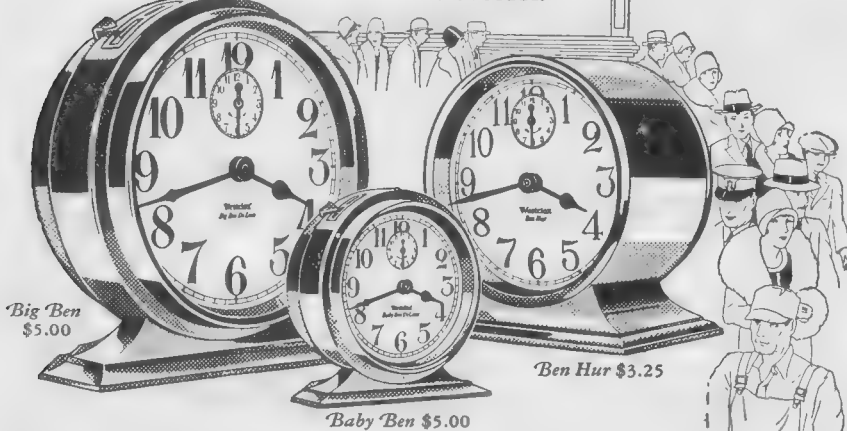


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them that refuses to pay the ransom. That's our law. See?"

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He pointed with a long arm, from which hung the tattered sleeve of a shirt.

"Um," said Peter again. "Maybe I will, and maybe I won't." He was considerably upset by this prospect. To murder a man in cold blood? By heaven, that would be quite different from his accident with Monsieur Philippe. Henzau shrugged his shoulders.

"The longer you stay out, the better for us," he said. "You don't get any share in the catch till you're a rider."

"You stay a horse-boy until you are a rider."

He turned away and then stopped. "And another thing. You aren't supposed to tell the prisoners why you shoot them before you shoot them. Our laws and customs are secret."

So here, by murdering someone, Peter found a means to power. He began speculating upon the possibility of accumulating great wealth among the outlaws, to buy himself an education in Paris later. He could not get Paris out of his head.

"Can you use a gun and pistol?" Henzau asked.

"No, sir," said Peter.

"Well, I'll teach you. It won't do to miss your man, you know. That's as bad as having no nerve."

Peter was given a wreck of a room at the end of the stable, scarcely differentiated from the stalls. There was a hole in the back wall which overlooked the cliff, and although it was stuffed with rags, the winter winds found their way through it so that the horse-boy's shelter was always bitterly cold. But Peter was glad to be separated from the outlaws until he had time to think his way into their business. He found himself confronted by a larger problem than any he had experienced before. Should he become a bandit or not? On the one hand, there was his ambition—a factor so strong in Peter's life that it was to have a serious consequence. On the other hand, he had learned from his books, and especially from Mademoiselle Renée's eyes, that there is nothing really great which is not also good. Would Mademoiselle Renée want him to shoot the first wretch who either could not or would not pay an extortionate ransom? Obviously not.

It was characteristic of Peter to ponder these things coldly. Though he was capable of great emotion, he relied upon his mind to get him out of difficulties; and it was by an exceedingly clever use of his mind that he began to search for a way to power among the brigands without doing violence to his conscience and his love. Such is the influence that a good woman can exert upon a man. She will draw out of him the finer, more intellectual qualifications which, without her, would have remained embedded and unused in his nature.

At first, however, Peter was too busy to do much thinking. He was everyone's servant until late at night. Though he was never flogged he was cuffed and kicked and teased, as if the brigands were testing his patience and endurance. But he was never unpopular. He took his apprenticeship with an easy grin and became known for his bluff, fearless retorts. Moreover, he had a companion who was far less popular than himself—a thin, consumptive fellow of Peter's age, with large bones, clumsy hands, and eyes that shifted fearfully. He had been taken to the plateau several months ago, before, had been given a man to shoot, and had broken down, sobbing, crying that he would do anything but kill. The only answer that the brigands gave was laughter, increased harshness, scorn. They called the boy "Lucy." They gave him the filthiest tasks and tortured him with their most relentless mockery. He was an example, they said, of what it was to lack courage among the Thousand Devils.

Peter would watch them bully Lucy,

and think of himself, and remember Mademoiselle, and shiver.

The Baron and his men were away for weeks at a time, and during such periods of rest Peter sat huddled in his crude shelter, or explored the plateau upon which grew gaunt trees and shrubs piled with drifted snow. But whether he walked alone or in company with Lucy, he was oppressed by solitude, by the cold grey spires and cliffs around him, the biting winds, the drabness of his future. How terrible it was to have run away from Ardente as he had; to have left the loveliness of his boyhood irrevocably behind!

He practiced shooting day after day with those clumsy pistols of his age that had no accuracy at long range. He knew that the plateau was surrounded by canyons so deep that no rope could reach their bottoms; yet he thought that although escape were impossible, down those cliffs, he might find a cleverer one by means of a pistol. He and his pistol seemed alone in a strange alien wilderness, their only companions being the guards on the needle rock, who would not allow anyone to approach them, and the women, who paid no attention to Peter as he scrutinized their harsh colorless faces on his rambles over the plateau.

It was to the consumptive Lucy that Peter turned for companionship—to the man who had failed. He had not been on the plateau a week before he felt a desire to protect Lucy. The boy was so pitiable, with his clumsy limbs, his shifty brown eyes in deep sockets, his desire to be courageous and villainous, his feverishly misplaced ambition, his hands that often trembled with emotion! Peter tried to draw out of Lucy, as Father Gaspard had drawn out of Peter, the more beautiful and sturdy qualities of soul which enable a man to scorn that which is beneath his dignity. But poor Lucy had no dignity. Lucy had nothing but a desire to be a brigand leader; and a faculty for collecting the odd bits of gossip which circulated about camp.

There was also a small girl with dark eyes and thin breasts who joined Peter and Lucy one day, as they were standing upon the edge of the cliff looking out across the snowy mountains and the setting sun. Peter was not aware of her at first, because he saw the golden sky punctuated by the black teeth of the mountains—thinking of Renée. When he did become aware of the girl he was afraid to talk to her, realizing that he was but a horse-boy. But after several days, when she had joined Peter and Lucy regularly and had chatted with them pleasantly he understood that she too was lonely, and he began to be more cordial and friendly.

Thus the three of them wandered daily over the plateau. Strange friends!—Lucy, a failure and yet determined to prove his courage by no matter what depraved means; the girl whose private life would not bear printing, yet whose eyes held a wistfulness altogether alluring; and Peter, the spectator of life, the horse-boy, and lover of a far ideal!

And Peter was clever enough to gather from his companions several bits of information about his scarred master; to the effect that a certain nobleman, a man of influence whose name Lucy did not know, had married the Baron's fiancée long ago; that, then, the Baron displayed his jealousy and ungovernable temper, the same nobleman had caused his exile; that the Baron de Riancourt had a "long memory" and was expected to take his revenge. Peter learned from the girl that his scarred chief was cultured, spending several hours a day with his books, or in conference with the clerk of Padua. Though Peter wished to tell no one that he could read and write, believing that his literacy gave him a kind of power over these men which would impress them so long as they did not know its origin, he nevertheless confided in the girl; and his friendliness was at last rewarded by her promise to bring books to him secretly, so that he could read during those long hours at his fire. After that you could have seen him in his windy stable, huddled over a Virgil, or a translation of Boccaccio, remembering Father Gaspard from time to time, and thinking of Renée, whom his hands would never touch, but whose image had become necessary to the peace of his heart.

Continued on page 98



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The Gentleman King

Continued from page 99

A day came at last when a small troop led two blindfolded captives into camp. One of the victims was young and frightened, the other was an old burgher who remained imperturbable. They were given what was known as a "hearing" which took place on a platform outside the castle. The outlaws gathered around this while the Baron sat on a bench with a rough table in front of him and Henzau at his right. There were two gibbets at the other end of the platform, with nooses hanging from them. The purpose of the hearing was to fix the amount of ransom for each case. Peter sat in the crowd, watching the faces of the prisoners that contrasted fear and courage. At length they were both given writing materials and ordered to communicate with their friends. Then two riders were despatched to obtain the money, and the prisoners were locked in the castle tower.

A week passed. Peter fell to wondering whether he would be offered these victims to shoot. He wanted very much to be a rider. He hated having men around him who were considered better and braver than himself, especially when they were not. He wanted to be a daring leader. He could be. Although he would not mind shooting the cringing fellow, he wondered whether it would be possible to stand before the old man—

His mind refused to meet the issue, but procrastinated until the return of the riders. The grim actors assembled upon their stage one winter's afternoon, haggling beneath the cold walls of that robber castle, beneath the gibbets and the flurried sky. It was discovered that only a partial ransom had been sent for the young prisoner, whose name was Petitfois. There was nothing at all for the old man. Both were therefore to be condemned. Petitfois, his face pale and emaciated, was on his knees before the Baron, pleading another chance to send for the full ransom. The burgher looked on indifferently. The cold inquisitive way in which he regarded life fascinated Peter. This was a man very much like himself. And there was no ransom for him. The thought was fire.

At length Petitfois was granted permission to write a second letter. Peter watched him scrawl a few almost illegible sentences on a scrap of paper and heard him plead with the messenger to be firm; Peter watched his face in the winter light, twisting with emotion; Peter pitied him. For who can rely on friends when they are far away; who, indeed, had friends enough in the world to protect himself from the terrible face of the bandit chief as he sat behind his rough-hewn judgment table.

Rather aware of his dramatic excellence, the Baron turned to the burgher. "Now, my friend, what have you to say?"

The old man shrugged. "I have spoken. I wrote my nephew because you ordered me to do so. I knew I would not be ransomed. My nephew is my heir. Naturally he wants me put out of the way."

"You know the alternative?"

"Oh, yes. There is always the alternative, Monsieur Brigand."

"Well, please write once more. I would get no pleasure from your death."

From the midst of the audience came a great sigh. It was Peter's sigh. He had held his breath, he had been trembling. Several of the bandits turned and grinned at him. A lanky fellow beside Peter leaned over: "Getting warm, horse-boy?"

"Go to hell," said Peter, and received a mild cuff on the ear.

The burgher on the platform said: "I will do as you please."

The Baron laughed. He admired courage, always. "By God, I'll get that nephew of yours, sir! And if you know any plan by which you can spare me your death, please execute it at once. If you weren't so old, now, I would make you one of us."

"No, Monsieur Brigand, there are enough of you already." His eyes were defiant. Then, "Give me a pen and paper," he shrugged.

During another week of waiting the young prisoner sulked in his tower, venting himself on Peter, who had to bring him his food. "So you are the horse-boy?" he asked with a snarl.

"That's right," said Peter, eyeing him. "But I may not be for long." The fellow did not understand the joke, but Peter enjoyed it. He enjoyed it, until he met the old man, sitting on a stone near the stable. Then he shuddered.

Peter sat down beside the old man, not finding any words, but managing to express a clumsy sympathy. Peter had noticed the ease with which the burgher had written messages to his nephew—that was the kind of thing Peter would always notice. He concluded that this prisoner was a wealthy trader. Traders spoke many languages. A dark plot began to haunt the horse-boy's mind.

For, he reasoned, if this man was to be killed here, on the bandits' plateau, would it not be perfectly safe to intrust him with the secret of his father's letter? He might thus obtain valuable information without any risk of exposing the letter to the world. He might trust a dead man, might he not? Well, there was one risk—if the burgher's nephew should send a ransom . . . "That would be fatal," he thought, though he had never stopped to reason what the harm of disclosure might be.

He felt that his plan was evil, it was so pitiless. Yet as his mind persisted in showing him the reasonableness of it he approached his subject methodically.

"Monsieur, if they would let me ride, I would go after that nephew of yours and bring him here in your place," he said.

"No, no, my boy. Perhaps I was a little too cynical there. I should not have spoken."

"So you think there is a chance of ransom?"

"Oh, by no means! I merely meant that I judged him, for which I am penitent. As death approaches, the good and evil of this life dwindle away and give place to mere existence and non-existence."

"Yes." Peter was struck by the similarity of this kind and his own. He pondered awhile. "But why are you so sure?" Your nephew may weaken. It may be harder for him to murder you than you suppose."

The burgher merely smiled and went into an elaboration of the points he had brought out during the "hearing." Peter decided that he could be absolutely sure of death. And yet he would not show him the letter today. It would be too obvious.

He showed it to him the next day. He led the burgher to a stone at the side of the stable, only a few feet from the cliff's edge, where they were not likely to be seen. "Monsieur," he said, "I cannot read. But I have a letter which I would like someone to read, someone whom I can trust, Monsieur."

The burgher looked at him sharply. "Did you steal it?"

"No, no!"

"I think perhaps you did, that you are afraid to show it to your comrades."

"Monsieur, I have been here but a few months. The letter was written by my father, long ago, some hours before he was murdered. A woman who took care of me kept the letter for me. But no one has ever been able to read it since it was written, twenty-one years ago!"

"Gracious, I am not an antiquarian," said the old man with a smile. "Your father murdered?"

"Yes sir."

The burgher looked at him with quiet sympathy. Peter drew forth his document, looked at it, hesitating, feeling that he was about to profane a sacred thing. But no, the sacredness was an illusion which he himself had created. The letter was just a letter, worthless until read by someone. He opened it and passed it to the burgher, who studied the fine script for several minutes. Then his face darkened with mortification. "This is in English," he said. "And I do not have English."

"Oh," said Peter, pretending that he had not suspected. "Then my father was English."

"Apparently."

"Can't you make anything out of it? Not a single word?" Peter was on the verge of anger, to have his plot spoiled this way.

"Only a few, only a few," said the old man, sensing the sharpness of the voice. "There is, first, the person to whom the letter is addressed."

"Yes"? Peter was leaning over. He had studied this with some care himself.

"It is addressed to the Lady Pole, Duchess of Suffolk. That is the wife of the exiled Suffolk, I suppose. I did not know he was married. He does not bear that title legally, which has been given to Charles Brandon, the favorite of King Henry of England."

"Oh," said Peter.

"I don't think the Duchess is living," said the burgher.

"Are you sure?"

"No, I am not sure. Now the letter is signed George P. One does not know, of course, what 'P' stands for. You say your name is Peter?"

"That's what Mère Clos called me."

"Um. 'P' also stands for Pole," said the burgher, looking at Peter strangely. "My boy, if your father's name was George Pole, I never heard of him, but he belonged to a very illustrious and powerful family!"

"Yes," said Peter, his heart beating madly. "Exiled, you say?"

"Richard was exiled. But though he lost the favor of the English king, he has always been welcomed at the court of France. He has fought for France ever since his banishment." The man hesitated. "I wonder now. Was he at Pavia? Was he not killed at Pavia?"

"Killed?"

Sensing Peter's anxiety the burgher said: "No, no, I believe not. I was mistaken. There were so many killed at Pavia it is easy to be mistaken."

"What was he banished for"? Peter asked.

"I have forgotten."

"Where does he live?"

"He has lived in many places—principally at Metz."

"Oh. And you can make nothing else out of the letter?"

"Practically nothing. It is carelessly written, as if of little importance. Here is the word 'beloved'—that means 'bien Aimée'—some woman, perhaps. One can't tell about these Englishmen. And here is the number one thousand. And here is the word 'come,' which means 'venir,' and the word 'danger,' which I suppose means 'danger.' The Englishman has imitated the Frenchman as much as possible."

It was as if Peter stood before the opening of a pyramid, the lifting of jewels from deluvian tombs. He was awed as the burgher picked out one word after another. And yet it was all meaningless.

A shadow fell across the grass. The Baron had come suddenly upon them; was standing over them, his eyes gazing suspiciously at the paper. Peter's heart missed a beat. He had never felt such fear. The old burgher rose.

"Good afternoon, Monsieur Brigand. Has my messenger returned?"

"No, sir. And what is this"? pointing to the paper that the burgher held carelessly at his side.

"Oh, the paper." The old man lifted it. "Do you wish to read it?"

Peter's heart stopped again. What? Supposing—was the burgher going to betray him? No!

He had measured his man easily. The Baron could not read English.

"It is in English," said the burgher. "It is an old letter I received five years ago from my sister who married an Englishman. I was very angry with my sister for running off with one of those rascals and I have never answered her message. Now, faced by death, I repent of my harshness, Monsieur Brigand. And I have requested this boy, if he ever rides down among the towns, to have an answer sent for me. I was translating the letter for him, so that he would understand. Here, I shall read it to both of you."

Whereat the old man, without a quaver of voice, read off in French a few touching sentences, among which was a request to give "Monsieur George a thousand kisses," pointing as he read this, to the Roman numeral "M." Not only was the Baron convinced, but Peter himself could scarcely believe that the old man was lying. When his prisoner had finished the Baron bowed like a courtier.

"I did not intend to trouble your private affairs, Monsieur," he said. "I am

glad you feel reconciled to so gentle a sister, and this evening, if you desire to frame your answer, you will find pen and ink available at the castle. I myself will see to it that the boy delivers your message when he becomes a rider."

Peter's admiration for the burgher now surpassed reason. Coolness in the face of danger, resourcefulness of wit, polished language, were acquirements that Peter envied more than any others. It was just the kind of thing he would like to do himself. For once his face betrayed him. He gazed at the man with worship.

"A close call," said the burgher when the Baron had left them. "I did not feel I had a right to disclose the character of your letter, even though I am sure it will prove of small value to you."

"By God, sir, I admire you!" cried Peter.

"I shall pen a false message to my imaginary sister tonight," continued the other calmly. "When you leave here you can throw it away. And now, let me suggest that you do leave here, my boy, at the earliest opportunity. No matter how lowly your position, you will enjoy life more solidly as an honest poor-man, than as a rich robber. With your brains—for I feel you have them—you ought to be able to make your way in the army, if nowhere else. Let me suggest that, when you become a rider—however that rank may be achieved—you go to Calais. Calais, you know, is English. There I have a friend, a Monsieur Robert Tausanne, who keeps a business at the sign of the Cup and Cloth. He is a large importer. For my sake he would translate this letter for you and help you through the legal steps that might be required. He would put you in the way of earning an honest living."

That night the burgher delivered to Peter a false letter addressed to England; and he also slipped into Peter's hand a scrap of paper which said: "This is my friend Peter. He has news of me. Help him. Jean Sendrecy."

Thus Peter's plot had not entirely failed. He wanted to tell the old man his position among the Thousand Devils, and the only condition by which he could earn liberty. But, Henzau's words had been unmistakable: "And another thing. You aren't supposed to tell the prisoners why you shoot them before you shoot them. Our laws and customs are secret." Of course the laws were secret. But the prisoners were to be killed, and why should they not know the laws for a few hours? It would do nobody harm. And it would be so much easier, so much easier to shoot. Peter felt that Jean Sendrecy would understand. It would be so much easier to shoot him if he understood.

Yet the instinctive caution of his nature overcame these more humane emotions. Probably the brigands had some clever way of discovering whether or not you had told the prisoner. Probably it was, also, a crude test of character. And if they should find that you had told, then perhaps the chances of becoming a rider would be lost. In that case Peter would never reach Calais; he would never learn English. No. He had to go through with this business.

And then the two messengers arrived again, having met by appointment at the foot of the trail. A "hearing" was called. Peter edged himself close to the platform. His hands were sweating. He pressed them together and slid one palm against the other. He pressed his hands between his legs. He could not breathe easily.

They began with the younger prisoner. His ransom had been paid in full.

The young man dropped to his knees before the Baron, chattering incoherently. The crowd jeered. The Baron pushed him away. Then Peter held his breath as he saw the messenger for the old man step forward. The messenger handed the Baron a letter. The Baron turned, and read it to the crowd—

"Brigands, unhand my uncle immediately, or I shall have the law upon you. If you think you can perform such an outrage upon me as to murder my uncle, you will very shortly find yourselves mistaken. I do not possess the extortionate sum that you ask. Please inform my uncle that I consider your demands utterly unreasonable and that

Continued on page 100

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The Gentleman King

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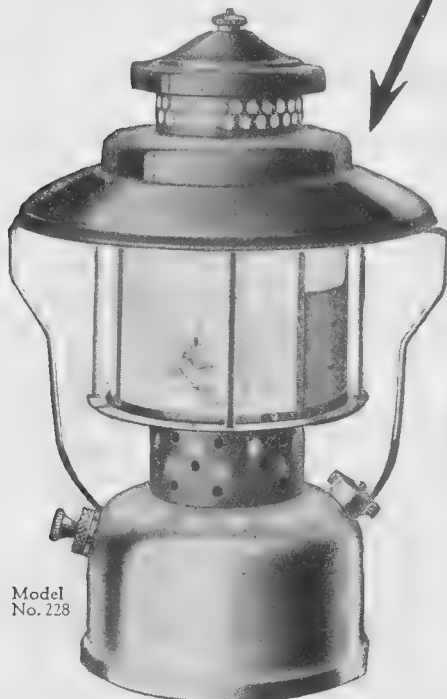
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you will not dare to kill him.—Henri Sendrecy.

A howl of derision from the crowd caused the old man upon the platform to bow his head in shame. Peter felt shame all over his body. What a childish ruse; what a nephew!

"I am sorry for you," said the Baron. "But my law is unalterable. I should achieve nothing otherwise. I promised you a priest. Henzau, lead the prisoner to the holy man for his last confession. As for you," he cried, turning to the younger prisoner, "you will remain here as our guest until after the execution. You can tell the good citizens how well we keep our word. And if YOUR uncle is captured by us, perhaps you will show some mercy."

There were several minutes of confused talking while Jean Sendrecy disappeared through the chapel door, seeking the priest. And then the Baron's voice from the platform: "Peter!"

Everyone was silent. The test had come.

"Peter, this is your chance. It belongs to you by custom and therefore by right. Let me advise you, now, to play square, to do just what you honestly desire—whether to kill or not to kill."

Peter could not answer. His throat would not work. He was covered with sweat. His hands were pressed together between his knees.

"Say now. Will you kill, or not kill?"

"I will—" He could go no further.

"You will? One condition remains. You were instructed not to inform the prisoners of our rules. Have you done so? Answer upon your honor."

Upon his honor! Strange balance of the human soul, to weigh his honor among thieves against his desire, his overwhelming deed to tell Jean Sendrecy why he must shoot him. To point out to the old man that SOMEONE had to do it! To explain that he, Peter, would become a rider by doing it, by doing it twice. And yet, in this balance of good and evil, he was glad that he had not said a word to Jean Sendrecy. For he could not have lied to the Baron.

"I have not said a word," he gasped.

"Good! Then prepare!"

The whole band moved to the place of execution, where the wall of a ruin provided a back-stop for the bullets. The men were laughing and drinking and rolling dice. Bets were laid as to whether Peter would see it through—plenty of lads didn't, they said, especially these fellows that had not lived a life of crime. Then there were bets as to whether Peter would hit with the first shot. He was only allowed three. Three pistols lay side by side on the grass several paces from the wall. Peter sat on the grass, unable to stand.

And there was Jean Sendrecy coming out of the chapel on the right, pausing in the arch of the doorway to survey them. Behind the chapel a violet and crimson sunset glowed low on the horizon. For one moment the burgher seemed part of the peaceful French landscape that lay below the sunset, a landscape from which this plateau was forever barred. Then they bound him and led him to the wall.

But although Peter had allowed the Baron to take his "I will" as final, he had not really decided to shoot Jean Sendrecy. Rather, like Hamlet, he was incapable of decision because the issues were so enormous. To be thought lacking in courage is torment to a nature such as Peter's, which desires always to dominate and to lead; and it may be said with some confidence that, without his recollection of Mademoiselle Renée he would have metaphorically shut his eyes and finished this man who was already doomed. But since her image had become part of his every decision, he found a spiritual barrier between his ambition and his ability to execute it. Two forces—material and spiritual—struggled within him, each checkmating the other, so that he was incapable of speech.

He sat there upon the grass where the current of circumstances had swept him, unable to say "yes" or "no." He fumbled with a pistol. He felt sick and cold. His head was swimming. Then he looked up to meet Jean Sendrecy's eyes—his living

eyes, which, when they saw Peter in the position of executioner, returned a horrified stare. This boy, had he no sensibilities? And suddenly the light dawned in Peter's heart. "This is my friend Peter. He has news of me. Help him." Everything became distinct—the grey wall, the dusk, the deep green ivy above the burgher's white head, the white shirt opened at the neck, the brown trousers, the yellow ropes that bound his hands to his sides. Peter saw these things as a painter sees, and the light dawned. "I shall not do it," he said. "I'll curse the whole crowd of them."

He reached a spiritual period the soul. His love for Mademoiselle Renée was no longer for an earthly woman, but for those sublime and eternal qualities which all humanity possesses and which become evident in human shape when we love. In that moment of far vision Peter possessed Renée more surely than if she had merely promised to marry him. He possessed the universe that had given birth to her. He thought with the gods.

In this exultation he found that it was easy to turn to the Baron and with a leer say: "Shoot him yourself!"

And yet Peter made no motion. Some voice within him said: "Keep still, keep still. You will not have to cross the Baron." If there is any tangible reward for the spiritual attitude in life it is that of premonition. It is well known that the great mystics of history have been prophets—a fact which can only be explained by assuming that an insight into spiritual things endows a man with a sense of fate, a knowledge of the course of Chance—Cassandra of Troy is an example. And thus it was that Peter decided not to oppose the Baron but to wait for something else to happen.

That something else happened almost immediately. It began with a hoarse, nervous cry from behind the crowd of brigands, a stirring and swearing of men as someone forced his way through finally, the appearance of Lucy with wild eyes and tattered shirt and gawky arms.

"Baron, Baron!"

"Well?"

"A boon!"

"Well?"

"Last time I failed I broke down, I was young. Last time I was not worthy of the Thousand Devils. I was but a child. I was but Lucy the child!"

There was a silence. The Baron stood with folded arms, black beard, and scarred face, surveying the shivering excited wretch who had sunk to his knees before him, who stretched his arms upward. Peter with his three pistols sat on the grass a few yards away from them, and behind him were gathered the silent gamblers and jesters. Behind the Baron the bound white-shirted figure of Jean Sendrecy pierced the dusk.

"Well?" The Baron's iron voice spoke again.

"Give me another chance!" cried Lucy. "This boy, this Peter has been here only a little while. Let him wait a little while. Let me show you the courage that I have. Let me show you the courage that I have!"

JEAN SENDRECY jumped into the air. His head and beard snapped backward. His bound hands strove to clutch the purple spot swelling from his breast. He curled over and fell.

Peter watched him. Suddenly he sobbed and wanted to fling himself on the ground likewise, to bury his head in his arms. "He will give you news of me. Help him. This is my friend Peter . . . he will . . ."

Peter looked at the pistol in Lucy's hand and saw Lucy turn it over slowly. The emptiness of life! The futility of humanity! Peter had forgotten the crowd, being like one whose madness had made him unconscious of others. He snarled like an animal; he turned on his heel and walked away.

Someone's hand was on his shoulder, shaking him. "Sorry, boy." It was the Baron's voice. "Lucy's had a rough time of it. Thought I better let him ride. You don't mind?"

Peter raised his face and stared with hate into the terrible bloodshot eyes which could never understand.

(To be continued next month)



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Play With Your Eyes Closed

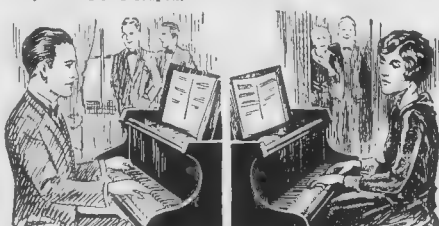
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Dr. G. F. Amyot, Furthest North Medicine Man

Continued from page 52

"It is evident that this deed is as brave and self-sacrificing as one as any that has yet come out of the North. A man as heroic as Dr. Amyot is not the type that looks for recognition or reward for such deeds but the qualities of valor this feat reveals merit its being brought to the attention of the proper authorities and suitably recognized. Dr. Amyot served in the Great War, but his deed also further indicates that Peace hath her heroes no less renowned than War. The battlefield has yielded nothing more sublime, and nothing calling for truer bravery and endurance than this errand of mercy on the part of the young physician of the North."

Dr. Amyot had a brief holiday last autumn, prior to the foregoing experience, in which he visited Regina and other points. On that occasion he declared that the current rumor that the Indians of the North were starving last year had no basis in fact.

"The trouble is that they are a meat-eating people," he explained, "and as such depend almost entirely on caribou, so when the caribou this season failed to make their migration over the usual route the red men missed their dietary standby, that's all. They had to turn to rabbits, and other small game, supplemented by flour, tea, sugar, and such accessories of civilization. Actually they were healthier this year than in any previous one, and there has been a substantial increase of births over deaths. When you know their living conditions the wonder is that there isn't greater mortality. The Chipewyan Indians, who are closely allied to the Esquimaux, have great powers of endurance but no idea of how to take care of their health. The science of hygiene is a closed book to them. They'll jump into the water for example and then remain soaking wet for the rest of the day, letting their clothes dry on them. When they build their shacks they generally omit windows, or if they do consent to put them in will ever afterward keep them tightly sealed. Naturally T.B. is prevalent—it could scarcely be otherwise."

The doctor recounted one odd superstition of these red men. They are obsessed with the notion that when ill

if they lie flat down they will surely die. It is their conviction that the Great Spirit hovers nearby at such a time watching to pounce on the unwary brave who may weakly submit to a prone position. Consequently a sick warrior with a temperature as high as 103 persists in remaining in an upright position, rocking himself to and fro and refraining heroically and stoically from stretching himself out flat. When they get him to hospital of course, so say the doctor, they quickly rid him of his terror or if he isn't to be coaxed is put to bed by main force. Incidentally the hospital at Ile a la Crosse has no social distinctions. Red, white, or half-breed—all are treated exactly alike.

One of the longest and fastest trips which Dr. Amyot has made since he became medicine man for the population of the far North was undertaken last winter, when an emergency call was received that admitted of no delay. The distance covered was 187 miles and the entire trip was accomplished in thirty-six hours. For the final lap of the journey a snowmobile was requisitioned, but five dog-teams and two ponies were major factors in the case and when the doctor reached his patient's side he knew he had been travelling some. Since five miles per hour is adjudged good going under these conditions his achievement was acknowledged, even by himself, as something of a feat in speed. Fortunately it is rarely that he is called upon to make such a trek for now all cases are brought to the hospital.

It is scarcely realized by the rest of Canada that a great potential fishing industry lies up there in the North. According to Dr. Amyot the whitefish of that region are superior to any in the world. The catch-limit is 450,000 pounds a season, and the season opens on December first. The last catch-limit was reached before mid-January on Lake a la Crosse. There are about 130 dog-teams engaged in freighting the catch down to civilization and the fish are sold as far south as Chicago. Virtually millions of dollars worth of fish come over the trails from the North each year.

Let There be Light

Continued from page 54h

"Please!" The grey dawn thrust longer, thinner, rosier fingers into the room—fingers of promise. A strange, unfamiliar note of tenderness, which had not been there for many months ago, crept into his voice. Strange, unfamiliar words of endearment stumbled to his lips.

"Dearest! Leena darling! Don't crouch and tremble like that!" And he smoothed the tumbled hair from her brow. "Don't, Leena, darling! I do not think evil of you—now! It's all my fault! I have been unkind to you."

"I will be good, Mark, I will!" His face dropped to hers, and a mere whisper sufficed. "I will be good. And Mark dear—" she laid her hand against his cheek—"you don't have to work in the noise any more. Fred has given over the management of the store to you." Her eyes, with those red lights, burned into his. "I wish—I wish—I could love like Fred. He told me—all." She shuddered; a hot flush, as of shame, crept over her face and throat, but she did not take her eyes from his face. Her whisper was scarcely audible. "I—I—and that Ced Winton—that beast of a Winton—to think that I—" A whisper unfinished. Then—"If only I could love like Fred. He took her home from the plant, and told me—never to throw away a love that is good and true. He told me he was going back to his farm in British Columbia, and there he would wait—until the time came, when Ida and he could loiter together through wandering stars, and share days cool-born in dewy

dawns beyond the earth. I will remember those words forever, Mark."

She lifted herself on her elbow; his hand, wet with her salt tears, fell from her grasp. She pointed. "Look! Light, Mark! Light outside!" He aided her to her feet, and hand in hand, like happy children, they gazed upon the quickening light.

"Look!" There, upon a promontory, was the figure of Fred Burton, arms upraised against the scarlet sky. Like a worshipper of the sun, yet he, Mark knew, was a worshipper of a being, now aerial, and of the spirit, but once of a time, flesh and blood.

Light! Let there be light! Light came pouring over the world.

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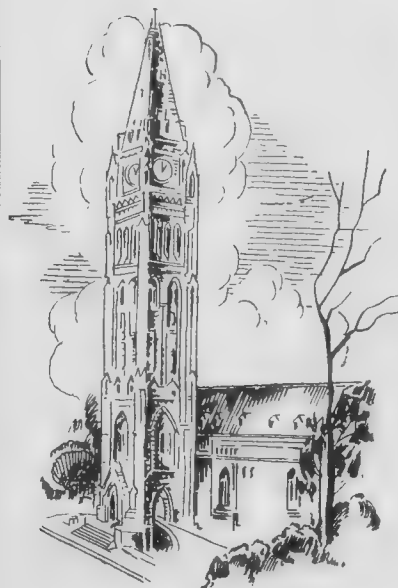
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FIDELIS Et FORTIS

By M. E. M. Ives

I READ in the Post this morning something that has sent my thoughts flying back six years, to the night when I first heard Peter's story. It was a death-notice that I read, and the name of the deceased is Flight Lieutenant Armand Brinvilliers, who has finally succumbed to injuries received in the late war. "He is survived by his widow." His widow! Herminie had remained "faithful and brave" through six long years, and heaven has sent her release. I sighed with relief as I thought of Peter. They can now find the happiness so long denied them. Fate has smiled upon them at last.

I will tell you their story, if you like, as well as I can remember it. It will probably make you weep; I did, when I heard it.

One night, six years ago, I returned to town after nearly four years roughing it in the tropics. We dined together, Peter and I, and later repaired to his diggings to talk. After having spent all the time "off the earth," as it were, with none but natives to talk to, you can imagine that the sight of a congenial white man was good to me. We flung ourselves comfortable into deep rich chairs before his glowing fire, stoked up our pipes, sipped whisky-and-water, and speedily relaxed into that utterly blissful lassitude which such delights induce. I looked about the room, and an ideal room it was; or so it seemed to me, who had for such an eternity enjoyed nothing better than the doubtful comforts provided by the "Coast Copra Company's" shack on the Alligator River. This room was so restful, so opulent, so completely to my eyes the unravished abode of confirmed, contented bachelorhood, that I almost cursed the fate that had chosen for me a life of continual, badly-remunerated, toilsome discomfort. And yet, my lot had not seemed so bad four years ago, when the war was over, and I had sought surcease from the tortures of shattered nerves in the eating and sleeping and sweating that is man's natural estate.

In such a life as this, I mused, a man could not but be happy. Here were his books, his pictures, his choicest possessions gathered about him for his delectation—his Lares and Penates, I thought them, little household gods forever present to ward off the devils of loneliness and ennui. I said so to Peter, and he smiled at me quietly. I rather fancied there was something sardonic about the smile.

"Do you think that this is all that's necessary to make a fellow happy, Mark?" he said.

I squinted through a smoke-ring at the whiskey-decanter and at the cheerful fire, thought of the fresh oysters and sweetbreads I had had at dinner, and waved my pipe at him cheerfully: "Well, what else?" I said. And then looking at him for a moment, "Oh, I dunno—women—"

He smiled again, and was quickly serious. In fact, I think he was more serious when he smiled—when his lips did, at least, for I noticed now that his eyes looked grave and unhappy. I felt suddenly and acutely uncomfortable. This was most unlike Peter, the cheerful, carefree Peter I had known so long. This wistfulness, this seriousness—I had never known them in him before. As these thoughts tumbled with a rush upon me, I sat bolt upright and stared at him, wondering, startled completely out of the easy lethargy I had but a moment ago enjoyed. He was changed, of course he was changed, and I was resentful, then concerned, at the change in him.

Outwardly he was still the same—tall, fair, good-looking, charming. I, who had no claim to beauty, had always secretly envied him his form and face. And although the term "beautiful" is always regarded with more or less disfavor when it is applied to men, yet I thought him beautiful, and loved him for it. His was the beauty of joy, and health, and glorious youth—the beauty of a David, or a Rupert Brooke.

And yet he was altered. Still young (he was not yet thirty), still charming

(he could not be otherwise), there was yet in his manner a gentleness, a quietness, that must have been fostered by some quality more grave than the shyness of which I used to accuse him. It was almost tragic. It WAS tragic. What could have happened to this youngster to bring that look into his eyes? He had been gay enough when I had last seen him, in the mud and damp of our filthy dug-out. He had money, friends, interests; what did he lack?

He told me.

IT WAS in Paris, he said, only a short while before the armistice. He had been ten months in the trenches, and when he was given two weeks leave late in October, he went wild with anticipation and excitement. Two whole weeks! The joy of it! He could go everywhere, do everything; theatres, restaurants, cabarets, lights, music, champagne, women! He would blow in his ten months' pay on such a fortnight of pleasure as he had never seen before.

One evening, after the Casino de Paris had disgorged him with a thousand other equally enthusiastic bon vivants into the blazing night, he went with a brother officer to a cabaret in the Rue d'Antin. Not a large place, it had not the tawdriness of the Place Pigalle, but was distinctly for the French, and there was no sign that it had suffered as yet from the desecrating touch of the tourist.

The brother officer, whose name was Darling, had no sooner entered than he uttered an exclamation of delighted surprise, and darted straightway to a table where sat a handsome young Frenchman in the Blue of the Aviation Corps. The two greeted each other effusively, joyfully, wrung each other's hands, and kissed each other's cheeks. Then the Frenchman, turning to his companion, who was regarding them smilingly the while, exclaimed:

"Permit me, Herminie, to introduce my good friend Monsieur Darling, whom I see tonight for the first time since we were together in the University. Charles, cher ami, voici Mademoiselle Herminie de Carignac."

Darling bowed, then, recollecting Peter, called him over and murmured introductions.

And thus it was that Peter first spoke to the most bewilderingly lovely creature he had ever beheld.

It was love at first sight—on his part, certainly; a headlong crash. On hers, the feeling came no less surely, but was hardly to be admitted, then, even to herself. Women are peculiar about those things. They like to sip at love as they sip at wine, tasting and lingering over every drop, whereas a man simply drains his at a gulp. But she immediately liked him, for his tall blonde strength and quiet smile would appeal to any woman, and Herminie de Carignac was a very womanly woman, and not likely to prove an exception. As Peter sat there, stealing a glance at her not oftener than fifty times a minute, his heart bounded under his coat, and once he looked down to see if the shining buttons on his breast were jumping about to the mad beating of his heart underneath.

Herminie de Carignac was the daughter of one of the oldest families in France. Raoul de Carignac had followed Raymond in the Great Crusade and had won that knight's esteem at Acre, where he had taken unto himself a mortal wound which had been intended for Raymond, and which the latter had been too sorely pressed to parry. From that time on, the arms of the de Carignacs bore a mailed fist, gripping a mighty sword, striking off the scimitar of a Sar-

acen, and underneath the words: "Fidelis et Fortis Usque ad Mortem." A proud race a proud name, and Herminie was a fitting adornment. She was tall, divinely tall, and slender, and she carried her head proudly—like a princess, Peter thought. Her fine oval face, her lustrous dark eyes, her perfect nose and mouth—all were fittingly haloed by a crown of shining hair that glowed with shafts of light like burnished copper.

They were left more or less to themselves during those few breathless hours. Darling and Brinvilliers were deep in the revival of their old friendship, Peter and Herminie were free to cultivate their new one. It was a wondrous evening, full of words, looks, smiles, silences, all full of meaning like high-lights in a picture. Would Mademoiselle care to dance? Mademoiselle would, and did; and the most heady moment of Monsieur's career was when she put her left hand on his shoulder and gave him her right to hold, and they moved off among the dancers.

In a ridiculously short while, it came time for them to go, but she smiled her consent to his entreaties to see her again and whispered: "Tomorrow!" and an address in the Boulevard Saint Germain. That night Peter returned to his hotel in a condition bordering on delirium.

From then on it was all up with him. He saw her as many times as he could crowd into the few remaining days of his leave. And one day, when the leaves in the Bois de Boulogne were dry and dead underneath their feet, he begged her to marry him if he came out of the war alive.

Then Herminie told him of Brinvilliers, Brinvilliers who had returned to active service the same night that Peter had met him, and was now gaily risking his life a hundred times a day, gallant, debonair Brinvilliers. She had been affianced to him since she was sixteen. Their parents had wished it, he had wished it—as for herself, until she had known Peter it had been enough. Now, however, it must not be. It could not be. Brinvilliers must be told; it would hurt him, but he would understand and release her. Yes, she would marry Peter, whom she so utterly loved.

He was to leave on the morrow, early, but he would come back. And then—Heaven! He felt sorry for Brinvilliers, but only in a vague sort of way, for the tumult of joy in his heart had left no room for any other sentiment. So he came to her, that last night, that they might spend together those few sweet hours that were left to them. Blissfully happy, they watched the sun set and the stars come out; saw Paris light her million lamps—and were totally and completely oblivious to everything save each other.

Then it happened.

Somewhere in the house a bell shrilled distantly. Came the sound of hurrying feet—a knock at the door—and Herminie, white faced, was staring at a bit of paper which fluttered from her hand.

That moment seemed eternal to him, then:

"Read it," she whispered, and he picked it up, sick with apprehension, yet not knowing why. But as his eyes made out the words, his face slowly turned the color of ashes.

"Flight Lieutenant Armand Brinvilliers seriously injured in crash. Totally blind, but will live. Asks you to come at once. Field Hospital, St. Jean en Laye."

That was all. Nothing more than that. But in the silence that followed, as they gazed at each other both knew that it was the finish of all their hopes.

She said at last: "This must be good-bye. You see, Peter?—I—I could not tell him—now—!" She was sobbing.

He stood there, dumbly, too miserable to speak, looking at her. It was ended, then—finished—and there was nothing to be done.

She gave him both her hands; and as they stood so, mutely taking their leave of each other, surely he read in her brimming eyes: "Fidelis et Fortis Usque ad Mortem."

It was thus that he remembered her.



Legal Information

Continued from page 54:

A.—The Act provides that a person who is or has been for a period of two months the owner or occupant of property in the district assessable for school purposes and whose name appears on the last revised assessment roll is a resident ratepayer and entitled to vote for school trustee. The ratepayer need not necessarily reside on the property in respect of which he pays taxes, but he must be an actual resident of the school district. It also includes the wife or husband of the ratepayer when they live together.

Vancouver, B.C.

Q.—Being an old subscriber to the Western Home Monthly I wonder if you could tell me in your column of questions and answers about our house fence. We are now in the city and have bought a house. One of the fences is badly broken down. The neighbor who rents next door wants us to do the repairing of the fence. It is the left hand fence coming in the front gate. I always thought the right hand fence was supposed to be our right. Could you kindly advise?—M.R.

A.—In cities any fence between properties usually belongs to the person who erects same unless there is some other agreement between the parties concerned. The ownership of a fence may be determined by other parties upon viewing the position of the posts or supports for the fence. These usually extend inside the fence upon the owner's property. There is no direct obligation on any city owner to keep up his fences other than the general obligations to see that they do not become dangerous to persons outside of the owner's property. If your fence overhangs the adjoining property or highway in such a way that it might be dangerous to persons passing on the outside you should straighten the fence or remove it.

Just because pickets or sections of the fence have been removed would not in the absence of a special agreement make you responsible for repairing or replacing your fence. You are not liable for its repair and maintenance other than to see that it is not dangerous to people on the adjoining property by reason of projections upon the adjoining lot. The fact that the fence is on the right or left side of the property does not affect your rights.

The Derelict

*Mastless, without helm, I ride,
Far o'er the ocean waves—
Past moonlight strands
Where the wild wind raves,
And the loud surges roar
Forevermore—forevermore.*

*Flying my pirate flag of Sorrow and Despair
I pass by barques and ships,
No friendly hail salutes the air,
Only the solemn dirges sound
Forevermore—forevermore.*

*Past lands of palm and pine, I fly—
But still, alas, 'tis not to die!
The slim deer lifts his head,
Bounds to his distant home;
The wild white horses of the foam ride
Forevermore—forevermore.*

*Mayhap the God of waters—
Soon may lead—
Into some quiet haven's ken
Where sounds of winds and waves may cease,
And I shall be at rest;
Far from the lonely billow's crest
Where still the surges crash
Forevermore—forevermore.*

*There on some distant strand
My keel I'll press,
Birds sing, the flowers wave
In the bright air's loveliness;
Outside the coral reefs,
The waters sound,
Forevermore—forevermore.*

SUN LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY OF CANADA

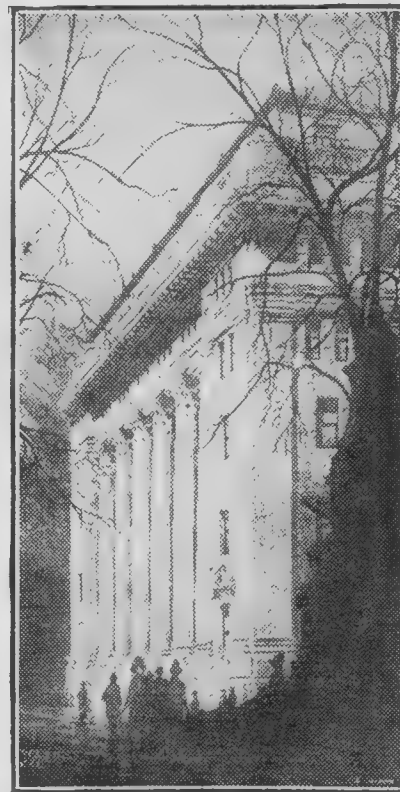
A TOWER OF STRENGTH

1928

Assurances in force (net)	- \$1,896,915,000
An Increase of \$408,925,000	
New Assurances Paid for	- 441,244,000
An Increase of \$112,836,000	
Total Income - - - -	144,747,000
An Increase of \$41,972,000	
Surplus earned during the Year - - - -	40,264,000
Payments to Policyholders and Beneficiaries - -	49,920,000
Surplus and Contingency Reserve - - - -	66,938,000
An Increase of \$9,157,000	
Total Liabilities - - - -	422,020,000
(Including Paid up Capital)	
Assets, at December 31st, 1928	488,958,000
An Increase of \$87,652,000	
Rate of Interest earned on mean invested assets (net)	6.58%

DIVIDENDS TO POLICYHOLDERS INCREASED FOR NINTH SUCCESSIVE YEAR

The Company has also inaugurated the practice of paying a special maturity dividend on participating policies, ten or more years in force, terminating by death or maturity.



EXTRACTS FROM DIRECTORS' REPORT

... After deducting amounts re-assured, the total assurances in force now amount to \$1,896,915,934.57, an increase of \$408,925,254.48. Policies in force number 633,240, and in addition 136,293 certificates of assurance are held by employees of corporations and firms under the group plan.

While every field of operation contributed its full share to these impressive advances, the rapid development of our business in Great Britain and the United States is especially noteworthy. The generous reception of our Company in countries served by powerful domestic institutions is particularly gratifying, as testifying to widespread appreciation of our record and services.

... The amount paid to policyholders since organization, together with the amount at present held for their security or benefit, exceeds the total amount received from them in premiums by \$111,370,229.10.

The strength and resources of the Company have been still further enhanced.

The net rate of interest earned on the mean invested assets, after making provision for investment expenses, has risen to 6.58 per cent. Dividend increases, bonuses and stock privileges, accruing on many of the Company's holdings, contributed substantially to this gratifying result.

A net profit of \$11,028,854.59 has been realized from the redemption or sale of securities which had risen to high premiums.

The securities listed in the assets have been valued at figures substantially below the valued placed on them by the Government. This under-valuation of our securities represents an important safeguard against possible adverse market fluctuations, additional to the reserves specifically provided against that contingency.

We are again able to report that on the bonds and preferred stocks listed in the assets, not one dollar,

due either as interest or as dividend, is in arrear for a single day; while the dividends accruing to common stocks exceed by several million dollars those payable on the same stocks at the time of purchase.

The surplus earned during the year, based on the values given in the accounts, amounted to \$40,264,088.52.

\$10,000,000. has been deducted from the already heavily marked-down value of securities, as additional provision against possible fluctuations, increasing the amount so set aside to \$20,000,000.

The special amount set aside as a liability to provide for unforeseen contingencies has been maintained at \$12,500,000.

\$15,822,339.65 has been paid or allotted as profits to policyholders during the year.

After making all deductions and allocations, \$9,157,966.34 has been added to the undivided surplus, bringing the total over liabilities, contingency accounts, and capital stock, to \$54,438,862.48.

The continued prosperity of the Company enables your Directors to announce, for the ninth successive year, a substantial increase in the scale of profits to be distributed to participating policyholders during the ensuing year.

In addition, your Directors have inaugurated the principle of granting a Special Dividend on participating policies maturing after having been in force ten years or longer. This new bonus will enable policyholders or beneficiaries whose withdrawal is occasioned by the maturity of policy contracts, to participate in the accumulated surplus which it has not as yet been considered prudent to divide.

The effort to provide life assurance at the lowest net cost obtainable has been increasingly appreciated. Our policyholders will be gratified by this further evidence of our desire that the Company's prosperity shall be fully shared by its members.

SUN LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY OF CANADA

A Tree

"I think that I shall never see
A poem lovely as a tree

A tree whose hungry mouth is pressed
Against the earth's sweet flowing breast

A tree that looks at God all day
And lifts her leafy arms to pray

A tree that may in Summer wear
A nest of robins in her hair

Upon whose bosom snow has lain
Who intimately lives with rain

Poems are made by fools like me,
But only God can make a tree."

Joyce Kilmer

A LITTLE CHAT WITH
BOBBY BURKE

Dear Boys and Girls:

The March wind doth blow,
And we shall have snow,
And what will the robin do then, poor thing?
He'll sit in the barn, and keep himself warm
And hide his head under his wing, poor
thing!

You all remember this little verse don't you? Well the month of winds is with us. Cold winds that tumble in from north and bring the snow. Warm winds that come gently from the south and make the pussy willows pop out of their brown coats, and the crocuses begin to poke their noses out of the cold frozen earth. This is the month of change. The skies become bluer, the snow begins to thaw in the daytime, and life moves again in all the world that was locked fast with frost.

In this great country we live in, while we do not have bananas, oranges and such tropic growths, we do have nearly everything else in the way of weather and of growth that you can imagine. From the Atlantic to the Pacific ocean there are all the kinds of weather in the world, and March is very different in Vancouver and Winnipeg, and in Quebec and Victoria. Out in Victoria where the warm Japanese current keeps the island moderate all the year around, the snow that falls in the morning is melted by the afternoon, and in January the snowdrops and cowslips begin to show their delicate faces, and the gorse is in bloom. Gorse is lovely. It looks something like carragana, covered with bright yellow blossoms, and also sad to relate with long sharp thorns. In sheltered places marigolds bloom, and wall flowers, and even occasionally a rose bud that has survived the winter shows a brave face, and blossoms when it is brought indoors. When March comes to the coast cities it brings the spring flowers in the gardens, and even in February the daffodils and tulips and narcissus begin to bloom. In the Prairie Provinces we can coax out pussy willows in March, and sometimes if we bring in a spray from the wild plum tree it will bloom indoors for us. In Ontario and Quebec the fruit trees begin to bud and the tiny garden flowers to show their faces in March, and spring comes to the whole world.

The great spring festival as you know is Easter. On this day 2,000 years ago Christ rose from the tomb in the garden and talked again with his disciples. Out of the cold dead earth, after life had been taken from Him, He came again to life, just as the trees that have seemed so dead in winter come to life in the spring and send out new tiny leaves. Every spring is a resurrection, and you know that even though everything seems dead some wonderful thing in them will answer the call when March comes again, and the sap begins to flow. Everything that dies in winter, lives again in spring, and that is what happens to people who pass into the sleep of death, and rise again in another life just as Christ rose again in that garden far away in the land of Egypt.

OUR COMPETITIONS

The Fairy Story

The first prize for this story goes to a member who has already won one of our lovely gold buttons in another competition—Lauretta Solberg of Herbert, Sask. You will read her story yourself and enjoy it I know.

The second prize for a fairy story goes to Elisabeth Henstridge, Exton Farm, Ladstock, Sask.

Children's Cosy Corner

CONDUCTED BY
BOBBY BURKE



"IN READING THERE
IS KNOWLEDGE"



FIRST-PRIZE STORY

"The Bubble Fairies"

It was a warm summer day and Peggy May sat by the window wishing she had something to do. Peggy was five. She had large blue eyes and short curly brown hair. She lived in a big house on the farm with her mother and father and her big brother Jerry. Today Jerry was off fishing with some of his friends, and as the creek was several miles away and the boys were going to walk, Peggy was not allowed to go for fear it would tire her.

Then she saw the postman, and she ran out to say "hello" to him.

"Hello there Peggy!" he greeted her. He was not young, he had a big salt and pepper color moustache, and his hair was tinged with grey at the temples where it showed beneath his blue cap.

He put his hand in his bulging bag and drew out the daily paper, several letters and last of all a little parcel.

"Ah," he said, "and here is a parcel for the little blue-eyed lassie!"

He smiled at her and handed her the mail.

Peggy gave a happy little laugh and waved to him—then she turned and ran up the steps to the verandah and into the house.

She carried the mail to her mother and tossing it into her lap she sat down on a little stool and untied the string on her parcel. She undid the paper and took out a little, gaily colored cardboard box. On the cover was a picture of a little girl blowing bubbles. Inside the box was a little clay pipe and some pink soap shaped like a fish. There was a little note, too, and Peggy carried it to her mother. "To my darling niece, Peggy—from Auntie," read Mrs. May.

"Oh, mamma isn't it lovely?" asked Peggy.

"Indeed it is," answered Mrs. May. "Do you want to try it now? I'll get some water and mix the soap in it and you can sit on the verandah steps and blow."

Ten minutes later Peggy was busy. With little practice she was soon able to make big ones and gently take the pipe away so the bubbles floated away by themselves. The trees and flowers and the house were all reflected in miniature in the bubbles, and they danced with all the colors of the rainbow.

She was still blowing bubbles when the sun began to set, and as she had been up early she was tired. One time she yawned just as a big bubble floated away. She picked up her pipe and blew again. The bubble grew larger and larger, and at last to Peggy's surprise it enveloped her. She rose with it and floated slowly into the air, until she saw the farm was far below her. Then she saw that she was not alone in the bubble. Beside her sat a fairy. Peggy had often dreamed of fairies but none were as lovely as this one. It was a little person, with fluffy golden curls and blue eyes, and it was dressed in a rainbow colored dress. In its hair rested a golden star which seemed to flicker and wink at Peggy.

"Where are we going?" asked Peggy.

The fairy looked up in evident surprise.

"Why, don't you know?" it asked in a wee tinkling voice. "We're on our way to fairyland. I've been waiting all day for a bubble. We are the bubble fairies you see. Last night we came out to dance beneath the moon and when the rest left my dress caught in a twig and I couldn't get away until somebody blew a bubble for me. We usually have our own bubble outfits, but I forgot mine in fairyland last night."

The bubble began to descend, slowly, toward earth again and floated along close to the treetops. It sank lower in a valley, and Peggy saw hundreds of little figures hurrying about. Little torches were lit here and there, Peggy thought they looked oddly like goldenrod.

They floated right down, and the bubble was about to settle before the queen of the fairies, when—there was a sudden "Plop!" and the bubble burst.

Peggy heard a low whistle, and her brother Jerry's voice exclaimed—"Why little sister, you've been sleeping!"

He picked her up and carried her into the house where supper was almost ready. As he put her down in her mother's lap, Peggy exclaimed sleepily, "An' mamma, the bubble burst an' I didn't see the queen!"

"Been dreaming darling?" asked mother. But Peggy insisted that "it was all so because she was there when it happened."

By Lauretta Solberg (15),
Box 45, Herbert, Sask.

April—Something to Do

Here is a chance for the artists. I want a drawing of a spray of pussy willow, your own work, and there will be a prize of a picture for the best drawing, and perhaps we can reproduce it in the Cosy Corner. See how clever you can be—and everyone try, even if you have never tried before, you may be able to draw and not know it.

A Beautiful Building

The stories that came in about this subject were, I am sorry to say, not good enough. We could not give a prize. I'm afraid that there are not very many of you who know yet what a beautiful building is. Well, you will learn one of these days. In the meantime watch for one!

SOMETHING RECEIVED

A very nice letter from John McHolm of Port Hope, thanking us for his prize for the Christmas competition. John tells us that after they have finished with The Western Home Monthly, they send it on to England.

A long chatty letter from Agatha Harms of Renata, B.C. Agatha is a twelve-year-old blonde, who was one of the unlucky ones who competed in the Treasure Hunt Diary, and we take much pleasure in sending her a gold button as some compensation for the loss of her work. Agatha has been ill for some time, and spends some of her time writing verses. Perhaps she will send one for our spring competition. We shall be glad to hear from you again Agatha, any time.

Margaret Nystrom of Clanwilliam, was also one of the unlucky competitors, and we shall be glad to send Margaret a button too, and hope she will enjoy wearing it.

Agnes Junck of Esterhazy, Sask., who is one of our older readers, is evidently a very busy girl. She is the oldest of six, with four sisters and one brother. I am sure the one brother must be spoiled with all the kind sisters he has. Agnes does a lot of embroidery, as well as helping on the farm and in the house, but finds time to enjoy a radio and The Western Home Monthly, so she has a full life. Write to us again Agnes.

RIDDLES

When was the beef highest?
When the cow jumped over the moon.

Why is a baby like a tooth brush?
Because everyone wants their own.

What has a thousand eyes and never a nose?
A sieve.

What is it that has four eyes and cannot see?
Mississippi.

In what month do the people of Winnipeg eat the least?
February, the shortest month.

How many poached eggs could a giant eat on an empty stomach?
One, for after that his stomach wouldn't be empty.

What fish have their eyes closest together?
The smallest ones.

Animal Peculiarities

Mud turtles and tortoises have no teeth. All animals that chew the cud have cloven feet, but not all with cloven feet chew the cud.

Both bones forming the parrot's beak are movable, while the majority of other birds can move only one.

The horse has no eyebrows.

The structure of the frog is such that it can not breathe with its mouth open, and, if it were forcibly kept open, the creature would suffocate.

Pigs are poor swimmers, and, owing to the fact that their front legs are set so closely under their bodies, they frequently cut their own throats with their cloven feet when they fall into the water and attempt to swim.

Hares can not close their eyes since they have no eyelids. Instead, they show a thin membrane, which covers their eyes during sleep.

Fish swallow their food without chewing it. This they do because they are obliged constantly to open and close their jaws in breathing through their gills.

The owl cannot move his eyeballs or eyes.

Koko on the Wire

IT WAS a cloudy, chilly day in late February when "Professor" Morel's one-ring circus and animal show reached the muddy bank of the French Broad River. The old man looked with misgiving first at his five heavy wagons and then at the rickety ferry that ran on a cable across the stream. "Well, Mr. Smathers, it's got to be done; it's got to be done!" he said to the ferryman.

So out from the shore the old ferry careened with the camp outfit and one of the vans. Steve, the canvas man and cook, and Jim, the roustabout, went with them. Mr. Smathers turned the wooden wheel on the boat that drew in and wound the pull rope, and the old ferry dragged along reluctantly on the pulleys through which ran the steel cable.

Soon a shout from the opposite shore, three hundred feet away, announced that the first consignment of Mr. Morel's aggregation had landed.

On the other shore Dick Morel and his chum, Skip Frady, stuck their heads out from beneath the hood of the last van. They were disgruntled at having to leave school so early, but circus children have to catch their education as best they can between seasons on the road. Mr. Morel's ragged little show with its trained ponies, its dogs and monkeys and Bruno, the bear, did not compete with the three-ring, "World's Stupendous" aggregations. Even now the troupe of human performers was not with the outfit; they did not need to report until the first spring exhibition.

"Fred next with the pony van and the dog wagon!" sang out Mr. Morel. "Ma'll stay with us and the monks! She's got to watch the lamp!"

The monkeys, the pride and chief attraction of the Morel family, were in the tightest van, where a kerosene lamp was burning to ward off the chill. They had been the chief source of worry on the trip, for monkeys are susceptible to pneumonia and like troubles. They were all in a bad humor now. Henrietta, the venerable chimpanzee, yelled and shook her bars; and Koko, the spider monkey from Central America, was so cross that no one except Fred Morel, the eldest of the boys, could quiet him. Koko had ridden curled up under some fur robes on Fred's lap, and now, when Fred, who had to go with the ponies and the gods, handed him to Dick, the monkey raised a fearful clamor. And when Fred went with the next load on the ferry-boat Koko stuck his head from the covers and howled. Then he fought and pulled Dick's hair until Skip shook with laughter.

"Never mind, Koko," said Dick; "your loved friend is across now, and we go next!"

Then the heavy old van with its faded gilt sides and its mud-covered ornamental wheels lumbered upon the flat scow. Mr. Smathers raised the front landing plank and blocked the hind wheels. The ferry would almost run itself across the river when the current struck the straight side of it at an angle. To make the landing required merely a few turns of the wheel that wound the pull rope over the wooden drum. The circus boys themselves had run the ferry on other trips.

Mr. Morel held the big draft horses that drew the van and waved his hand at his elder son and the two employees across the river, who now were busy getting the other wagons up from the muddy landing. "We'll camp on the old Bascom farm and stay till painting-up time for the spring circuit," Mr. Morel said to Mr. Smathers. "You're a regular family institution, you and the monkeys!"

Mr. Smathers had blocked the front wheels and was ready to start. Then he looked at his cable. The steel wire seemed to sag more than usual. So the ferryman went ashore and walked up to the big beam that was bolted to a "deadman," which held both the cable and the pull rope. Suddenly he yelled in affright, "It's slippin'! The rains have cut the bank, and the big water out there has dragged the anchor beam!"

Even as he spoke the cable began to pull the "deadman" out from the mud and rocks. The beam and the loose coil of wire were dragging to the edge of the water. With an excited shout the ferryman dashed after the beam. "Git to the drum and pull yourselves over!" he cried. "Ye're clean adrift at this end!"

The ferryboat was swinging downstream. The anchor beam and the cable plunged over in the yellow flood. On the other side of the stream Steve and Fred Morel began to yell. Half a mile below, the river plunged over long shoals between

frowning hills. It was no place for a runaway scow with a restive span of big horses and a monkey wagon on it!

Dick saw that his father dared not leave the horses' heads; so, with Koko still entwined round his neck, he dashed to the windlass round which wound the pull rope. Perhaps they could draw the outfit over by hand. But suddenly the wheel came free of all weight. The loose pull rope wound over the drum, but the ferryboat did not move. "We couldn't do it anyhow!" cried Dick. "Not bow on against this current the way the boat's lying."

"I see what happened to the pull rope," said Skip. "The swing downstream brought it and the cable into that oak tree over there right by the landing and broke the pull line."

Dick went on reeling in the useless rope. Mr. Morel was trying to calm his big team, which had grown restive as the heavy current began to rock the ferry. The swift water struck the scow where it was never intended to strike it—on its low bow past which the steel wire ran shoreward.

"Better see to those chocks, Dick!" yelled his father. "If the cable slips through the pulleys, we'll go down on the rough water, sure!"

"The cable can't slip. The beam's still on the loose end. It's all dragged up in a tangle behind the pulleys, and that's what holds us."

Skip took the bridles, and Mr. Morel ran to the wheel on one side of the ferryboat. Yes, the cable was holding, but the unaccustomed direction of the strain was causing the wire rope to grind savagely into the rusty pulleys. If the frame to which the pulleys were bolted or the pulleys themselves should yield, the ferryboat would go plunging down to the shoals in the gorge, as helpless as Noah's ark in the flood.

"Well, say!" gasped the old showman. "It's a fix! Are you scared, ma?"

"Don't you let those boys get hurt!" cried Mrs. Morel.

"Don't you let those monkeys get chilled!" shouted Dick. "Best part of our show is right out here in the middle of the river, swinging on a line!"

ON THE shore they had left they saw Mr. Smathers staring helplessly at the ferryboat. It was growing dusk; the ferryman's little house up among the pines was hardly visible. On the other shore they saw Steve and Jim among the willows. The two men were trying to get the wagons and the six Shetland ponies up on firm soil.

"Well, I don't see what either Steve or Jim can do," said Skip. "Get a skiff maybe and come out to us, but that wouldn't help. If the boat don't tear off this wire it'll swing clear over and crash into the trees and rocks on that other bank!"

The ferryboat went bounding and rocking in a wide arc on the submerged wire. Halfway across a surge of water curled over the low square end. Two thirds of the way across the boat began to dance heavily and to drag on the line. The old showman stared at the frowning rocks and the overhanging trees. There would be a terrific scramble when the limbs crashed into his frightened horses.

Dick stood with the collar of his overcoat hunched up over the slender body of the spider monkey, which was round his neck as tight as a muffler. Dick knew that Koko should be back in the warm van, but the monkey had a desperate grip on his hair and there was no time to free himself.

The ferryboat slued on more slowly now; within fifty feet of the dangerous shore it reeled under a crunching blow. The horses staggered and fought the bridles. "A rock!" yelled Skip.

He and Dick stared over the side rail. The water boiled up and again sucked the boat on the hidden rock. "The water's running in those seams that never were under water before, until she had to face the current bow on," said Dick. "Say, it'll be worse than hitting the bank to have her founder out here!"

They heard a yell in the brush opposite. Fred had climbed out on a drift log as near as he could get to the boat. "Can't you get the pull rope back to this shore?" he shouted. "The cable's

tight now and above water, but you can't hang off this point long!"

The Morel family knew that they could not. They also knew that they could not get the heavy rope across the swirling water to Fred. And if they could get it there, of what use would it be? The only place the ferryboat could land would be at its landing.

Mrs. Morel described their situation in a sentence: "Now we might get ashore if the boat hit the bank where Fred is, but a circus man's first business is to save his animals. Pa, you know that well as I do!"

"That's right, ma!" said Dick. "Best team we've got, and the monkeys are out on this old leaky ark. It's got to make the landing!"

"Whoa, Caesar!" yelled Mr. Morel to his off horse. "Yes, this boat must come up that wire. If Fred and Steve and Jim had a stout line to us they could hitch the three teams ashore to it and haul us out, maybe!"

Dick knelt to look dubiously at the water under the plank floor. Darkness was falling. There was no house on the near bank closer than four miles; the chances of finding a rope long enough to reach to the ferryboat were slim. Besides how would they run it along the landing? A rope running right angles to the bank would be useless, and the dense willows that grew in the water made it impossible to carry one end along the shore to the landing.

Fred yelled warnings from the brush. He knew the peril better than those on the ferry knew it. He realized that if the boat sank no man could leave shore to go to the rescue, for the water would drag him down quickly into the rocky gorge.

"If a fellow could get ashore along the cable and drag the pull rope!" muttered Dick. "We've got plenty of rope here, but the best slack-wire man in the business couldn't reach shore on that bobbing cable. First it's in the air and then almost under water. The current would pull a fellow off!"

"How's the monkeys, ma?" cried Skip. "They're getting pretty wild. They know something's wrong just as the horses do. Better bring Koko in and chain him before he gets chilled, Dick. That's no place for a black-faced monk as smart as Koko!"

Dick tried to unwind the long yellow body from his neck, but Koko raged and clung to the under side of Dick's collar. "Let go, boy!" gasped Dick. "Let go my ear! Say—get out of my hair!"

Koko burst into long wailing "Oo-o-os," and his black eyes snapped with fury and determination. When the ferryboat struck the rock again all the monkeys set up a clamor, and the big team of horses swung the wagon back and forth on its rear wheel blocks. Mr. Morel pleaded with his wife to get out, but she refused.

"It's monkeys first with ma," said Dick. "With all this bangin' goin' on, they'd die of fright and fightin' each other if we left 'em where they couldn't see one of us."

The boys knew Ma Morel. She'd stick to her post, as calm as a mountain. But Dick and Skip knew that the ferryboat would soon swamp and perhaps drown them all. The bilge water was splashing under the planks.

"Somebody's got to take the rope and get ashore up that wire," said Dick. "Swim and drag along; maybe I could do it. O Fred!" he shouted. "Go back to the landing!"

As Dick waved, the monkey swung out on his arm and howled. At that moment Koko had seen Fred Morel, his trainer and protector, there on the rocks. Dick tried to thrust the prize monkey back under his coat, but as Fred started upstream toward the landing Koko began to howl worse than ever. As Dick dragged at his slender body the monkey, as swift as a flash, made a leap and landed out on the taut steel cable, where he clung and wailed at the shore.

Dick pulled at the end of the monkey's light chain, but Koko grabbed the wire with hands and feet and flattened his body. Frightened, and screaming at the disappearing Fred, the monkey would have suffered his neck to be pulled out of joint before he would have started back on the wire.

"Back here, fool!" shouted Dick, leaning on the low rail. "Say, Skip, hold this

chain! I've got to swing out there and break his grip on that wire! He'll get a chill that'll kill him!"

"You go into that water and you'll get a chill a mile downstream!" yelled Skip, dashing to the rail.

On the bank Fred had turned and was shouting warnings to his loved pet. Then he began to shout advice to the others. "Let him go, Dick!" he cried. "He'll travel that wire as he does the high trapeze on the balloon! You'll hurt him! Let him come on to me!"

"Let go?" Skip stared at Dick, who was tightly clutching the chain. "Say, I believe he'd make it if he didn't get scared!"

"Scared, shucks!" grunted Dick. "He couldn't be any more scared than he is now. The more scared he is the harder he'll hang on—"

Then Skip suddenly banged his chum across the back. "Well, if he's going, give him a line!"

"Line? He couldn't lift the end of the pull rope!"

"Hold on!" cried Skip. "Up under the seat box on the wagon there's a line he can take, a whole reel of trout line that I haven't had a chance to use in two years! Koko'll run the cable with it!"

Dick looked blank for a moment, trying to grasp Skip's idea; but he held the chain while the black-faced monkey crouched on the cable and howled for his friend.

Skip ran back to the wagon and soon returned with his big reel of fishline. "It's a chance," he said. "Now, let him go! Keep the feel unwinding! O Fred! Call your baby! He's bringing a load!"

Both boys jumped back and yelled wildly at Fred Morel. But Fred was not watching them; his eyes were fixed on a flashing spot of yellow fur in the chill dusk. Halfway along the cable the monkey paused as if the drag of the line were troublesome. Fred shouted and ran over rocks and round trees to the landing. Jim and Steve had rushed back there, and now they were all shouting encouragement at Koko. Thirty feet from the shore the monkey sat up and tugged furiously at his collar. Since the trout line was invisible, the group could not tell what ailed him.

"Come on, boy, make home!" yelled Fred and snapped his fingers downward as he was wont to call the monkey in his training tricks. After one thrilling moment of balancing himself, Koko leaped forward and did not stop until he plunged upon the wet platform and then upon Fred's arm. And up that arm he swung and round Fred's neck, knocking off his master's cap and twisting both hands into the boy's hair until he yelled. Over Fred's arm came a strand of fine wet linen cord. "What's this?" he asked in amazement.

"They're fastenin' the rope to this fishin' cord!" shouted Steve. "I understand; come on now! We can heave in the broken pull rope! All right there, Dick! We understand! Jim, get the black span off the camp wagon!"

"Well, if that don't beat all!" muttered Jim. "Monkey on a fishline!"

Back on the scow Dick and Skip were freeing the pull rope on the wet foredeck of the ferry. Mr. Morel still clung to his team and stared at the shore. Mrs. Morel held a whole armful of young monkeys that she had taken from the cages to keep them warm under the robes. "If this show goes down, pa, I'm going with it!" she said. "And if those boys let Koko catch his death o' cold—"

"They're snakin' the big line ashore!" yelled Mr. Morel. "Jim's got two of the teams on it! Careful there, Fred, of that baby of yours!"

Skip and Dick scarcely breathed as they watched the big pull rope come heavily out of the swirling water. They had warped their end round the two frame posts of the ferryboat, and when the first drag sent the water swishing aft under the wagon they gasped to realize how low the scow had sunk in the tugging current. The ferryboat went slowly toward the shore, swinging dangerously near the willows and then away. The teams could not squarely bring the boat to the landing, but they got it alongside; and then everyone went to work and knocked the side rail down. A few moments later the van rolled unsteadily ashore. Then the Morel family gathered round Fred, who held Koko inside his shirt. "Land's sake," said Mrs. Morel, "I never expected the Morels to give a private performance like this! And Koko was the star, as he always is!"



"Quelque Chose De Grand"

AMONG the first white men whose lives and work wrote the first pages of Canadian history—the first small pages of that great and ever-growing book of adventure and romance and faith and courage and achievement—was the Intendant Jean Talon, who in 1666 wrote to the French King Louis XIV: "I am convinced that in the future this country will become something great." Canada has become something great — "quelque chose le grand" were Talon's words—and is becoming something greater. Canada has never had of such advancing progress and prosperity as the present. No country under the sun has better reason to regard itself as fortunate. There is no doubt about that now, anywhere in the world.

An Outstanding Fact

THE vast extent of Canada and the differences between its various sections," says a writer in an English review, "make it a difficult country to govern." But the truth is that in the many decade since the establishment of self-government in Canada the Canadian people have got along with remarkably less internal trouble than there has been in other countries. There has never been civil strife, in which Canadians have taken up arms against Canadians. That cannot be said of the United States, or of other countries which might be mentioned. We have had no troubles in Canada that we have not been able to adjust by reasonable compromise based on sympathetic understanding. This is one of the things that give ground for confidence in Canada's great future.

When Anxiety Needs Help

AN OLD family doctor who was often called upon by troubled, anxious souls seeking advice, told The Philosopher once upon a time that they usually began to unburden themselves by saying that there were two or three things they wanted to tell him about, and that he wanted to hear the third, or the fourth, or even the fifth, as the really important one. He had in him so much charity and sincerity and strong common sense—so much sympathetic knowledge of humanity—that helpfulness seemed to radiate from him—and those who went to him troubled unbosomed themselves to him sooner or later. Some of us are strong and self-reliant in trouble. But not all of us. There is need of such wise and kind advisers as the old doctor was.

Two Different Things

THE idea that there is any conflict between Science and Religion will continue, no doubt, to crop up at intervals. But it is an unreal idea. Science and Religion are not two conflicting accounts of the nature of the world. They are two different responses to experience. The formulas of Science are one thing; they change with the advance of human knowledge. The convictions of the heart, wherein Religion consists, are vastly more fundamental.

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Women as Surgeons?

HAVING occasion recently to visit a friend in hospital, The Philosopher found himself wondering, as he came away, why women, who are going in for so many things now, do not go in for being surgeons. The young women in nurses' uniforms who assist surgeons at operations show perfect control of their nerves. They are cool and reliable. They have to be. Not all women, of course, could do such work. Neither could all men. Many a young medical student faints at the first operation he witnesses, and has to be revived by a nurse in training. Why should women not be surgeons? They are less nervous than men. They are steadier-handed. They meet emergencies better. As a plain matter of fact, are not women closer to the realities of life than men are?

Force at its Deadliest

DR. HILTON IRA JONES, a research chemist in the employment of a large chemical corporation in Chicago, has devised a new poison gas called cacodyl isocyanide, one sniff of which, it is announced, will kill a man. It could be used to "destroy armies as one might snuff out a candle." This is the deadliest form of force, in a world in which force has always played a large part. No one alive will ever see this world become one in which force will not play a large part. But the use of force is diminishing. If it were not, what hope would there be for civilization, in face of the fact, as stated by Sir James Ervine, of St. Andrew's University in Scotland, in a recent address before the American Chemical Society that in all the leading nations scientists and chemical industries are working to develop more and more deadly gases for poison warfare?

A Way to Ill-Health

A DOCTOR whose wisdom has been of benefit more than once to The Philosopher has a saying: "Every disease grows by the attention that is paid to it." It is to be said of this, as of most other wise sayings, that you must know how to take it. That there is truth in it you can prove by giving careful attention to finding out if you feel uncomfortable anywhere. Having found some small irritation, concentrate attention on it, and if you keep on doing that, you can make it into quite a large and important pain. And so, eventually, one can make oneself really ill.

What is "A Hard-boiled Guy?"

HEARING a young friend describe a man as "a hard-boiled guy," The Philosopher, on giving the matter thought, decided that to deserve the title the man so described must be, like a hard-boiled egg, hard-boiled all through and as incapable of being unboiled again as a scrambled egg is of being unscrambled. He would have to be hard-headed and hard-hearted, with no soft, or unboiled spot anywhere within him. But no human being though he may look hard, can be anything more than a poor imitation of an egg boiled hard. There is a good deal of genuine human nature even in those of us who present the hardest surface to the world.



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that, in every price field, the car which is unmistakably the better choice is always the car with Body by Fisher. ☞*There is only one way to know and to appreciate the almost sensational superiority of any Fisher Body car (all are listed below) — and that is, to compare that car's body, point for point and feature for feature, with that of any car in its price field. Do this, and you will soon become a judge of real motor car value.*

What the World is Saying

So Are Some Men
SOME boys are small for their age.—Canadian Journal of Medicine and Surgery.

That Boyish Figure
The effort to keep straight used to be a moral struggle instead of a diet.—Montreal Herald.

The Fall of Man
Many a man falls so hard for a woman that he injures his head permanently.—Sault Ste. Marie Star.

Does He Mean Next July?

George Bernard Shaw says that the time is coming when no coal will be used.—London Daily Express.

All Around What?
Diet specialists now saying that spaghetti is one of the best all-around foods.—Port Arthur News-Chronicle.

One More of the Many World Needs
What the world needs is a telephone bell that will tell who is ringing at the other end.—Vancouver Province.

Now Practising as a Beautician
What has become of the old-fashioned barber who called himself "a professor of the tonsorial art?"—Toronto Star.

Not As Much Sentiment As Of Old
A woman's clothes, we read in a recent novel, are her sentiments expressed in fabrics.—Victoria Colonist.

Would Be Fewer Charred Pockets
A German inventor has perfected a paper that will not burn. If that paper were only used for money!—Halifax Mail.

Maybe We Could, Too
Mrs. Ford describes Henry as "easy-going." With Henry's bank account, maybe we, too, could find it easy to be easy-going.—North Battleford News.

Problem of the Literary Life
Anybody can write a book, but it takes a genius to think up a new title to make it sell.—Toronto Telegram.

Well, Everything Necessary
The average girl seems to keep almost everything in her vanity case except a broom and a duster.—Calgary Herald.

Ye Editor Makes a Sporting Offer
Napoleon's old three-cornered hat has been sold at auction for \$1,473. We'll sell our old hat for half that amount.—Edmonton Journal.

A thing Ye Editor Does Not Omit To Do
"The Blonde is Passing," is a recent headline in a magazine. Yes, we see her passing and always take a good look at her.—Auckland (N.Z.) News.

Adventurous Youth
It is now announced that spavin is incurable. But this will not prevent our young people from dancing every new modern dance as it comes along.—Swift Current Sun.

Comment from a Land of Many Laws

The Cabinet of Yugoslavia has forbidden high-school girls in that country to rouge their lips. Which ought to improve the rouge business in that country.—Brooklyn Eagle.

This Must Be Admitted, We Think
We have heard on different occasions a great deal said in favor of the kilt. But it must be admitted, we submit, that the kilt is not much of a garment to go tobogganing in.—Carlton Place Central Canadian.

Better and Longer Trains
There are long freight trains true enough, but none so long as the motorist makes out when telling us how he was held up at the crossing.—Brandon Sun.

Adding Flicker to Liquor
Movie films are to be added to the equipment of some public houses in the Old Country. Well, that will be different from the United States way of keeping drinking in the dark.—Lloydminster Times.

What Some Of It Sounds Like
The president of the American Federation of Musicians says a musician is a "laborer in the field of music." Some of them seem to think they are laborers in a boiler factory.—Winnipeg Tribune.

Ye Editor Examines His Haberdashery?
Western Canada is noted for its gorgeous sunsets. This thought has suggested itself, no doubt, to more than one man, when he has been looking over the neckties he received at Christmas.—High River Times.

But Exact Statistics are Lacking
Insects have been on the earth for 500,000,000 years, and some married women we know say there are some of them left yet.—Nelson News.

So It Would Appear

All that is lacking to make prohibition a success in the United States is the hearty co-operation of all

the other nations in the world. — London Humorist.

Oh, Man!

No man expects a great deal from marriage. He is quite satisfied if his wife is a good cook, a good valet, an attentive audience and a patient nurse.—Quebec Telegraph.

Financial Item

Folks are not considered poor now unless they are so poor a reduction in the price of automobiles does not interest them.—Windsor Border Cities Star.

The Sherlock Holmes of Roumania

Mr. Manu, prime minister of Roumania,

has discovered the theft of an entire Roumanian railway. What a blessing for a country to have so observing a man at the head of its government!—Duluth Herald.

Ye Editor has an Analytical Mind

The trouble is not so much that a dollar is worth less, but there are so many more things to spend it for.—Didsbury Pioneer.

Using Nothing above the Mouth

Man, says a medical journal, uses 44 muscles in the act of speaking—and sometimes not much else.—Drumheller Review.

And Weren't They?

Another thing about men is that they thought the girls were just as good looking when they wore starched shirtwaists and stiff collars as now.—Indian Head News.

A New Kind of "Board"

A German scientist announces that he can convert wood into food. We have sometimes had that kind of food for breakfast.—Saskatoon Star

Some Serious Thought Needed, Too

The methods of the old-time politician are vanishing. Government is not altogether a matter of hand-shaking, good fellowship and speech-making.—Kamloops Sentinel.

Many's the Thing Money Can't Buy

An American millionaire says he would give \$10,000,000 for ten years more of life. He must, be having a fine time.—Estevan Progress.

Common and Preferred Air Shares?

We wonder if the banker who is the head of the Federal Radio Board will figure on arranging a merger between Canadian air and United States atmosphere, unlimited.—Montreal Patrie.

Truly, 'Tis a Surprising World

Most every day we hear someone say, "You'd be surprised." And as we look around, durned if we're not.—Vegreville Observer.

Meanwhile, Here He Is

Science appears to be resting up a bit about the origin of man in order to determine what his finish will be.—New Westminster British-Canadian.

The Magnetism of Flattery

An apple a day may keep a doctor away, but the judicious handing out of a little daily apple-sauce will bring any other man on the run.—Lethbridge Herald.

And by no Means the Least

Jazz was born in Egypt thousands of years ago, says an actress. Doubtless, it was one of the plagues.—Fargo Tribune.

Sure Way to Hasten Time's Flight

How to make the winter pass in a hurry; Sign a note due in the spring.—Weyburn Review.

Such Posts Fewer in This Gas Age

A rolling stone may not gather any moss but a hitching post doesn't grow many sprouts, either.—Fort William Times-Journal.

No Need To Be Ashamed of Either

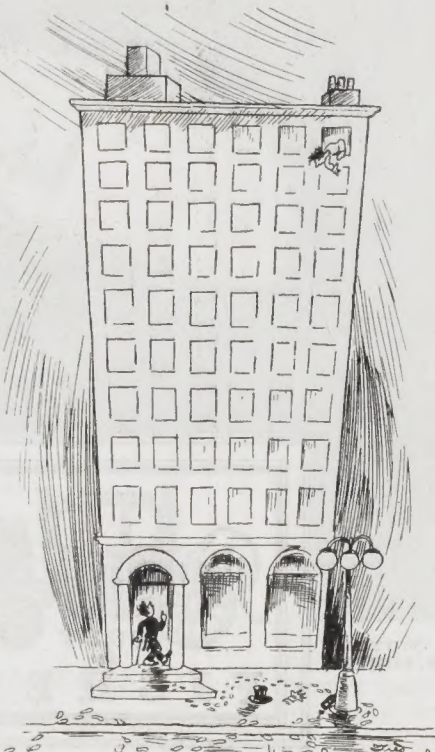
When you see a person sitting in the front seat in church you never know whether it was dull hearing or great piety that put him there.—Moncton Transcript.

A Call to Disaster

Apparently some people think a careful driver is one who toots his horn to let the train know he is approaching the crossing.—Toronto Globe.

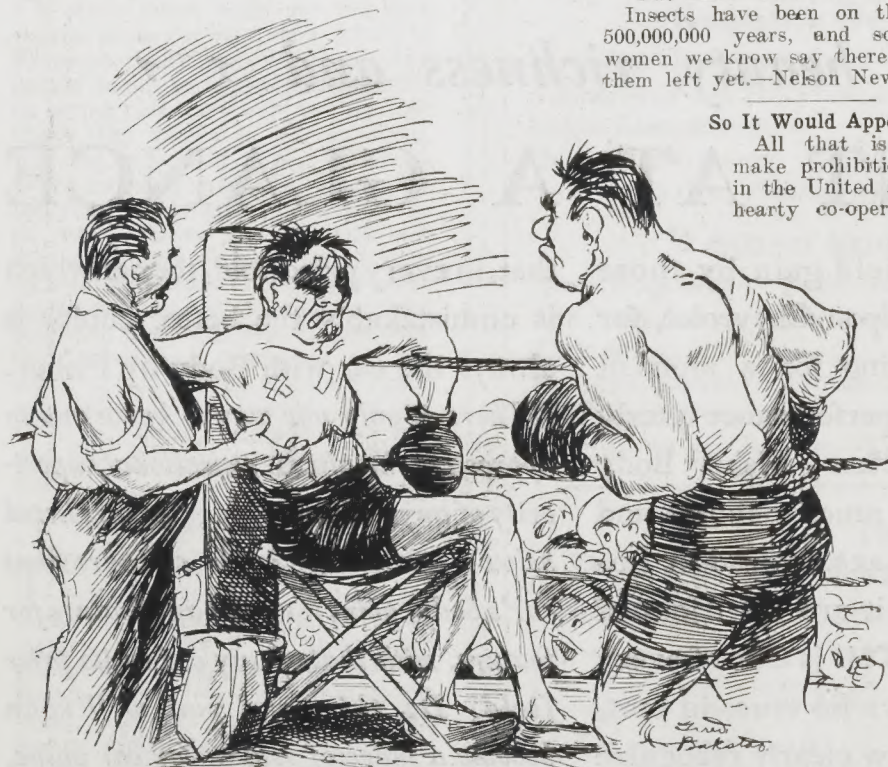


PROSPECTIVE CUSTOMER: "Is it hot stuff?"
BOOTLEGGER: "Hot stuff! Say feller, I oughta sell a fire extinguisher with each bottle!"



LONG-FELT WANT.—Voice from the eleventh floor: "Smatter down there. Have you no key?"

Noisy one on the pavement: "Gotta key all right, but wouldja jussasoon throw down a few keyholes?"—Boston Beanpot.



THAT COZY FEELING.—Referee (excitedly): "Hey, the bell rang for the eleventh round."
Boxer (who's lost his enthusiasm): "Aw, let's sit this one out."—Life.

There's more to Washing the Face *than many women think*

Unless you actually cleanse the skin of powder, rouge, dirt and impurities, your complexion will suffer seriously. Olive oil, as you use it in this facial soap, is the ideal means of removing dirt and make-up.

THE next time you wash your face, consider these facts; all day long dust and dirt, oil secretions, and dead skin gather in the fine pores that make up your surface complexion. If you add cream, powder, rouge—and only half remove them by incorrect cleansing methods—the result is blackheads, pimples, oiliness, sallowness—dozens of defects that might entirely be avoided if you know *how* to wash your face.

The value of olive oil in soap

How to wash your face! That sounds so simple. Yet it can be an art. It can make or mar your beauty. That is why doctors and beauty specialists advise a soap blended of olive oil—blandest, gentlest, yet most penetrating of all emollients.

You use it twice a day, in the treatments described below, and this is what happens: the olive oil works into your pores and gently, easily frees them of tiny, hard masses which otherwise become blackheads and pimples. It keeps the skin firm, stimulated, healthy with color. It leaves a satiny glow, an enviable smoothness of texture that typifies youth.

You, yourself, may be abusing a naturally beautiful complexion by the wrong cleansing methods. Just as a test, use these simple treatments beginning tonight, and watch the way your skin responds within a short time. There is no doubt that your own loveliness will surprise you.



At night:

Make a rich lather of Palmolive Soap and warm water. With both hands, apply it to face and throat, massaging gently with an upward and outward motion, to stimulate circulation. Rinse thoroughly with warm water graduated to cold until you actually feel all impurities, oil secretions and make-up carried away. Then dry the skin by patting it tenderly with a soft towel.



In the morning:

Repeat this treatment and add a touch of finishing cream before putting on rouge and powder. That's all! A simple treatment, but it must be observed twice every day to keep the skin lovely and youthful. At 10c Palmolive is the world's least expensive beauty formula. It costs so little, millions use it for the bath, as well. The Palmolive Company of Canada, Limited, Montreal, Toronto, Winnipeg.



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